

THE  
E C L E C T I C M U S E U M  
OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

J U N E , 1 8 4 3 .

"THE DESOLATER DESOLATE"—BYRON.

*Engraved by Mr. Sartain, from Haydon's Picture.*

TO B. R. HAYDON,

On seeing his picture of Napoleon Buonaparte on the Island  
of St. Helena.

HAYDON! let worthier judges praise the skill  
Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines  
And charm of colors; I applaud those signs  
Of thought, that give the true poetic thrill;  
That unencumbered whole of blank and still,  
Sky without cloud—ocean without a wave;  
And the one Man that labored to enslave  
The world, sole-standing high on the bare hill—  
Back turned, arms folded, the unapparent face  
Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary place  
With light reflected from the invisible sun  
Set, like his fortunes; but not set for aye  
Like them. The unguilty Power pursues his way,  
And before him doth dawn perpetual run.

WORDSWORTH.

Farewell to the land where the gloom of my glory  
Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name—  
She abandons me now: but the page of her story,  
The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.  
I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me  
only

When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;  
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus  
lonely,

The last single captive of millions in war.

BYRON.

—Do not hide  
Close in thy heart that germ of pride,  
Erewhile by gifted bard espied,  
That "yet imperial hope;"  
Think not that for a fresh rebound,  
To raise ambition from the ground,  
We yield thee means or scope.  
..... Ne'er again  
Hold type of independent reign;  
No islet calls thee lord.  
We leave thee no confederate band,  
No symbol of thy lost command,  
To be a dagger in the hand  
From which we wrench'd the sword.

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Yet, e'en in yon sequestered spot,  
May worthier conquest be thy lot  
Than yet thy life has known;  
Conquest unbought by blood or harm,  
That needs not foreign aid nor arm,  
A triumph all thine own.  
Such waits thee when thou shalt control  
Those passions wild, that stubborn soul,  
That marred thy prosperous scene:  
Hear this from no unmoved heart,  
Which sighs, comparing what thou art  
With what thou might'st have been!

SCOTT.

Stern tide of human Time! that know'st not rest,  
But, sweeping from the cradle to the tomb,  
Bear'st ever downward on thy dusky breast  
Successive generations to their doom;  
While thy capacious stream has equal room  
For the gay bark where pleasure's streamers sport,  
And for the prison-ship of guilt and gloom,  
The fisher-skiiff, and barge that bears a court,  
Still wafting onward all to one dark silent port.

Stern tide of Time! thro' what mysterious change  
Of hope and fear have our frail barks been driven!  
For ne'er, before, vicissitude so strange  
Was to one race of Adam's offspring given.  
And sure such varied change of sea and heaven,  
Such unexpected bursts of joy and wo,  
Such fearful strife, as that where we have striven,  
Succeeding ages ne'er again shall know,  
Until the awful term when thou shalt cease to flow.

SCOTT.

Isolation is, beyond question, a humbling thing:  
let those think serenely of themselves whom a world  
embraces, who lie pillowed and cushioned upon soft  
affections and tender regards, and the breath of ad-  
miring circles—greatness in isolation feels itself,  
after all, but a wreck and a cast-off from the social  
system, wanderer forlorn, worldless fragmentary  
being, like the wild animal of the desert,—gaunt  
solitary tenant of space and night.—*British Critic.*

## CHANGES OF SOCIAL LIFE IN GERMANY.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Jugendleben und Wanderbilder.* Von Johanna Schopenhauer. (Recollections of my Youth and Wanderings. By Johanna Schopenhauer.) 2 vols. Brunswick: 1839.
2. *Zeitbilder—Wien in der Letzten Hälfte des Achtzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von Caroline Pichler. (Sketches of Bygone Times—Vienna in the Latter Half of the Eighteenth Century. By Caroline Pichler.) Vienna: 1839.

THE authors of these works were, in their day, among the most popular female novel-writers of Germany; and some of their productions rank with the standard novels of that country. The first of the two also published travels in France, Belgium, and England, and a little work of some merit on old German art, entitled "Van Eyk and his Contemporaries." This lady's life was a varied and eventful one. It was her lot to live through, and partly to witness, some of the greatest events of modern times. Her earliest recollection was the dismemberment of Poland, and the consequent ruin of her paternal city, Danzig. Then came the American war, which excited such intense and universal interest. Her first visit to Paris was during the mutterings of the storm which soon burst over France. She was present at Versailles the last time Louis XVI. and his unfortunate Queen were permitted to celebrate the Fête de St. Louis. She saw the last gleam of their setting sun. She lived for some years in Hamburg, and had thus an opportunity of comparing that city with its Hanseatic sister and rival, Danzig, her native place. After the death of her husband she went to reside at Weimar. She had not been there a fortnight when the battle of Jena fell like a thunderbolt upon Germany. She has left a circumstantial and lively account of the scenes of which she was an eye-witness at that terrible moment. At Weimar she lived in the closest intimacy with Goethe; and her house was the resort of the eminent persons who were attracted to that remarkable court.

Unfortunately, the whole of this eventful history, from the year 1789, exists only in mere notes and fragments. At the age of seventy-two she sat down to put her "Recollections" into a regular form and order; but she had got little beyond the period of her early marriage, when her hand was stopped by a sudden but placid death. The

last incident recorded in them is the arrival, at Danzig, of the news of the destruction of the Bastille. Her daughter, upon whom devolved the duty of publishing these Memoirs, chose rather to give them in their fragmentary form than to fill up the chasms from her own knowledge of her mother's history; and though such a work could never fall into more competent hands, we admire the good taste which influenced her decision. She has added nothing but the few words absolutely necessary to explain the circumstances under which the book was given to the world.

Madame Pichler's work consists of Reminiscences. True to her vocation as a novel-writer, she has strung her amusing "Sketches" of the society of Vienna at the end of the last century on a thread of story. This detracts from the air of truth which they would otherwise have, and, as the story itself is of the feeblest texture, adds nothing to the interest. They lose the character of descriptions by an eye-witness, which is the greatest merit such a work can possess. Madame Pichler is inferior to her northern contemporary in the candor which ought to preside over all comparisons of different ages or countries. She is more prejudiced in favor of the "good old times," and more apt to lament over the degeneracy of modern manners.

These two works, with one or two others to which we shall occasionally refer, will enable us, we hope, to lay before our readers some agreeable details; and at the same time to furnish some glimpses of the life and condition of the middle classes in Germany at the end of the last century.

The progress made by England in what the French call material civilization—in all that conduces to the splendor, comfort, and convenience of physical life—has been so much more rapid than that of the nations of the Continent, that fewer remains of the domestic life of the last century are to be found among us than among any other people. Less than half a century has totally changed the habits of the middle classes. In Germany, where the change is much more recent and partial, an Englishman is still continually reminded of the customs and the traditions of his childhood; especially if that childhood was passed in a provincial town. In the more remote parts, we find a state of civilization which we have regarded as passed forever. The observant and reflecting traveller meets, with a kind of delighted recognition, some custom, some saying, some implement, dress, or viand—perhaps some sentiment or opinion, for these, too,



have their day—of which he has heard his parents talk with the fond recollection of childhood. He finds the garment for which his mother's hoards were ransacked; and which, once the dress of the higher classes, is now become the distinctive costume of a retired peasantry not yet infected with the rage for imitation. He will hear with surprise the traditions of his paternal house, and the sayings of his ancient nurse. In one district, he will find the undoubting simple faith of his forefathers; in another, the feudal attachment to the immediate lord, or the blind and affectionate loyalty to the sovereign, for which he must look through a long vista of centuries at home. In this or that free city, he will see the coarse substantial comfort, and the strict adherence to the manners and pleasures of his class, which once characterized our citizens. He will see in operation what to him is extinct, and will be able, in some degree, to measure the extent of his gain and his loss.

From Madame Schopenhauer we get an idea of one of the Hanse towns, while it still retained its commercial prosperity, and its municipal franchises. In many respects, it may doubtless be taken as a sample of the class to which it belonged; though each of those interesting cities was strongly marked with a character of its own. We greatly regret that death has robbed us of the comparison she intended to draw between Danzig and Hamburg; though these, from their northern and maritime position, would have afforded the least striking differences and contrasts.

It would not be easy to point out a field in which so rich a harvest of curious and amusing traditions might still be gleaned, as in the free Imperial cities of Germany. Their political importance is gone, or at least changed; but there are vestiges enough remaining to show what they once were. We have often wondered that, in learned and industrious Germany, no one has undertaken a history of these remarkable communities—exhibiting their quaint customs, as well as their political and municipal institutions. We shall advert to only two of these cities—Cologne, whose Roman origin and ecclesiastical government form, so to speak, two curious *substrata* to its strongly-marked burgher character, and its sturdy democratic spirit—and Nürnberg, the younger sister of Venice, whose institutions she copied, as far as national differences would permit; and whose *Geslechter* (*gentes*, or patrician families) affected to tread in the footsteps of the

merchant princes of the south. In the former, are to be found the descendants of the sturdy *bourgeoisie* which once drove out the nobles, and (good Catholics as they were) would not allow their sovereign Archbishop to sleep within their walls, now carrying on a quiet but dogged contest with the Rhineland aristocracy—resisting all their attempts to be recognised as a distinct body in the state, and uniting cordial loyalty to their present King with a determined spirit of equality. This spirit, partly transmitted to them by their ancestors, partly, no doubt, the result of their contact with France, has probably led the more ignorant writers of that country into their confident mistakes. A very little inquiry might suffice to show them that it often places them among the most inveterate enemies of French domination.

Many curious proofs of the force and tenacity of the municipal character might be found here. And in social life, while the wealthier citizens enjoy their well-stored tables and joyous amusements, without the smallest desire to intrude themselves into the ranks of the nobles—while they retain much of the coarse joviality and sturdy independence of their forefathers—the people have not lost their southern taste for out-of-door shows and amusements—their singular talent for decoration, their hearty familiar manners, or their jocular temper. Cologne was one example, among many, of the old saying, “Unter den Krummstab ist gut wohnen”—“It is good living under the Crozier.” The government of the Ecclesiastical Electors was liberty itself compared to that of the civic oligarchy of Nürnberg. This was so oppressive and arrogant that the tempest which swept it away, together with crowns and diadems, was hailed as a deliverer. The traveller, who stands amazed before the matchless treasures of art with which the patrician families encircled their city; who looks at the gorgeous windows placed by the piety of the Hallers, the Beheims, the Tuchers, the Löffelholzers, and the Holzschuhers, in her beautiful churches; who sees himself surrounded on every side by traces of their antiquity, their munificence, and their taste—must feel the melancholy with which fallen glory inspires every generous mind. There is an exquisite portrait of one of the Holzschuher family, painted by Albert Dürer in 1526, which, by the courtesy of the present head of that most ancient house, is shown to strangers. When we stood before it, and thought that then—three centuries ago—

the Holzschuhers were already a time-honored race; that, in the year 1291, Herdegen Holzschuher was elected to the seat in the Senate or Supreme Council, which his descendants, in unbroken line, filled down to the dissolution of the Germanic Empire; when we turned over the vellum pages containing the effigies and armorial illustrations of these potent and reverend Councillors, we fell unwittingly into a fit of veneration for purity and antiquity of descent, unworthy of Englishmen, proud of the mixed blood and confused heraldry of their aristocracy.

But the smallest inquiry into the condition of the people under this oligarchy, soon dissipates all sentimental regrets. No sympathy with the fallen fortunes of individuals can prevent our rejoicing in the overthrow of a tyranny the more intolerable from its proximity. We have heard an aged Nürnberger contrast the haughtiness and *morgue* of his former masters, who never suffered their servants to address them without the magnificent title of "Hochfreiherrlicher Herr," with the plain habits and easy manners of their present Sovereign. It reminded us of the *naïf* wonder expressed by Madame Schopenhauer, then fresh from her free city, and full of republican pride, at seeing the young reigning Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin (grandfather, we presume, of the present) take out a flower-girl to dance in the public walks at Pymont. "What would the Danzigers say if their reigning Bürgermeister were to demean himself so in public?"

In later times, arbitrary and rapacious exactions were added to the insolent domination of the hereditary senate of Nürnberg. It had no hold, as already mentioned, on the popular sympathies, and its fall is spoken of without regret. In Nürnberg, therefore, we must seek not so much the peculiar stamp impressed on the popular character, as the recollections connected with picturesque streets, and the domestic habits of its inhabitants. How strongly does every house bear the stamp of an opulent merchant city, as distinguished from the feudal aspect of Prague or Ratisbon! How distinctly do we trace the impression which Italy, then the Queen of commerce, the nurse of municipal independence, had left on the minds of these travelled burghers! Nor are all the ancient customs extinct. At intervals around the magnificent church of St. Lawrence, are fixed massive carved oaken chairs, bearing the symbols of the trades or guilds of the city. In

each of these sits, on a Sunday, a sworn master (*meister*) of the trade; before him stands a plate, on which are deposited the alms of the congregation. After service, each master carries his contribution into the vestry. This is a curious relic of the *kunstwesen* (guild-system) which we have never seen noticed. If such are the things which strike a passing stranger, what might not be told by old inhabitants of the city? what might not be discovered by an inquirer who united knowledge and patience with a love for antiquity;—imagination enough to seize the local color, and fidelity enough to render it exactly? There is no time to lose. The French Revolution, which levelled to the dust all the tottering edifices of the Middle Ages, already dates half a century back, and the living chronicles of what remained of antiquity are fast dropping into the grave. "Any one," says Madame Pichler, speaking of Vienna, "who had gone to sleep in 1790, and waked again in 1838, might have thought himself transported into another planet; so thoroughly is every thing altered—from the greatest to the least, from the most intimate to the most superficial."

Madame Schopenhauer's descriptions of her native city have all the charm and vivacity of truth. The institutions, customs, and manners of the great and ancient types of trading cities are peculiarly interesting to an Englishman, who can compare them with those which not long since existed in his own country. The civic life of England, as such, is extinct. Municipal institutions remain, but the pomp, pride, and circumstance that surrounded them are gone. What is more, the spirit that inspired them is extinct. Civic honors are become nearly ridiculous, and civic customs have lost their significance. In London, indeed, the Lord Mayor's show is kept up—as a show; but in other corporate towns the antique and traditional pageants, and the peculiar customs, have been abolished.

Who that has seen a Norwich guild twenty years ago, does not remember *Snap Snap*, as necessary to the mayor as his gold chain?—the delight and terror of children, the true representative of the dragon slain by St. George, patron of the city, who used to be borne, like a barbarian monarch in a Roman triumph, at the heels of the civil power, opening his wide and menacing jaws with no more felonious intent than the reception of the half-pence which it was the touchstone of courage to put into that blood-red and fearful gulf.



These were the perquisites of the inner man, the *spiritus rector* who walked under the scaly hide, flourished the long forked tail, and pulled the string which moved the dreadful head and jaws. The religious significance of *Snap* had been lost for ages. The Protestant and prosaic people saw in him nothing but a child's toy; the enlightened thought such toys absurd and disgusting—and he is no more. With him are gone the whiffers, the last depositories of an art so long forgotten beyond the walls of the venerable city, that the commentators on Shakspeare were at a loss for the meaning of the word. Their gay dress of blue and red silk, the wondering evolutions of the glittering swords with which they kept off the crowd from his worship—all are gone. The office and art of whiffler was hereditary. The last whiffler is dead and left no heir, the office is abolished, the art extinct.

These things had become shadows, and like shadows they have departed. But an equal and more important change has taken place in the social and domestic character of our provincial towns. They are all now imitations of the capital—there is no originality, no escape from the eternal repetition of men and things—the "*ewige einerlei*." Fifty years ago, manners in London differed essentially from those in country towns, and those again from each other. The relations of the different classes of society to each other were still more different. In the old manufacturing cities there was a regular burgher aristocracy, connected for generations with the staple and permanent manufacture of the place—men of substance and credit, to whom the lower classes looked up with deference. They filled the civic offices, and never relinquished the honored title of "Mr. Justice," which the highest of these offices conferred. The young men of such families were sent to some correspondent in Germany, Holland, or Italy, to "learn the languages," and to see other forms of commercial life. Their return to their paternal city was an event. They were the travelled beaux who imported foreign airs and foreign fashions. They dressed and danced and wore their swords with the newest grace. But they soon settled down into the habits of their fathers, and might be seen (in one city, at least, in our remembrance) every day at noon sitting in a row on a low church wall opposite to a noted tavern, taking a glass of sherry "as a whet," and discussing the politics of the greater or smaller state. The more we go back to the

recollections of what we heard in our childhood of a preceding generation, the nearer do we approach to the manners of Germany; in many respects, to those at the present day—in more, to those existing at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. The Germans are generally unaware of the existence of such resemblances. They take their idea of England solely from what they have read of London, or from the falsest of all guides, Novels. It has often happened to us, when describing the early hours, the simple methodical habits, and the primitive domestic festivities of English country towns early in this century, to be interrupted with a general exclamation—"But it is not England that you are describing!" Fortunately, or unfortunately, for her, Germany is embarked on the same stream with ourselves, and will be hurried along by the same current; but there are many causes which will render her progress less rapid than ours, and we may for years continue to find, especially in her remoter districts, traces of former times which have long been effaced at home. The similarity we speak of is, of course, subject to large deductions for national character and peculiarities. We shall leave those of our readers who can go back to a period verging on that described in the books before us, to decide to what extent the manners they depict resemble the contemporary manners of England.

But before quitting these desultory sketches of former times, we shall give our readers a Danzig scene, described to us by an eye-witness. Not more than a quarter of a century ago, there existed in every principal family of that city a family tribunal, *Familiengericht*, to which every member was amenable, and over which the head of the family presided. When a young girl, our informant accompanied her mother on a visit to the city of her fathers, and was taken to be introduced to this awful assembly:—"We went," said she, "in full dress, and found the old man of eighty seated in the *grossvaterstuhl*\* at the top of the room, and the other members arranged in a semicircle on either side, according to age and precedence. I was presented by my mother, and welcomed as a stranger. I made my obeisance, and we took our

\* Grandfather's-chair—*Easy* chairs were unknown. The only sort of arm-chair was called *grossvaterstuhl*, and was exclusively reserved for the dignity and the feebleness of age. Even now, this name is commonly applied to *easy*-chairs, which are lamentably rare in Germany.



seats. Shortly after, two very young men of the family were called up by the patriarch, and, in presence of the whole company, severely reprimanded for some misdemeanor—I think it was getting into debt. They stood perfectly abashed, and pale as death. Their parents sat by, scarcely less so, but not daring to interpose a word in their behalf. The rebuke ended, they were dismissed.” Does not this appear more like a scene in the tent of an Arab Sheik, than in the house of an inhabitant of a great trading city in our own days? But if such was the influence of the idea of kindred over the minds of citizens, what might it be expected to be over those of noble descent? This subject is foreign to our present purpose. The dire restraints and obligations imposed by noble blood; the degree to which individual character, tastes, and affections, are sacrificed to the preserving of its current pure and unmingled; the advantages and disadvantages of an aristocracy of mere birth, with whom the people can never mix and never sympathize—having no root in the inferior classes, and no independent political power—as compared with those of our own mixed-blooded, wealthy, and puissant aristocracy, growing out of the people, and sending down its younger branches again, like the banyan-tree, into the parent earth to seek strength and sustenance;—these are matters which lie beyond our present bounds, and upon which, therefore, we shall not make any observations.

Madame Schopenhauer introduces her “Recollections” in the following passage:

“A somewhat weary traveller, but still with fresh feelings and a vigorous enjoyment of life, I stand on the height overlooking the last stage of my journey. Once more I look back on the long road I have travelled; on the lovely valleys in which I have wandered; on the rugged and thorny paths through which I have struggled; and though the retrospect awakens a mingled feeling of joy and sorrow, I am well content, on the whole, to have arrived so far on my way.

“Sixty or seventy years ago, before there was even a talk of *chaussées* or railroads, life glided or crept on as slowly and quietly as the traveller’s carriage through the deep sands of north Germany: with the exception of a few inevitable jolts, one arrived, half asleep, at the goal prescribed to all. In the real, as well as the figurative sense, how utterly is every thing changed, during the period in which the larger half of my existence has fallen! Life, as well as travelling, goes on with threefold rapidity. . . . Whether the travellers will have as much to tell on their return home, as their more slow-moving predecessors, is doubtful; it is at

least to be hoped that they cannot bring back less information than most of the English tourists who now crowd the highways.

“To narrate! the favorite amusement of age! And why not? ‘That every fool now-a-days has his own history to tell, is not one of the smallest plagues of these evil times,’ sighed Goethe once, when he was condemned to listen to the long stories of a worthy person; and this has made me deliberate; but it is easier to lay down a dull book than to turn a tiresome talker out of your house.”

The venerable reciter probably thought, as we do, that Goethe’s lament did not apply to a lively and faithful record of events and objects, but to the effusions of restless vanity—the confessions of what nobody is interested in hearing, or ought to hear—with which the public is now so often regaled.

“After the sullen peace which succeeded the Seven Years’ War,” she continues, “my life has fallen in most eventful times. From the revolt of the Americans in 1775, to this present 22d of January 1837, on which the acquittal of Prince Louis Bonaparte is the latest piece of news, I have had ample time and opportunity to observe what is worthy not only to be remembered, but recorded. I will try then to sketch, with slight but accurate touches, a portrait of the times in and with which I have lived—those venerable times, whose manners and usages now appear to lie as far behind us as if they were divided from us by centuries. I will give the truth, the pure truth, without any admixture of fiction; but I shall not trouble the reader with the details of my own life, which can interest only the few who are attached to me. I shall spare the world the history of my affections,—(*Herzens angelegen heiten*—affairs of the heart.) To affirm that I have had none, were as useless as it were silly—for who would believe me?”

Johanna Troziener, such was her maiden name, was born in the year 1766, on the shores of the Baltic, in the then free city of Danzig, of which her father was an eminent merchant. The portraits of her father and mother, and their two faithful servants, Adam and Kasche, are drawn with great vivacity, though in few words. We quote the following passage for the sake of one remark in it:—“My father,” says she, “was a man of violent temper, but a certain old-fashioned gallantry to the sex prevented his ever forgetting himself in his behavior towards my mother. This feeling is now so completely out of fashion, that my readers will hardly understand what I mean by it. It extended even to his daughters.” If ever that sort of deferential courtesy to women, as women, which went under the name of gallantry, and was formerly a distinguishing mark of the breeding of a gentleman, was common in

Germany, the change is certainly as great as Madame Schopenhauer represents it. It has, we believe, greatly declined even in its birthplace, France. In England, if there is but little of this shadow of chivalry remaining, it is, in our opinion, amply compensated by an easy, cordial, equal tone of intercourse;—implying a far profounder and more flattering sort of respect than the generous consideration for weakness which lies at the bottom of the old gallantry. Men of sense and learning in England may constantly be seen talking to women, without altering the matter or manner of their conversation—(supposing always, of course, that their hearers have sense and taste enough to relish such conversation)—without any of the *ménagemens*, or the trivial compliments which imply such profound and almost unconscious contempt for their understandings. From what we have seen, and from the tone of German literature, it does not appear to us that women are treated either with the refined politeness of a former age in France, or the tone of frank, respectful equality—the civility neither of condescension nor adoration—which characterizes the best society in England.

On this subject, we find the following passage in the *Personalia* of Frederic Jacobs, published in 1840. He had been appointed teacher, we may mention, in the Gymnasium at Gotha, in 1785.

"At that time," says he, "social life had a totally different aspect. The fashion of clubs was in its infancy; and women were not driven to seek amusement and conversation by themselves. Besides a weekly assemblage of the principal families in the town, there were frequent little parties in the houses of the middle classes, to which the youth of both sexes were invited. Every age and each sex found its account in them. The old played cards; the young amused themselves with music or dancing; new dramatic works were often read aloud; proverbs or little plays were acted. The tone in these little parties was at once polite and lively. The young men gave themselves the trouble to converse agreeably with the women, who, on their side, were willing listeners. That there was a good deal of falling in love, follows of course; but the eye of the mother watched over her daughter; and the salutary constraint thus imposed on both parties, heightened the charm of their intercourse, and gave rise to connexions less rapidly formed, but more enduring, than those which we now witness."

Where such a separation of the sexes, as is here figured, takes place, it is evident either that the men are impatient or incapable of the decorum and courtesy imposed by female society; or that the women are impatient or incapable of such conversa-

tion as alone can or ought to interest men—or perhaps both are true. In either case, good manners and good conversation—at least, the best manners and the best conversation—cannot exist. The reciprocal endeavor of either sex to recommend itself to the higher tastes and qualities of the other, is, we believe, the fine but safe and powerful spring of really good—i. e. refined and enlightened—society.

Madame Schopenhauer describes her mother's education as that of her time. A few *Polonaises* on the harpsichord, a song or two accompanied by herself, and reading and writing sufficient for domestic use, formed the sum of her learning. Till the appearance of "Sophia's Journey from Memel to Saxony," she had read very little but Gellert's writings. Indeed his "Swedish Countess," of most tiresome memory, was the only novel she had read."

Varnhagen Von Ense gives an amusing anecdote regarding this novel. The occurrence mentioned took place at Berlin in 1841.

A lady was ill, and must be amused by being read to, but not over-excited or fatigued. M. de Varnhagen was to be reader, and was embarrassed as to the choice of a book. The patient's uncle protested that he would not allow his niece to be agitated by the horrors of the literature of the day, in which atrocity and immorality were employed to set forth the "new opinions." An elderly cousin attacked the French Romantic School, as having brought a torrent of indecency, bad taste, and bad morals, into Germany. At last, after a great contest of opinions, it was determined that M. de Varnhagen should be left to his own discretion—on condition that he should not tell the name of the book, or the author, till all had pronounced judgment. The sage and safe uncle looked black at the well-printed, uncut volume; sternly muttering, that the *newer* the book, so much the worse. The reader made no reply, and began. For a time, things went on tolerably; but, as the story advanced, the uncle declared he could no longer endure its gross immorality, and literally took his hat and stick and left the room;—protesting that such a book could not have been produced in any other age than the present, when the young think they are called upon to begin by emancipating themselves from all that their fathers held sacred. He added, that he wished that all the novels which had been published since the year 1830 were prohibited in a mass. M. de Varnhagen read on to the end. The



old cousin said it was a pity—the young author had talents, and perhaps might mend. “No,” said M. de Varnhagen, “he will not mend. He will remain what he is.” The book, instead of being an emanation of the evil spirit of the day, was the long before published “Swedish Countess” of the pious and popular Gellert.

Richardson's novels produced a vast effect in Germany. It is impossible to take up a book referring to this period, in which they are not mentioned. Henry Steffens, in his *Autobiography*, says “they flooded not only Germany but Denmark;” and ascribes to them a marked increase in the refinement of the women. They were soon succeeded by the odious race of sentimental novels, which, till very lately, were believed in England to form the standard literature of Germany. It is worth while to undergo the tedium and disgust of reading one or two of the most celebrated of them, as indications of a certain state of popular taste and feeling, which, though no longer existing, has left perceptible traces in the national character and literature. There is an admirable critique of Jacobs' *Woldemar*, by Frederick Schlegel, which we recommend to any reader who is inclined to know more of this form of mental disease. English novels still form a great part of the reading of German young ladies. The reason alleged is, that they are the only ones fit for girls to read. We are very sensible to the compliment paid to the purer taste and morality of our country; but we must be permitted to question whether the knowledge of English, so generally diffused in Germany, might not be turned to better account. Nor are some of the best of our novels current. Miss Austen's, for example, are, so far as we have found, nearly unknown.

When we spoke of the slow pace at which change proceeds in Germany, we ought certainly to have excepted all that regards literature. Who that takes up a half-yearly Leipzig Catalogue, would believe that the men are yet living who remember the state of things which Madame Schopenhauer alludes to? Who that goes into a German reading-room and sees the innumerable Journals—the *Blätter*—leaves, “countless as those that strew the brooks of Valombrosa,” would believe, that in the year 1788, “the meagre blotting-paper Journals of the capitals appeared, at the utmost, three times a week? The *Reichs postreiter* (Courier of the Empire) was a sort of luxury for the higher classes; as the *Journal de Leyde*, published in French,

was for statesmen and politicians. The reading public were obliged to wait with eager impatience for a number (*heft*) of Schlötzer's *Staats Anzeigen* and *Briefwechsel*, (Public Advertiser and Correspondence,) or for a new volume of ‘Nicolai's Travels,’ in order to enjoy the delight of a little gossip, home or foreign.”\*

But to return to Madame Schopenhauer. Her description of Kasche, the Polish nurse-maid, her songs, her simple lessons of piety, and her devoted attachment to the family of which she felt herself an integral member, is touching. Scarcely less so is that of Adam, the “Maitre Jacques” of the household, to whom every thing was confided, and who provided every thing, “even to the fat ox, which, according to universal custom, was bought and slaughtered in autumn for a winter store.” Adam understood and humored the infirmities of his master's temper. He dealt with them as we do with the faults of those we love, when parting is out of the question. They never occurred to him as a reason for leaving the house to which he entirely belonged. The group is completed by the no less faithful, but somewhat ludicrous Moser, the clerk—with his love for politics and his talent for story-telling; thrice happy when he could exhibit himself on holidays “in his grass-green coat embroidered with gold, his bag wig, huge rings, and paste buckles, covering the whole front of the shoe.” Such was the household in which our authoress was born and grew up; for we need scarcely say that, with these excellent people there was no thought of change. They took root in the soil where they had been planted, and shared, in the fullest sense, the life and fortunes of their masters.

There is, perhaps, no department of social life where manners have undergone a more complete revolution than in the relation between master and servant. At the time which Madame Schopenhauer treats of, the old feudal feeling, which formed a tie wholly independent of personal qualities, was not extinct. Indeed, it survived to a much later period in the very city she is describing, and is still in full force in Westphalia.

Every city may perhaps be viewed as, in some sort, an expression of the character, wants, and tastes, of its builders; and of the state of society amidst which it arose. The following passage, relating to Danzig, is graphic:—

\* C. J. Weber.



"The main streets," says Madame Schopenhauer, "are much wider than those in any other old town. Two or even three carriages might pass abreast between the houses, and yet leave room for a commodious footpath; yet the actual room for passage is so small, that the most experienced coachman can hardly avoid collision, and the foot passengers have enough to do to escape with whole limbs. The flights of steps before all the houses, of which those in Hamburg or Lubeck are but the shadow of a shade, are the cause of this strange appearance. I know not how to convey an idea of these singular *propylæa*, which give to the northern city something of a southern character, and in which, during my childhood, a great part of the household business was carried on, with an openness incredible now, almost as publicly as in the street. They are not balconies; I might almost call them spacious terraces, paved with large stones, and extending along the front of the house; with broad easy steps to the street, from which they are separated by a stone parapet. These terraces are divided from each other by a wall four or five feet high. The most capricious of all rulers, fashion, has taken so many despised things under her protection, under the name of *rococo*—may it please her to watch over the Danzig steps! She will hardly find a more *grandiose* piece of *rococo*. And what an incomparable play place! So safe, so convenient! Close under the eye of the sewing or knitting mother, yet secure from scoldings for making a noise."

This was the proper and peculiar scene of our author's childhood; we pity those who cannot feel its interest. Before we proceed with her series of sketches, we must say a word of her education. It was her singular good fortune to be educated chiefly by men, under the eye of her mother—a conjunction of influences the most likely to produce pure, sound affections, and a cultivated reason. To this was added another privilege, now become extremely rare—access to books "above her years." Children who are confined to the society of children, and to the reading of children's books, can hardly be other than intellectually and morally stunted—if not deformed. The great interests of humanity are never mentioned in their presence. History, wholly disconnected from the present, is them a mere "lesson." Their world lies within the walls of the nursery and the school-room, and is entirely factitious. The real life of man never reaches them in any form. Our little heroine, on the contrary, lived with her parents and their friends, and saw from her infancy the real and earnest side of human things. At seven years old she received one of those strong impressions which determine the character and opinions for life. Its effects may be traced through her whole history.

One morning she was surprised by an

unwonted bustle in her father's house, and in the streets, and alarmed at the consternation which marked every face. "'Sit still, dress your doll prettily, and give her her breakfast, but make no noise,' said Kasche, leading my sister and me to our play corner. 'Kasche, dear Kasche, we will be as still as mice; but do tell us what is the matter, I am so afraid.' 'Matter enough—but you children don't understand it. The Prussians are come in the night—so be good children,' added Kasche, and left us. Had she said a lion is come, a tiger, a bear, I should have connected some idea with it—but the Prussians! I understood not what she meant; but this only increased my fear."

Such were our author's recollections of the day which commenced the ruin of her paternal city—the destruction at once of its municipal freedom and its commercial prosperity; the day of the investment of the immediate neighborhood of Danzig by the troops of the great Frederic. We mention this incident here, as it gives us a key to her choice of books and objects of interest—we might almost say to her choice of a husband—and to the inflexible republicanism which she professed.

In her ninth year, we find her listening with intense interest to all the details of the American war, which had just broken out. "Washington and his associates," says she, "were my heroes, and rivalled Mucius Scævola and Cincinnatus in my affections." With the latter she had become acquainted in a translation of Rollin, which she read by stealth in corners, "often in the wood-loft under the roof. Four thick octavo volumes! With what ardor, with what indescribable interest, did I read them, and read them again, and, as a particular treat, turn to my favorite passages!" The successor and rival of Rollin was what she truly calls, "the incomparable *Contes de ma Mère l'Oie* ;—a shabby little book, printed on coarse gray paper, the clumsy German translation by the side of the original, and, prefixed to every story, a little print." "What a treasure was this! Bluebeard, as he was there depicted, seizing his wife by her hair, with a sword in his hand twice as long as himself; the discreet Finetta, the charming Cinderella—how did they all enchant me! Above all, Puss in Boots, in honor of whom the whole volume was christened the Cat-book, shared my heart with the heroes of Rome."

Compare the vivacity of these impressions, the awakening of the curiosity, the judgment, the imagination, and the affec-

tions, with the effects produced by the lifeless skeletons called *abridgements*; or by the mawkish stories of the unnatural puppets called *good boys and girls*. We once heard Tieck say that he never would suffer a child's book to come into his house while his children were young. Without joining in this absolute proscription, we must confess that, as the sole food of growing minds, they appear to us poor and enfeebling.

As this is one of the important points on which the present age is at issue with the past, our readers will forgive us for quoting one or two examples of the kind of reading which formed the best minds of Germany in the last generation. "At that time," says Goethe, speaking of his childhood, "there were no so-called children's books. The old writers had child-like ways of thinking, and found it easy and agreeable to communicate what they knew to their posterity. With the exception of the *Orbis Pictus* of Amos Comenius, no book of the kind came in our way; but the great folio Bible, with prints by Merian, was frequently turned over. Gothfried's *Chronicle*, with engravings by the same master, taught us the most remarkable incidents of history; and the *Acerra Philologica* contained all sorts of fables, mythologies, and wonders." \*

To these succeeded Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Fenelon's *Télémaque*, Robinson Crusoe, and Anson's *Voyages*; and lastly, that exhaustless mine of entertainment contained in the *Volksbucher*, (*people's books*)—the great manufactory of which was at Frankfurt; where countless editions, printed on the coarsest blotting-paper, supplied the never-ceasing demand. "We children," continues Goethe, "had thus the happiness of daily finding these precious remains of the Middle Ages on an old book-stall, and of becoming possessors of them for a few kreutzers. The *Eulen-spiegel*, the four sons of Aymon—the fair Melusina—Emperor Octavian—the beautiful Magelone—Fortunatus, &c.—the whole tribe, down to the Wandering Jew, were at our command, whenever we preferred them to cakes and sweetmeats. The great advantage was, that when one was fairly worn out, it could be bought again, and again devoured."

Jacobs gives the following account of his childish reading. He was born fifteen years after Goethe; but habits and ways of thinking had undergone no perceptible change in that quiet period:—"The absence of ex-

ternal excitement," says he in his *Personalia*, "rendered the instruction we received, however scanty, more fruitful than more ample and varied intellectual food set before a palate palled with excitement. Our course of instruction was extremely meagre; but as we had little or nothing else to do, as no amusements presented themselves, and the vivacity of youth required occupation, *ennui* itself drove us to labor. We found our stimulus in my father's little library, which contained the best poets of that time. We read what came in our way, and imitated it. We described nature like Kleist and Zacharia, wrote idylls like Gessner, and travels and adventures, the great difficulty in which was to find names. As Busching's ponderous geography filled us with awe, we undertook a description of the globe ourselves, and began it, I know not why, with Turkey; perhaps because, to the childish imagination, the strange is always the most attractive."

But let us turn from the effect of books, to the still more powerful and important influence of living men. The most interesting portrait in Madame Schopenhauer's book is that of her neighbor and friend, Dr. Jameson; the minister of the English colony or factory which had long been settled at Danzig. He was a native of Scotland, and, we conclude, a member of the Scottish church. This is not explained; probably, in those less polemical days, this did not occur to the English who invited him over as an objection. We scarcely remember to have read a more touching picture of evangelical simplicity and benevolence, than that which our author draws of her early friend. We contemplate it with a just, at least a pardonable pride in our countryman—a pride which we never conceal when such characters come in the way of our notice. His humble, blameless life—his simplicity and truth—his warm, active pity for every pain and every distress—his love for children, occasionally dashed by a tinge of no less gentle melancholy, the trace, as it seemed, of some early and secret wound—his enthusiasm for all that could enlighten and ennoble the human race—his truly Christian piety and charity, were well fitted to draw all hearts to the service of Him whose minister he was. In this lovely and venerable form did religion first appear to the opening eyes of the little girl. He was the next-door neighbor of her parents.

"Kasche carried me out on our terrace one bright morning for the first time, to show the newcomer to our reverend neighbor; he took me,

\* *Aus Emeinem Leben. Erster Theil.*



with a pleased smile, in his arms, and this moment seemed to bind him more closely to my family.

"As I grew up, Dr. Jameson was my teacher, my guide, my counsellor; he watched over my young soul, and never left me till the day when another received, together with my hand, the charge of my guidance and well-being."

Her regular tutor, Kuschel, was a sort of youthful Parson Adams; uniting perfect simplicity and probity, a warm heart, kindly temper, and unpretending merit, to singular awkwardness and ignorance of the world. Like the greater part of the clergy of the Lutheran Church at the present day, he was the son of parents in humble life. He was the sole support of a widowed mother. The sequel of his history is one of those noiseless tragedies which are but too frequent among men of his character and class. At an early age he sank under toil and privation, deferred hopes, and exhausted powers—the afflicting end of many a blameless, joyless life like his.

The evils incident to studious poverty in all ages, were much aggravated by the austere discipline which then prevailed in the Lutheran Church—

"The dress of the candidates for holy orders was entirely black, with the exception of the bands which mark their calling. A *calotte* of black velvet, about the size of a dollar, on the crown of a curled and powdered periwig, also a badge of sanctity, and a narrow cloak, half covering the back and reaching to the ground, which the wearer was bound to gather up in graceful folds when he walked along the streets; such was the dress enjoined by the dreaded head of our church—the very reverend Dr. Hiller. These young divines must have trusted to the inward glow of faith for a defence against the cold, which often reached twenty degrees of Reaumur; for great-coat or fur-mantle were not to be thought of. Wo to the unlucky candidate who was caught beyond the bounds of his own four walls in any other habit than the one prescribed! All hope of a living was lost to him for ever; for Dr. Hiller regarded such an offence as equal to the most abominable heresy. Not only the candidates but the officiating preachers, and even their wives and daughters, were forbidden to go to plays, concerts, or any other public amusements. The utmost they dared venture on, was a modest game of ombre, and that only among friends, and under the strictest seal of secrecy."

This rigid discipline is, we believe, no more to be found. The reverence for "the cloth," as Parson Adams called it, has also declined, and individuals are now everywhere tried pretty much according to their individual merits. A great deal of the altered feeling towards the Protestant clergy may, perhaps, be ascribed to the polemical

character of our times. The clergy are now regarded too much as a sort of spiritual athletes, whose business it is to interest and excite an audience, and to contend for victory. Their triumphs may secure them admirers and partisans; but they will not, in the long run, succeed in exciting those sentiments of love and veneration which involuntarily follow the steps of the man in whose every-day acts the Gospel has a living illustration.

We have already spoken of the intolerable yoke of a burgher aristocracy—of the *hauteur*, far exceeding that of Kings and Princes, which rendered the downfall of the patricians of Nürnberg a triumph to their subject fellow-citizens. There, indeed, the constitution of the city was oligarchical; but it is curious to see how the same temper manifested itself in a city where perfect equality was assumed as the basis of society; and how pride, servility and worldliness, went hand in hand with pharisaical rigor.

"This aristocratical spirit," says Madame Schopenhauer, "bordered on the ludicrous. At every public, and especially at every religious, ceremony; at marriages and christenings; and even at the Holy Supper, before God's altar, it broke forth in a flagrant manner; and gave occasion to the most disgraceful scenes, especially among women."

"On no account could I have been confirmed in public with the other children of the town—this was esteemed proper only for the lower *bourgeoisie*; nor could the minister be invited to perform the ceremony in my father's house, in the presence of my family and intimate friends. This was the practice in the Reformed (*i. e.* Calvinistic) Church, and, in our Lutheran city, we strove to keep our Lutheran usages unaltered. So willed the still dark spirit of that time; there was not the least conception of the light which has since broken in upon us, and cleansed and tranquillized all minds."

"Among other remains of former days which were obstinately adhered to, I may mention the custom of private confession, which was very like that of the Catholic Church.\* Nobody who had not confessed, could be admitted to the Lord's Supper. The fees derived from this source formed a considerable part of the income of favorite preachers; for every one was at liberty to choose his confessor, without reference to the parish he inhabited. This was not much calculated to promote brotherly love among the clergy."

"With lively emotions of piety I followed my parents on Whitsunday into the *Graumünchen* Church, which was decorated, according to custom, with flowers and fresh may. I was led by my mother, who was equally moved, through the church to the confession room, commonly called the comfort-room (*Trostkammer*). A

\* This is still the practice in Saxony.



crowd of people of the lower classes were waiting before the door. Many, it was evident, had waited longer than they could well afford, till as many as could find room could be admitted; when they were confessed, admonished, and absolved in a mass, and paid the indispensable confession fee (*Beicht groschen*). On our arrival, however, they were doomed to a new disappointment. They were sent back, and only we three admitted. Our spiritual guide sat enthroned in a comfortable easy-chair in full canonicals. Kneeling before him, we made our confession. My father had condensed his into a few brief expressive words; my mother had chosen a verse of a spiritual song; and I, a very short one out of Gellert's odes. The whole was despatched in a few minutes; we then seated ourselves opposite to his reverence, heard an admonition, and were absolved. After a little conversation about wind and weather, the last news, and above all, polite inquiries about our health, respectively, which my father, out of pity for the poor people waiting, cut short, we returned."

Revolted by the indecent precedence given to wealth and station—wearied by the admonition, and somewhat scandalized by the sight of a bottle of wine and glass in the room devoted to ghostly comfort—a lasting shock was given to her piety, "by the appearance of the ducats which her father secretly, but not unseen, slipped on the table near the reverend divine; and the sidelong glance with which the latter ascertained whether the usual number had received an addition of one, in consequence of her presence, together with the unctuous smile with which he nodded his thanks to her parents."

In spite of the rigid Lutheranism of Danzig, liberty of conscience was complete. The Roman Catholic religion was not only tolerated, but the monastic orders lived as unmolested in their convents as in a Catholic country. There was also an ecclesiastic of that church, whose presence and functions in a Protestant city presented a singular and unexplained anomaly. He bore the title of the Pope's Official, and was in fact a sort of Nuncio. Not only were Protestants who married within the forbidden degrees obliged to get a dispensation from Rome, but the Official had the power of performing the ceremony of marriage, for Catholics or Protestants, without the consent of parents—without license or witnesses—in a little chapel attached to his house; and a marriage so contracted was as valid as any other. This strange privilege remained unimpaired down to the time of the occupation of Danzig. The Official lived in the greatest retirement, and was hardly ever seen. Madame Schopenhauer says, she never knew any body who

was acquainted with him, and that a sort of mystery hung over his whole existence.

The following Christmas scene is picturesque and touching:—

"Every Christmas-day, three of the Brothers of the order of Mercy, in the black garb of their order, bowing humbly, entered the dining-room, just as we were assembled for dinner. They brought a quaintly-formed silver plate, on which were a few colored wafers stamped with a crucifix; and a box filled with snuff which they prepared from herbs in their convent, and sold for the benefit of the poor.

"My father rose from table and advanced a few steps to meet them. We children each received a wafer; he took a pinch of snuff out of the box, and laid some money on the plate; the Monks bowed again and retired, as they had entered, in silence.

"The whole transaction, during which not a word was spoken, made, probably for that reason, a solemn and at the same time melancholy impression upon me. I was almost ready to cry. I knew that these venerable men lived lives of the greatest privation, received into their convent the sick of whatever faith, even Jews, and carefully nursed them. Adam, who was himself a Catholic, and had been cured by the good fathers in a severe illness, always told us about them after their visit."

It will be a misfortune for the world, if narrowed views of religion on the one hand, and an extravagant abuse of philosophical speculation on the other, should conspire to rob Germany of her fairest and noblest characteristic—one which she will ill exchange for any that she can borrow from her neighbors—a profound and pervading religious sentiment, united to complete toleration and Christian charity. We have more than once heard even the common people speak with an honest pride of the harmony in which they lived with their neighbors of a different confession. They were evidently conscious that it was a distinction, and justly valued themselves upon possessing it. In a considerable part of North Germany this complete tolerance is combined with a strict adherence to the forms instituted by Luther; and with the more cheerful spirit which distinguishes his Church from that of Calvin. Saxony (royal and ducal) naturally retains the Lutheran character and traditions untouched. There is a great difference, for example, in the manner of observing the festivals of the Church, at Dresden and at Berlin. Nothing can be at once more solemn and more festive than the observance of Christmas-day at Dresden. Soon after midnight you are awakened by the salvos of cannon which announce the great festival. A few hours later, choral music comes floating

through the silence and darkness, as if from heaven. These are the choristers of the *Kreuzschule*, singing their beautiful hymns on the outer gallery which surrounds the lofty tower of the *Kreuzkirche*. At day-break the fine military band parades the principal streets playing, as a *réveille*, the venerable and noble carol which the church of Luther has sung from its infancy—the greeting of the angels to the shepherds.

“Von Himmel hoch nun komm ich her  
Und bringe ihnen neue Mähr.”

Soon the huge deep-toned bell of the *Kreuzkirche* swings through the air with its long and harmonious vibrations; and the streets are filled with well-dressed people thronging to the churches. A little later you may see the beloved and revered Catholic Monarch of the Lutheran People, with all the members of his house, devoutly joining in the offices of a Church, which they have no other means of upholding, than through the warm charity of their hearts, and the spotless purity of their lives. The whole scene is at once religious, antique, and joyous, and realizes all our conceptions of a festival of the Christian church.

But the reverence for Luther, and the adherence to the forms which he instituted, are still more unshaken in the country lying on the confines of the Saxon duchies and electoral Hesse. Here he still lives and reigns, in spite of Rationalists and Hegelians, Papists or Pictists. A year or two ago some travellers stopped to dine at Eisenach, under the very shadow of the Wartburg. While they were at dinner, a choir of scholars, in their long black cloaks, came under the windows and sang several hymns. The travellers inquired whether it was any particular festival. “No,” replied the waiter, “it is an ancient tradition, (*eine alte herkömmliche Anstalt*), established by Dr. Martinus Luther. We give two dollars and a half a-year, and for that the poor scholars must sing twice a-week before our house; and so they receive their learning, (*und dafür bekommen sie ihre Studia*.”) We are sorry we cannot do justice in English to the agreeable pedantry of the whole speech. This was one of the substitutes contrived by Dr. Martinus, for the monastic institutions to which he owed the learning which he afterwards devoted to their destruction. How many of the illustrious scholars of Germany have earned their education in this manner! Döring, whose edition of Horace was republished in London in 1820, and who was rector of a school at Guben in 1781, complains of having to sing before

the doors of the citizens of that town on holidays; but adds, that the fees made up too considerable a part of his salary for him to discontinue the practice. In a small and thriving town called Ahlsfeld, in the country of the Whitehaired Catti, whose blood is as unadulterated as their faith, the same travellers stopped in the inn at which the stout-hearted Reformer slept, on his way to the diet of Worms. They were told that, shortly before, a schoolmaster and all his scholars had walked from Eisenach to see the house, which is preserved as it was in its pristine state, and that such pilgrimages were not unfrequent. This is a very German, as well as a very Lutheran part of Germany. In the bordering county of Hesse the manners of the peasantry are little changed. They are still clad from head to foot in the stout linen woven in their own houses, decorated with large metal buttons.

Like all commercial cities, and especially seaports, in that age, Danzig presented a variety of costumes, and of striking national characteristics, of which we can now form no idea. Its situation was peculiarly favorable to this motley grouping. The march stone of civilization, as Madame Schopenhauer calls it—the point at which the Slavonic and Teutonic races blended—at which the more polished nations of the south and west met the semi-barbarians of the north and east, it was necessarily rich in varied and picturesque figures. Poles, from the splendid and haughty Starost—who looked as if the earth were not worthy to touch his yellow boot, with his running postmen, habited to their very shoes in white, with long ostrich feathers in their caps, streaming as they ran panting by the side of his carriage—to the half-naked Schimkys, who navigated the rude barges, laden with corn, down the Vistula, and the wretched Marutshas, flocking in troops to weed the fields around the city for the barest pittance; the rich Jews of Warsaw and Cracow in their stately oriental garb, and their wives in rich brocade, covered with gold chains, and pearls, and antique jewelry; Russian merchants, with their singular dress, rude Istwostschichs, and the ponderous bags of roubles carried behind them, attesting their ignorance of the commercial transactions common to civilized Europe; M. de Pons, the French resident, distinguished by his red-heeled shoes, and the English consul, Sir Trevor Correy, by “his splendid equipage, and his negro-boy Pharaoh;”—these, and many more, were the foreign elements in this gay picture; while the adherence to



the established dress of the various professions and classes among the natives, completed the motley variety. Among the most remarkable of these were the physicians. Madame Schopenhauer's father was the first to brave the prejudice against inoculation, which seems to have been as strong in Danzig, as, according to Goethe, it was among the free citizens of Frankfort. After reading her description of the doctors, we can easily imagine what a determined opposition they would give to "theory," "experiment," and the like.

"The character of our Danzig physicians of that day left my father not the faintest hope of effecting his purpose by their means. In the first place, they were all and several extremely old, and petrified in obstinate prejudices. Whether they had ever been young, where they had lived, and what they had done in their youth, I know not; but I can affirm, that up to the twelfth or fourteenth year of my life, I had never seen nor heard of a young physician. These reverend gentlemen enjoyed the title of excellency, and not only in their own houses and from their servants, but in society generally; only very intimate friends could sometimes venture on a respectful 'Herr Doctor.' Their head was covered by a snow-white powdered full-bottomed periwig with three tails, one of which hung down the back, while the others floated on the shoulders. A scarlet coat embroidered with gold, very broad lace ruffles and frill, white or black silk stockings, knee and shoe buckles of sparkling stones or silver gilt, and a little flat three-cocked-hat under the arm, completed the toilette of these excellencies. Add to this a pretty large cane with a gold head, or mermaid carved in ivory, upon which, in difficult cases, to rest the chin—and certainly every one will admit the impossibility of so much as thinking of an innovation in their presence."

England, the leader in all such enterprises, seems to have mainly contributed to the spread of this great discovery in Germany. Goethe speaks of "travelling Englishmen" as the only inoculators in Frankfort; and the Dr. Wolf who introduced the practice into Danzig, "came from England recommended to Dr. Jameson." Madame Schopenhauer remarks, that "he was one of a race of physicians who just then came into fashion, but are now extinct; they set at defiance all the established rules of decorum and civility, and affected a simplicity of manners bordering on rudeness. Probably from contrast, they were the especial favorites of fine ladies and princes."

The description of our heroine's inoculation, the preparation for it, the anxiety and terror it occasioned, and its final success, is amusing enough. But we have not room for it.

It is impossible to praise too highly the

good-natured impartiality with which Madame Schopenhauer describes the absurd and troublesome fashions, the follies and the abuses of her early days; she sees them with as clear and unprejudiced an eye as if they were not surrounded with the bright morning mist of youth.

"My emancipation from the school-room," says she, "fell in the spring; balls, concerts, plays, &c., had ceased. A few late evening parties alone remained; the brilliant part of these was the two hours' long hot supper, under which the tables groaned. In Danzig, as everywhere, supper was the social meal; dinners were not thought of. To such a party, for the first time in my life, was I invited, as a confirmed, i. e. grown-up young lady, of scarcely fourteen years of age. With a *frisure* in the most fortunate state of preservation, I had alighted from my father's carriage; not a grain of powder had fallen from the lofty tower, the broad summit of which was crowned with a labyrinth of feathers, flowers, and beads; my new silk gown rustled proudly over the large and stately hoop. Holding the hand of the eldest daughter of the house, who had advanced to meet me, I tripped lightly on my gold-embroidered shoes, with heels at least two inches high, up two steps leading into the room. Never had I been so handsomely dressed—never had my heart beat so violently—the folding-doors were thrown open—ah!"

"Ball-dresses," she continues, "properly so called, we had not, for the simple reason that the varieties of spider net, tulle, organdie, gauze, or whatever be their names, which now float like a mist around the graceful forms of young ladies, as yet reposed in the wide and distant domain of the possible. And yet we danced in our heavy silk 'company' gowns—danced with passionate glee; were sought, admired, and now and then a little adored; just exactly as our grand-daughters are at the present day. How this was possible, in the disguise we were, is still a mystery to myself."—"Our mammas were more richly dressed, in other words more heavily-laden, than their daughters. Paris sent them its fashions, somewhat obsolete, indeed, and deformed by exaggeration; but still they were eagerly received. One alone formed an exception—rouge. The few ladies who dared to act in defiance of the opinion that it was sinful to wear rouge, were forced to do it with the utmost secrecy, if they did not wish to expose themselves to a public rebuke from the pulpit."

It seems from Madame Pichler's Sketches, that the consciences of the Vienna ladies were less scrupulous, or their spiritual guides more indulgent. There, the same rule obtained as in Paris. Married women alone were permitted to wear rouge. Was this a sort of symbol or *affiche* of the franchises conferred by marriage? We have always wondered why the whole virtuous horror of artificial aids to beauty was directed against red and white paint. Ladies



are delicate casuists, and we should like to see a treatise from some fair hand, on the innocence of a "front," the venality of a "tournure," and so on, through all the gradations of criminality, to *rouge*. In what part of the scale *patching* would come, we know not. Madame Schopenhauer says nothing of the attempts of the clergy of Danzig to repress this practice, though nothing could be more felonious than the *animus* it displayed.

"Another fashion found great acceptance with our fine ladies, so absurd that I should have doubted the possibility of its existence, did I not remember the long flat little mother-of-pearl box, with a looking-glass in the lid, which often served me as a plaything. This all ladies carried about them, that whenever a patch fell from its place, the void might instantly be filled. These little bits of so-called English plaster were cut in the forms of very small full and half moons, stars, hearts, &c., and were stuck on the face with a peculiar art, so as to heighten its charms and increase its expression. A row of moons from the very smallest gradually *crescendo* to larger, at the outer corner of the eyelid, was intended to add to the length and brilliancy of the eye. A few little stars at the corner of the mouth, gave a bewitching archness to the smile; one in the right place on the cheek, set off a dimple. There were larger patches in the form of suns, doves, cupids, &c., which were called *assassins*."

"Every thing," continues Madame Schopenhauer, "in domestic, as well as in social life, wore a different air from what it now wears, even the greatest joy of youth—dancing. One of the elegant dancers of the present day would hardly bear the tedious Vandalism of a ball of that age for an hour; and no doubt they will pity their grandmothers in their graves when they hear that no dancing soul among us dreamt of such a thing as waltz, gallopade, or cotillon. These dances are all of south German origin, and had not yet found their way to the shores of the Baltic and the Vistula. Our northern popular dances were the Polonaise and the Mazurka, and are so to this day. Then, as now, the ball opened with a Polonaise. But what a difference between that stately and graceful dance, and the lazy, slouching walk which has usurped its name! To understand what I mean, it is necessary to see it danced by Poles. Our trains having been carefully fastened up by our mothers, an Anglaise followed, then Mazurka, quadrilles, and lastly, minuets, till an abundant hot supper, which neither old nor young disdained, was served. After this, dancing was resumed with fresh vigor, and continued till morning broke."

Madame Pichler, in her description of a Vienna Carnival ball in the last century, laments over the disappearance of the graceful and decorous Allemande, (as the slow waltz of that time was called all over Europe,) which has degenerated into the whirl

we now turn from with dizzy eyes. The only merit of a dancer of the present day, seems to be the power of spinning round like a frantic Fakeer. We rather wonder that some of the venerable chroniclers of German manners have not moralized upon it, as a symptom of the change which seems to strike them more than any other—the incessant demand for novelty and excitement; and the no less constant weariness and disappointment consequent upon it. Things which were formerly events, are now every-day occurrences, and pleasures which were formerly looked forward to for months with beating hearts, are now regarded as childish, insipid, and tedious. And if Germans find cause to complain of this rapid and wearing action of all the wheels of life, what shall we say of our vast and tumultuous metropolis, compared to which the capitals of Germany are quiet, homely, and stationary? But as the distance between given points may be equal, though the point of departure is different, we have no doubt the change is quite as great in Germany as in England. We remember to have heard or read of nothing at home like the absolute monotony in which, according to Jacobs, childhood was passed in Gotha; then, no doubt, a fair specimen of the smaller cities of Germany. Such a state of existence would now be thought fit only for a penal colony, or a bettering house. If we had not good evidence for it, we should be unable to believe that children grew, prospered, and were happy in a life so entirely *gray upon gray*, (to use an excellent Germanism.) We forget what a glow and brightness are diffused over all things by the sunlight of youth; how the imagination of childhood (if not blunted by excitement) can give shape, color, life, meaning, to the most ordinary objects, and find, not "sermons," but romances and dramas, in stocks and stones.

"The life of the middle classes," says Jacobs in his *Personalia*, "was then very simple. My father's income was precarious, and we grew up under restraints which would appear melancholy and oppressive to children of our class. But the amusements to which the children of the present day are accustomed, were unknown to those of a former; and they missed not what they did not know. Spacious buildings, which keep asunder the members of a family, were rare, and those who had them, used them only on rare occasions. Parents and children were generally together in one room; the children worked and played under the eyes of their parents, and a great part of education consisted in this companionship. Filial obedience, the beginning and foundation of all domestic and civil virtues, was a matter of course, and parents

were the better for the constraint which the presence of their children imposed on their words and actions. The respect which they (with few exceptions) inspired, spared parents much admonition, teaching and preaching—the cheap but feeble substitute for practical education. So at least was it in our house. Company was hardly thought of; at the utmost, families assembled after afternoon service on Sundays; the women to discuss the sermon, the men to talk of business or news, or, if they had nothing to say, to play backgammon. Family festivals were rare. On New-Year's day and birthdays, relations wished each other joy; the boys generally in a Latin or German speech, got by heart. Presents were not thought of. Those for children were reserved for Christmas eve, when the tree, with its sweat-meats and angels and wax-lights, gave an appearance of festal splendor to things which were, in fact, mere necessities. Bethlehem, with its manger and crib, was indispensable; and this sacred spot was surrounded with a blooming landscape, gardens, and ponds, which my father had for weeks employed his evening hours in decorating with his own hands. He thought his labor richly rewarded on the long expected evening, by our delight and admiration. The narrative of St. Luke, which it had not at that time occurred to any body to regard as a myth, was always read. The joyous recollection of this pious festival, caused me and my brothers to retain the same custom with our children."

Goethe's description, in the work before quoted, of his grandfather, is a charming picture of contented monotony in advanced life. Every day the same business was followed by the same simple pleasures, in exactly the same order. In such a life, disappointment was scarcely possible. His expectations were extremely moderate, and he knew exactly what he expected. "In his room," says Goethe, "I never saw a novelty. I recollect no form of existence that ever gave me to such a degree the feeling of unbroken calm and perpetuity." Yet this was in the busy and wealthy city of Frankfort, on the high-road of Europe. Even the tumult and luxury of the capital of the empire did not materially disturb the tranquil and regular habits of its citizens.

Madame Pichler gives the following description and summary of the life of a Viennese *employé* in her youth:—

"Between sixty and seventy years ago, the income of a K. K. Hofrath, (an imperial *Conseiller de Cour*,) who generally had, besides his salary, official rooms, enabled him, with good management, to live in a respectable manner, keep an equipage, and still lay by something yearly. He and his wife thus lived in tranquil comfort, and in the enjoyment of competence; they settled themselves in the dwelling which cost them nothing, as handsomely as was consistent with an accurate calculation of their means, and in twenty or thirty years died in the

midst of the same furniture, pictures, etc., with which they had first adorned it. The effect of this unchangeable plan of life on the character and happiness, was incalculably different from that produced by the mobile, striving, all-attempting, all-overturning existence of the present generation, both for good and for evil. And if we hear those times spoken of as *per-ruque*, and reproached, not unjustly, with routine, *Phillisterei*, etc., I must still think that the absence of the continual exciting movement which now prevails, favored the possibility of deep thought and steady feeling; the character, though more one-sided and narrow, had a depth and consistency which is now rare."

In all Madame Pichler's personages of the middle class, we find the contentment, with the uniform and inflexible recurrence of the same amusements, which characterizes children. Children in a natural state prefer an old book, a story which they have heard a hundred times, to any thing unaccustomed. The narrator who thinks to please them by various readings and new *fioriture*, finds himself completely mistaken. At the smallest departure from the authentic version, he is called to order, and brought back to the established form of the history, every deviation from which is disappointment. So it was with the amusements of our ancestors. Each holiday had its appropriate and *obligé* diversion, its peculiar dish or confection, its fixed form of salutation. To alter these was to invert the order of nature. Surprises were unwelcome. People liked to know exactly what was coming—what they had to see, to feel, to say, and even to eat.

We have already noticed the broad line of demarcation which formerly existed between the several classes of society. It was the object of the legislature of every country to perpetuate this; and one of the expedients most commonly resorted to, was the enactment of sumptuary laws. By no class of rulers were these more rigidly maintained than by the municipal aristocracies of free cities. Even in Madame Schopenhauer's youth they were still in full force.

"At the weddings of the wealthiest and most respectable artizans, an officer, whose especial business it was, invariably presented himself in full dress, with a sword by his side, to count the guests, and see that they did not exceed the prescribed number, and to ascertain that the bride wore no forbidden ornaments, such as real pearls. But the fear of being ridiculous in the eyes of their neighbors and equals had still more effect than the law. No woman of that class thought of wearing the hoops, the richly-trimmed trains, or the high head-dresses of the ladies."

We find the same remark in Madame



Pichler's description of the Vienna citizen of the same date.

"The wealthy saddler, who was supposed to be able to leave each of his three sons thirty thousand florins, lived in a few simply-furnished rooms, surrounded by his family and journeymen, ate well, but without elegance, dressed the same, and placed his pride in never affecting any thing above his station. For this reason he never allowed his wife to wear any dress worn by women of the higher ranks, no hoop, no open gown—that is, a gown with folds hanging from the shoulders and ending in a sort of train. These were peculiar to ladies. The citizens' wives wore those folds confined at the waist by a black silk apron, and ending at the feet. The worthy citizen's rigor was so great, that he once hacked to pieces a beautiful lace cap which his wife had made in secret, that she might see it was not the cost, but the pretension, of such luxury which he objected to.

"So thought, so lived, the Vienna tradesmen sixty or seventy years ago. Their journeymen ate with them at the same table; the discipline, though paternal, was strict, and often enforced on both children and workmen with the stick or the strap. Rough words and coarse jokes formed the scanty conversation at table.

"On Sunday, after the huge and indispensable roast was dispatched, the party separated to their several amusements. The master and mistress went to church to hear the benediction, which they received with great devotion, and then returned home. The Sunday clothes were now laid aside. The master went with a few neighbors to a grocer's shop, and there indulged rather freely in an Italian salad and foreign wine; while the wife regaled herself and her gossips with excellent coffee served in a massive silver pot. At eight or half past eight the master came home, somewhat more excited than usual, joked a little with one of his pretty neighbors, gave his wife a hearty smack to appease her rising jealousy, and ended the Sunday with the same homely simplicity as he began it."

In justice to the present age, upon which it may be thought we, as well as these gossips, are rather hard, we must express our surprise that none of them have said any thing about the astonishing decline of drunkenness in Germany. "Not a century ago," says Carl Julius Weber, "German sotting (*saufen*) was proverbial. Different towns and cities claimed precedence in it. To drink *more palatino*, was to get *dead drunk*. The collections of antiquarians are full of drinking cups, and horns not made to stand. *Trink alle aus*, was the motto of the Oldenburger Wunderhorn. The last Count of Gorz used to make his children drink at night, and, if they wanted to go to sleep, he grumbled at their degeneracy, and doubted if they were his own children. The Hohenlohe deed of in-

vestiture (*lehensbrief*) required the claimant to drink out (*vel quasi*) the great feudatory goblet, (*lehensbescher*), as a proof that he was a German nobleman and an able-bodied warrior. In that principality, even about fifty years ago, there were no glasses holding less than half a schappen, (a half bottle.) The Homburger chronicle records the feats of *two sisters*, who drank thirty-two schappens at a sitting, and then walked quietly to their home, half a league distant."

The Ecclesiastical Courts were distinguished for this jovialty. It was a canon of Mainz to whom the world was indebted for the admirable excuse, that "there was too much wine for the mass, and too little for the mills."

There is still a good deal of drunkenness among the lower classes in some parts of Germany, although not nearly so much as in England. Among the higher classes it is very rare in both countries. The beer-drinking of the students is not to be classed with ordinary intemperance. It is part of a system, (the *studenten wesen*), and whatever their admirers at home or abroad may tell them, not the best part. It is difficult to understand the enjoyment of pouring down the throat gallons of beer, neither pleasant to the taste nor exhilarating to the spirits. But "*sic Diī voluerunt*"—so the *Burschen* have decreed. It begins by being a fashion, and ends by being a want; like its kindred abomination—smoking.

Madame Pichler, who, as we have remarked, is apt to insist on the degeneracy of the age, laments over the galloping speed at which Austria has joined in the mad race after novelty and change. This will surprise our readers, who are accustomed to regard Austria as the drag on the wheel of European life. We should have thought the easy contented character of the people, and the insurmountable barriers which surround the higher ranks, would have kept down all ambitious imitations and restless change.

In some respects we venture to think the revolution is not alarming. Madame Schopenhauer's description of the precautions of the police on the Austrian frontier, forty years ago, is wonderfully exact to this day. You are still detained half an hour, at the least, while the accomplished functionary is spelling out your passport; you are still asked your religious confession, the maiden name of your grandmother, and other particulars not less important to the interests and safety of the Austrian

empire; but all this is done with extreme quietness and civility, and if two *zwanzi-gers* are accidentally found to have insinuated themselves within the folds of the passport, you hear nothing of searching. We have always admired the simplicity and directness with which Mr. Murray's "hand-book" fixes the price of the virtue of a K. K. custom house officer. The writer evidently knew his men. The good Austrians are the last people to take this amiss. Hypocrisy is not one of their faults; for that you must seek further north.

Should we enter on the chapter of changes in all that relates to travelling, we should never have done. England, in this respect, took the lead of all other countries, and for many years was immeasurably ahead. Her superiority is still very great; but the demand and the money of her own wandering sons have forced the countries through which they pass in swarms, into some approach to her own condition. The Zollverein has put an end to half the vexations of travellers. Fifteen years ago, the custom-house officers of M. de Nassau and M. de Bade (as M. Victor Hugo, in his work on the Rhine, thinks fit to call them) were troublesome and inquisitive—exactly in an inverse ratio of the magnitude of their sovereign's territory. Now, having shown your passport on the frontiers of Prussia, where you rarely find either incivility or exaction, you may go from Aix-la-Chapelle to Bohemia without a question.

We have seen that among Madame Schopenhauer's earliest recollections, was the sudden blow given to the franchises and the commerce of her native city. Her whole youth was passed in witnessing its convulsive struggles and long agony; and when we read her description of the barbarous and destructive form under which monarchical power first presented itself to her, we cease to wonder, or even to smile, at her stiff-necked republicanism. It is impossible to see without indignation, a free, peaceful, industrious population, whose prosperity was their own work, and whose institutions were sanctified by time, handed over without appeal to the brutality of a foreign soldiery, and the blunders of ignorant and arbitrary legislation, without allowing for all the prejudices of the sufferers.

Danzig stood conditionally under the protection of Poland, and its ruin was one of the many evils attendant on the partition of that kingdom. By a sort of irony, the city itself was not occupied, but it was

surrounded with a cordon of Prussian custom-houses, so near as to render it impossible for the citizens to go backward and forward to their country-houses, without being exposed to the brutal insolence of functionaries whose whole office and existence was new and hateful to them. Ladies and children were forced to stand, in rain and storm, while every corner of their carriages were searched. Even their persons were not respected, and the women of the lower classes were exposed to the grossest insults. The rage of the citizens, which a consciousness of their own impotence had heightened into almost frantic desperation, gradually subsided into profound and suppressed hate of Prussia, and every thing Prussian.

Such were the scenes in the midst of which Madame Schopenhauer grew up. We need not wonder that the spirited reply of a young Danziger to a Prussian general, which won the hearts of all his fellow-citizens, made a deep impression upon hers.

"A Prussian general was quartered in the country-house of one of the most eminent merchants of Danzig. He offered to the son of his host to permit the forage for his horses to enter the city duty free. 'I thank the General for his obliging offer, but my stables are for the present well provided, and when my stock of forage is exhausted I shall order my horse to be shot,' was the brief and decisive answer. It was soon known through the town, and the more admired, because the young man's passion for his beautiful horses was notorious. Nobody delighted in it more than I, though I knew my republican countryman only by sight."

This was Heinrich Floris Schopenhauer, to whom soon after, at the age of nineteen, she was united. Not long after, this patriotic citizen went to Berlin and requested an interview with the great Frederic. It was immediately granted, and Frederic, struck by his rank, upright character, and his knowledge of commercial affairs, pressed him to settle in his dominions, and offered him every possible privilege and protection. M. Schopenhauer was beginning to feel the resistless influence which Frederic exercised on all around him, when the King, pointing to a heap of papers in a corner, said, *Voilà, les calamités de la ville de Danzig*. These few words broke the spell for ever; and though Frederic afterwards repeated his offers, the sturdy patriot never would accept the smallest obligation from him. At length, seeing that all hope of the deliverance of his native city from a foreign yoke was at an end, he determined to quit it for ever, and to seek a freer



home. In this determination his young wife fully concurred, and they set out on a tour of observation through the Netherlands, France, and England. Here we must leave them—not without expressing our regret that she did not live to fill up the outline she had marked out.

#### MR. JEFFREYS' STATICS OF THE HUMAN CHEST.

From the Spectator.

*Views of the Statics of the Human Chest, Animal Heat, and Determinations of Blood to the Head.* By Julius Jeffreys, F. R. S., formerly of the Medical Staff in India, &c. London: Highley.

THIS volume consists of three parts: the first treating of the quantity and condition of the air in the lungs, and the probable mode of its purifying the blood; the second investigates the generation of animal heat, with a view to show that the vital powers exercise an influence over this process, according to the character of the climate, or at least that in a hot climate the production of heat is much less than under intense cold, even should the consumption of food be similar; the third part inculcates rather a new rule to English notions—"keep the head warm and the feet cool." The principle of the recommendation is this: if a part of a heated body be exposed to the air, the heat will pass off more rapidly in the uncovered than the covered parts; in the human body, generating a supply of heat, these parts will, by long habit, cause an increased circulation of blood to themselves to keep up the requisite degree of animal warmth; full examples of which may be seen in the red arms of milk-maids, and the red faces of guards, coachmen, &c. The practical conclusion which Mr. Jeffreys deduces from this principle is, that apoplexy in England is stimulated rather than diminished by generally keeping the head cool, and by the baldness of elderly gentlemen. The hint which set him to work upon the subject was derived from the care with which the hot-climed Hindoos swaddle up the head, leaving the legs and feet uncovered; and among them determinations of blood to the brain are very rare. And the practice he recommends, with requisite care and under proper conditions, is for persons of a certain age, whose hair is getting thin, and whose

tendency is apoplectic, to wear wigs, shoes, and silk stockings.

The facts which Mr. Jeffreys urges in support of his theories are not new; and perhaps something like his views may partly be found in other writers. They are, however, presented by him in so complete and systematic a form, that they seem entitled to the praise of originality; especially the first and last sections—for the second part, on the generation of heat, is neither very intelligibly nor convincingly treated, though the conclusion may be sound enough. Of his three prelections, however, the first, on the Statics of the Chest, is the most curious and important; and if the practical conclusions to which the theory tends are not so readily put in practice as the directions to elderly gentlemen, they affect a much greater number of persons, inasmuch as consumption is more common than apoplexy.

Every one knows that without breath we cannot live; and now-a-days most readers know that by the act of respiration the venous blood is changed into arterial, the dark blood giving out carbon, and receiving oxygen. The popular and even the professional notion as to this process, if the bulk of persons have any definite idea upon such subjects, is, that the atmospheric air drawn into the lungs immediately comes into direct contact with the vessels and air-cells. This is the conclusion which Mr. Jeffreys denies; and he substitutes a view which we will endeavor to explain, as succinctly as we can.

There are, or may be, in the chest of every one in tolerable health, four distinct portions of air, which our author classes as follows, with the average contents of each part as deduced by himself from a comparison of his own observations with the elaborate experiments of other writers.

	Average Contents in cubic inches.
1. <i>Residual air</i> ; which, owing to muscular formation, cannot be expelled from the chest by any act of expiration, and which remains in the body after death. . . . .	120
2. <i>Supplementary air</i> ; which is generally resident, but can be expelled by a strong effort, and whose departure with life is the act of <i>expiring</i> . . .	130
3. The <i>breath</i> ; or air continually inspired and expired. . . . .	26
4. <i>Complementary air</i> ; ordinarily absent, but which can be inspired by a strong effort. . . . .	100

From these facts it follows, that instead of fresh air being constantly drawn into

the lungs, and stale or carbonized air exhaled, there is always permanently in the chest nearly five times as much air as we breathe in, and generally nearly ten times as much. However opposed to the popular notion of the *modus operandi* of respiration this may be, says Mr. Jeffreys, it is so, and there is an end of the matter.—But he also puts forward a series of arguments to show the probability that it should be so, without regard to the fact of its being so, and the objects which Nature has had in view in making it so, as well as an exposition of the manner in which the fresh atmospheric air, after gradual dilution, eventually reaches the air-cells of the lungs. The arguments on this last point, however, are rather conjectural than experimental, and have no very general interest. The reasoning on the two first points rests more upon facts and observations, and is also of a more attractive kind, as showing the careful provision of Nature. Here are some anatomical facts, whence Mr. Jeffreys deduces a strong *à priori* probability that the pure atmospheric air was never intended to come into immediate contact with the more delicate parts of the lungs.

“But some will say, by such an arrangement the air-cells would never be visited by air of the freshness requisite for duly oxydating the blood. The reply to this is, that, whatever may be our preconceived notions respecting the presence of fresh air in the cells, the statics of the case render it impossible it should ever be there under ordinary circumstances. They assure us, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that it is resident air only which moves into and out of the cells in the action of the chest. It is this resident air which performs all the duty of oxydating the blood, and which receives from the blood its eliminated carbonic acid and watery vapor. The air of respiration performs no direct duty in connexion with the blood. In its fresh state it does not come even near to the cells; its duty is altogether indirect; its action is to ventilate the chest gradually, from above downwards, and to receive the impurities gradually brought up from below, exchanged for an equal bulk of more recent air, conveyed, in the manner described, from above. \* \* \* \*

“Such being the fact, we may discern in it a beautiful provision, offering an answer to the other portion of the question, why should such impure air be always resident in the lungs?

“Is the following not a very satisfactory reply? As we proceed from the larger air-tubes onwards through their numerous ramifications, till we are lost in searching out the delicate cells, do we not find the pulmonary membrane lining the way, commencing comparatively thick and tough, and getting finer and finer, until at last it becomes too delicate to be clearly discovered, a mere film, overspread by equally delicate blood-vessels? Again, though the greater part of the business

of oxydating the blood appears to be carried on in the cells, we are not to suppose that the extensive surface of membrane expanded over the lengthened and infinitely numerous tubes leading to the cells is unemployed. Such a view does not accord with the economy of means everywhere discernible in the body; and it is opposed to the observed development of the blood-vessels, which travel along with the tubes, and spread their minute branches over them, in the same way as, at the extremity of their course, they do over the cells.

“There can be no doubt, that in tubes where the pulmonary membrane grows thin enough, there the air begins to penetrate through it, and to act on the blood circulating over such tubes. Let us suppose the action proceeds with due activity at some given distance in the lungs, where the pulmonary membrane has a certain thickness, and the air in the tubes a certain percentage, say eighteen. If such a proportion of oxygen acts with due activity through a membrane of such a given thickness, could we refuse assent to the probability, (were it not a fact absolute,) that, as the membrane grew more and more delicate, less and less oxygen should be found in the air, until in the cells the proportion of oxygen should be reduced so far as to guard against injurious activity in the process, where an infinitely delicate membrane only was interposed between the air and the minute blood-vessels? Assuredly, if, where the membrane was much thicker, the process went on with due activity, its activity would become far above what was due, when the membrane became of extreme tenuity, unless the quantity of oxygen in the air fell in proportion, unless the air became as it were diluted in proportion.”

The reader who is interested enough in this question to wish to pursue it, may refer to the volume; but there is a further view advanced by Mr. Jeffreys, which has a practical purpose, though the individuals most requiring its benefit may find some difficulty in reducing it to practice. By a glance at the little table already given, the reader will perceive, that whilst the capacity of the chest is fourteen times as much as the mere “breath” requires, upwards of one-fourth of this capacity is seldom occupied, and that this vacant space is nearly four times the capacity of that demanded by the air necessary to the act of breathing. Mr. Jeffreys also states that he has found the quantity of *supplementary* air to differ considerably in different people; and he infers that it differs in the same individual at different times. From these facts he proceeds to deduce some important conclusions; all, however, resting upon the principle that *high breathing* is good breathing—that the more *supplementary* air a person can retain in his chest, and the more he can employ the space devoted to the *complementary* air, the more vigorous his breathing and his lungs become. Individu-



als with a full chest and of active occupations have this naturally; and persons whose pursuits are favorable to its development acquire it; but Mr. Jeffreys considers its attainment, to some extent, to be in the power of any one who has, we may say, the time and the will to strive for it. We take some passages bearing upon this important point, rather with a view to call attention to the principle, than to recommend its injudicious pursuit; which might do more harm than good.

#### RATIONALE OF RUNNING.

During exercise, and especially during considerable exertion, we know that the hurried circulation of blood through the lungs calls for a more copious supply of air. To command a range for a deeper respiration, we must either breathe out some of the resident air, and add the room thus gained to the previous range of the respiration,—or, retaining in our chests the same quantity of resident air, we must increase the respiratory range by intruding upon the complementary space.

This is no trifling distinction. What is vulgarly termed "being in breath," and its opposite "not breath," appears mainly to depend upon these different modes of increasing our respiration. An unpractised runner, for instance, tries to relieve himself by the former method; but he soon feels the consequence of letting out too much of his resident air, and drawing in too deeply atmospheric air, fully oxygenous, and perhaps also cold. He gets out of breath; that is, when he wants more air than usual, he cannot take in so much; a kind of asthmatic spasm prevents him from getting air enough down, although the chest is not really much more than half full. On the other hand, by practice he instinctively learns to keep adding air to that already present, and to breathe nearer to the top of his chest. He can then respire deeply without drawing in the fresh air too suddenly and too far into the lungs. Also, by increasing the quantity of resident air, his cells are more fully expanded, there is more surface of action, and the blood-vessels are rendered less tortuous still, by which they admit, with less distress, of the quickened circulation through them.

#### MEANS OF BECOMING BROAD-CHESTED.

Muscular exertion tends greatly to establish a permanently fuller state of the chest. The extent to which the chief muscles of the trunk of the body are inserted into, or have their origin from the walls of the chest, is one cause of this. In order that such muscles should act with power we have to draw in a larger quantity of air than usual; and when we want to make a considerable effort, as in lifting a heavy weight, we have to close the windpipe and detain all this air in the chest. The walls of the chest, the ribs, &c., then are stiffly supported by this bed of air, like a distended bladder, or air-cushion. In this way, the chest can support a great pressure, and forms a firm basis for the vigorous action of the muscles attached to it. When longer continued

but not so strenuous efforts are made, as in carrying a more moderate weight for some distance, and even in active walking without any load, a man still keeps his chest more than usually distended; holding the air in for a time exceeding the period of an ordinary breath, and then letting it out to take in a fresh stock of complementary air, (to use the term adopted,) to give stiffness to his chest.

Now this action being frequently repeated, must and does have the effect of establishing a permanently fuller state of the chest. It is, in fact, the rendering a person "broad-chested;" the connexion of which with vigor is too striking to be overlooked even by the uninformed, who do not fail to see the fuller condition of the chest, though without an acquaintance with the manner in which it is brought about, or in which it is advantageous.

In such vigorous persons, then, the supplementary air becomes larger, a portion of the complementary space being added to it, and then ordinary respiration takes place on the top of this increased supplementary quantity. That this is true, we may satisfy ourselves by measuring the quantity of air such a person can breathe out, and comparing it with that breathed out by a person of sedentary habits. We shall find that the volume of the air durably resident in the chest is much larger in the former, the comparison being made between two persons of the same bulk.

#### ERRORS OF SEDENTARY BREATHING.

On the other hand, they whose misfortune it is to lead a sedentary life, and to lean over their work, habituate themselves, by the constant doubling together of the trunk, to do with a smaller quantity of resident air in their chests than is natural or proper. In them, then, the air of respiration is at once introduced to a deeper region of the lungs than it ought. Though it is impossible, in any case, to exist with so little resident air in the chest as that the air of the breath should flow unmixed into the air-cells themselves,—for the residual air which cannot be expelled is bulky enough to dilute it considerably,—yet, when the quantity of resident air is materially reduced, it is plain the air of the breath goes in too far, and proves exciting to tubes too delicate to receive it, on account of its full quantity of oxygen, and also, no doubt, of its temperament and other qualities.

The distress which the presence of pure air produces in tubes intended to receive only mixed air, leads such persons to accustom themselves to do with less breath than is natural. It is quite an error to think that their chests, at the time, will not contain more breath on account of the position; for if they were to breathe out still more of the resident air, they might leave more room for breath than the volume of the breath ever requires, and yet keep their chests within the confined limits they had been reduced to. The truth of this may be noticed whenever a medical man or friend remonstrates with a girl on account of her tight lacing. One whose folly has nearly reduced her figure to that of an insect, and whose countenance be-

trays the state of her lungs, will yet be able to show that her stays are "quite loose," by thrusting her hand between them and her body. Many a friend is deceived, as well as the self-destroyer, by this demonstration. All it proves is, that there is yet some supplementary air in the lungs, which, breathed out at the moment of the demonstration, leaves quite enough room for a respiration of full amount to be carried on for the time, and even for the stays all the while to be made to appear loose about the chest.

#### HINTS TO ORATORS.

The collateral but very important duty of the chest in speaking, especially in oratory, requires the command of both the supplementary and complementary spaces. The duration of an act of expiration is greatly increased in giving expression to a long sentence. The chest has to be nearly filled with air: the air, occupying almost the whole of the complementary space, is first spoken forth, then that of the region of the breath; and in a long sentence, forcibly uttered, a large demand is also made upon the supplementary air. But for this long range, there could be no powerful *eloquence*. At the same time, a loud voice and long sentences make so frequent and large demands on the supplementary stock, as to subject delicate portions of the pulmonary membrane to the frequent presence of undiluted air, against which the supplementary air was especially provided as their natural protection. Hence these efforts either by degrees inure such delicate parts as are visited by the inhaled air to its action,—or, as too frequently happens, the air gains the better of them; irritation is excited; and, if the efforts are persevered in, disease is established. By employing very short sentences, and by habituating the chest to receive a full complementary quantity of air, that quantity, together with the ordinary region of breath, will be found to suffice; so that the resident air need not ever be intruded upon. It is of great importance in such cases, that this resident stock should be also of full quantity; occupying steadily its protective position; there receiving all the impulses of quickly-inhaled breath; duly modifying the portion of it retained; and gradually incorporating it into itself as resident air before conveying it down into the cells. It is probable, that many a preacher might continue in his vocation by carefully attending to this simple rule. Indeed many, no doubt, practise it instinctively as a matter of experience, without inquiring into the physiological reason.

There are other curious passages on this subject, especially one relating to the use or injury of wind-instruments; but we have already trespassed somewhat upon our space, and must again refer the curious to the volume. To any one inclined to practise for a broad chest, we should, however, recommend the simple exercises of walking, gentle running, and careful reading aloud, with a *very cautious* attempt at lifting weights fully within the muscular power, than any more artificial experiments;

which, till persons have got the knack of breathing high, would be likely to do them more harm than good.

**SENSATIONS IN A TRANCE.**—The sensations of a seemingly dead person, while confined in the coffin, are mentioned in the following case of trance:

"A young lady, an attendant on the Princess —, after having been confined to her bed for a great length of time with a violent nervous disorder, was at last, to all appearance, deprived of life. Her lips were quite pale, her face resembled the countenance of a dead person, and the body grew cold. She was removed from the room in which she died, was laid in a coffin, and the day of her funeral fixed on. The day arrived, and, according to the custom of the country, funeral songs and hymns were sung before the door. Just as the people were about to nail down the lid of the coffin, a kind of perspiration was observed to appear on the surface of her body. It grew greater every moment, and at last a kind of convulsive motion was observed in the hands and feet of the corpse. A few minutes after, during which time fresh signs of returning life appeared, she at once opened her eyes, and uttered a most pitiable shriek. Physicians were quickly procured, and in the course of a few days she was considerably restored, and is probably alive at this day. The description which she gave of her situation is extremely remarkable, and forms a curious and authentic addition to psychology. She said it seemed to her that she was really dead; yet she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her in this dreadful state. She distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death at the side of her coffin. She felt them pull on the dead-clothes, and lay her in them. This feeling produced a mental anxiety which is indescribable. She tried to cry, but her soul was without power, and could not act in her body. She had the contradictory feeling as if she were in the body, and yet not in it, at one and the same time. It was equally impossible for her to stretch out her arm, or to open her eyes, or to cry, although she continually endeavored to do so. The internal anguish of her mind was, however, at its utmost height when the funeral hymns were begun to be sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed down. The thought that she was to be buried alive was the one that gave activity to her mind, and caused it to operate on her corporeal frame."—*Binns on Sleep*.

**MILES COVERDALE.**—Within the last few days, a tablet has been erected in the church of St. Magnus the Martyr, London-bridge, executed by Samuel Nixon, sculptor, with the following inscription:—

Near this Tablet, in a vault made for that purpose, are deposited the bones of  
MILES COVERDALE,  
formerly Bishop of Exeter, and Rector of the Parish of St. Magnus the Martyr,  
in the year of our Lord 1567.  
His remains were interred, in the first instance, in the Chancel of the Church of St. Bartholomew, Exchange; but, on the occasion of that church being taken down, they were brought here on the 4th of October, 1840, in compliance with the wishes, and at the request of, the Rector, the Rev. T. Leigh, A. M., and Parishioners of St. Magnus the Martyr.

*Britannia.*



## LIFE OF SIR ASTLEY P. COOPER, BART.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

*Life of Sir Astley Paston Cooper, Bart., &c.*  
By Barnsby Blake Cooper, Esq., F. R. S.  
In two volumes 8vo. Parker: London,  
1843.

THE work before us—although, as its author observes in his preface, “it must be always to the relatives, the friends, and even the acquaintances of the person whose life is delineated, a source of melancholy satisfaction”—will not prove so generally interesting as though it were the history of one who, without any aid from station or fortune, had risen from an humble position, and attained the highest honors of his profession solely by the perseverance of his industry and the exercise of his abilities.

The young aspirant for fame and distinction in any profession—particularly if his means be humble, and his success therefore in a greater degree dependent on himself—loves to contemplate the career of those who have toiled on through all the cares and troubles that beset the first steps in the path of life—who, perhaps, with the cold sneers of the world, have felt all the bitterness of poverty amid the many sore and trying difficulties of their “early struggles;” but who have at length overcome them, and by the exercise of their talents, and the ceaseless efforts of untiring, indefatigable industry reached the goal of their ambition, and won for themselves a name which the world *could* withhold no longer.

In the life of one who has thus attained to eminence, the young tyro in the outset of his own career can feel his interest aroused, and all his warmest sympathies awakened. He can trace in every circumstance of the life that is pictured before him—in its every struggle—its every disappointment at first—some resemblance to his own, and he can thus be led to believe that for him too the course is open, and to hope that he also may reach the goal—a winner in the race of fame. There is something in every sentence to rivet his attention, and he is carried on through all its details—unwearied, because they come home to his own feelings, and he can say, “such difficulties I too have surmounted, and such will I yet overcome.” He can then read with breathless interest the visions of happiness which are opened to the eye of the poor beginner by the receipt of his “first guinea,” and can follow him from that moment eagerly and anxiously, as step by step he steadily advances until he reaches in tri-

umph the proud position which he so long and so patiently has sought.

But the biography before us is of one who entered on his professional career with all the adventitious aids of birth, position, and fortune. His road to eminence, although requiring the energies of his talent to enable him successfully to journey over it, was yet without the many hills and hollows—the obstructions which comparative poverty and the want of a connexion have thrown so often in the way of some of the brightest ornaments of the medical profession.

There is always a certain degree of interest attached to the life of any one distinguished above his fellows, whether his position be attained by the power of his own talents, or by those fortuitous circumstances which so frequently place a man of little more than ordinary intellect in a situation which without them he never would have reached.

So far as an interest of this description goes, we think the work before us may well excite it; but we repeat, there is but little claim on the sympathies of that class of readers who should be expected to reap the greatest benefits from it and from the example of its subject, viz.,—the young members of the medical profession.

The author appears to take the greatest pains to prove how totally independent Sir Astley Cooper was both by birth and fortune, of the difficulties which others have been obliged to encounter in the commencement of their career; and we really think there is nothing so peculiarly worthy of admiration in the successful life of, as he is pleased to designate him, “one of the most illustrious surgeons that ever adorned the science he professed.”

There are certainly many things to interest us in these volumes, but not by any means, to that absorbing degree which the author seems to think must be felt as a matter of course. That Sir Astley Cooper was a clever man there is no doubt; but that his talents were so exceedingly pre-eminent as to warrant his biographer in assuming a tone of such ultra-laudation, we deny.

He tells us that Sir Astley Cooper was his uncle, and that if, in his undertaking, (as his biographer,) his expressions may be thought to savor somewhat of extravagance, the respect he entertained for him from the period of his boyhood, the gratitude he owes him for the instruction he derived at his hands, and the affection he always bore towards him as a relative, may

surely be admitted, if not in justification of the fault, at least in extenuation of its degree, and that "partiality can scarcely be considered culpable when its absence would be almost criminal."

We can fully appreciate and respect the feelings which have prompted Mr. Cooper to display so strong a partiality for the character, private and public, of his uncle. There can be none more willing—none more anxious to make every allowance for such feelings, and to give them the full meed of credit which is their due; but still we must say, that as a biographer Mr. Cooper should not have suffered them to betray him into the error of letting them appear so visibly upon the surface of his work.

Considering the very high position to which Sir Astley Cooper attained—a position which we might naturally expect would afford so rich a field for the biographer—the book is very little remarkable either for anecdote or entertaining correspondence; and we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of believing how much more of interest would be attached to the life of one of our own professional men (we speak of Dublin) of the same standing, or of a grade or two below it.

Sir Astley Cooper's success in life was, we think, in a great measure owing to his easy kindness of manner, steadiness of nerve, and pleasing personal appearance, qualifications which he possessed in an eminent degree, and the more likely to win success, as they were rarely to be met with among his cotemporaries.

We have no hesitation in saying that there are many members of the medical profession amongst us, who, if they moved in the same sphere and with the same opportunities as Sir Astley Cooper, would prove themselves in the knowledge and science of their profession, at least fully his equals, and in general information and literary attainments immeasurably his superiors.

Sir Astley Cooper's biographer states—somewhat unnecessarily—that in literature and science unconnected with his profession he was by no means proficient, and that at no period of his life was the amount of his classical knowledge such as to induce him to peruse the works generally read by the more advanced in such pursuits; the gratification which they are capable of affording to the polished scholar, being to him more than counterbalanced by the drudgery he had to encounter in arriving at the interpretation.

This is, indeed, a very low standard of

acquirements for a distinguished member of a most accomplished profession, and we are happy to think, is rather the exception than the rule. We know of no class, who in all times and all countries have laid general science and literature under heavier obligations than the members of the healing art; nor are there any who have been more conspicuous for purity and elegance of style, classical neatness, and graceful learning, than such, when they have appeared before the world as authors.

Astley Paston Cooper was the fourth son of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Cooper—the descendant of an old and highly respectable Norfolk family—and was born at Brook Hall, near Spottesham in Norfolk on the 23d of August, 1768. His mother appears to have been a lady distinguished for her literary pursuits no less than for her private virtues, and from her and his father Astley received the rudiments of his early education, his only other preceptor being a Mr. Larke, the master of the village school. It is stated that at this time he was remarkable for any thing but assiduity and attention to study of any sort, although he occasionally exhibited traces of an unusually quick perception and active intellectual powers.

It appears he was at this period, and even for years after, extremely wild, and delighting in all kinds of mischief—escaping whenever he found it possible from his teachers to join in whatever sports were going forward in the neighborhood, and continually engaged in a variety of pranks which created alarm in the minds of his family, and occasionally were of such a nature as to bring upon him his parents' displeasure.

There are several anecdotes of his adventures at this time to be found in the first volume; but we can see nothing more in them than the life of any school-boy would afford. We will, however, give our readers one or two specimens, and let them judge for themselves.

"Having climbed one day to the roof of one of the aisles of Brook church, he lost his hold, and was precipitated to the ground, but providentially escaped with only a few bruises. He was always fond of playing with donkies, or *dickies*, as they are called in Norfolk, and provoking them till they kicked him, and he bore many marks for some time of their violence. One day when he was riding a horse which he had caught on Welbeck Common, near the house, he directed the animal with his whip to leap over a cow which was lying on the ground; but the cow rose at the instant, and overthrew both the horse and its rider, who had his collar-bone broken in the fall.

"On one occasion the bell to summon the



scholars had rung, and they were all hastening to the school-room, when some one snatched a hat from one of the boys' heads and threw it into one of the 'meres,' or ponds of water, which are situated in the village, and by which they were passing. The boy, lamenting the loss of his hat, and fearing he should be punished for his absence from the school, was crying very bitterly, when there came to the spot a young gentleman dressed, as was then the fashion of the day, in a scarlet coat, a three-cocked hat, a glazed black collar or stock, nankeen small clothes, and white silk stockings—his hair hanging in ringlets down his back. He seeing the boy crying, and being informed of the cause of his sorrow, deliberately marched into the water, obtained the hat, and returned it to the unlucky owner. This young gentleman was no other than Master Astley Cooper, &c."

Mr. Cooper, in relating these adventures and pranks of his uncle, says:

"Although by some they may be looked upon as merely the acts of a careless, headstrong child, and unworthy of notice in a life so signalized as that of Sir Astley Cooper, they nevertheless, to those who delight to trace the *man* in the *boy*, possess an abundant share of interest."

Now, with every possible deference to Mr. Cooper, we cannot exactly understand by what course of reasoning he can prove any analogy between a love for provoking donkies and a fondness for anatomical pursuits, or between directing a horse to leap over a cow and the performance of a successful surgical operation; and we can only say, that if a predilection for such pursuits be an omen of future greatness in the medical profession, there are sundry young gentlemen of the present day for whom we may augur a most brilliant and successful career. There is one anecdote, however, which we think well worthy of notice, as it is strikingly illustrative of that readiness and self-possession which so eminently distinguished him in after life;—the circumstance to which it relates occurred when he was about thirteen, and happened as follows. After alluding to his foster mother—

"A son of this person's, somewhat older than Astley Cooper, had been ordered by his father to convey some coals to the house of Mr. Castell, the vicar, and while on the road, by some accident the poor lad fell down in front of the cart, the wheel of which, before he could recover himself, passed over his thigh, and, among other injuries, caused the laceration of its principal artery. The unfortunate boy, paralyzed by the shock of the accident and sinking under the loss of blood—the flow of which was attempted to be stopped by the pressure of handkerchiefs applied to the part only—was carried almost exhausted to his home, where, Astley Cooper having heard of the accident which had befallen his foster-brother, almost immediately afterwards

arrived. The bleeding was continuing, or probably having for a time ceased, had broken out afresh. All was alarm and confusion, when the young Astley in the midst of the distressing scene, alone capable of deliberating, and perceiving the necessity of instantly preventing further loss of blood, had the presence of mind to encircle the limb with his pocket-handkerchief above the wound, and afterwards to bind it round so tightly that it acted as a ligature upon the wounded vessel and stopped the bleeding. To these means his foster-brother owed a prolongation of life until the arrival of the surgeon who had been sent for from London."

The gratitude of the friends of this poor boy, and the flattering applauses of his own for his conduct on this occasion, appears to have given his thoughts their first bent towards the profession of surgery. The success of his uncle, Mr. William Cooper of London, together with his own previous inattention to study and perhaps positive dislike to a college life and literary pursuits, had also considerable weight with him; but it was not until a later period that he determined to devote his life to it.

The anecdote above related is the only one of his "boyhood years" in which we can trace the slightest approach to "the character of the *man* in the *boy*;" and we hope Mr. Cooper will not be angry with us for our inability to perceive any great precocity of intellect displayed by his uncle in such feats as climbing on the roof of a church—ripping open old pillows, and letting the feathers fly from the belfry to fall as if they had been a shower from the clouds, and thus frighten away the little wits the poor rustic possessed, with sundry other similar performances which in our days—doubtless owing to our lack of prophetic vision—instead of being looked upon as forebodings of future distinction, would very probably entail upon the unfortunate perpetrator no other reward than a sound flogging.

In such wild freaks as these, Astley Cooper seems to have spent the greater portion of his time until his thoughts were again brought back to surgery by the representations of his uncle, Mr. William Cooper, who was himself a surgeon of considerable eminence.

"The animated descriptions of London and its scenes, and the numerous anecdotes which his uncle, who mixed much in society, would narrate in the presence of his young nephew, led him earnestly to bend his thoughts towards the metropolis, and determined his selection of that profession which, from his uncle's position and influence, offered him above all others, an advantageous opening.

"Still, however, there can be but little doubt that much of this anxiety to visit London was attributable rather to his taste for pleasure and excitement than to any wish for industrious employment. For when he had finally determined on becoming his uncle's pupil (which was not, Sir Astley used to say, until after witnessing an operation for the extraction of stone by Dr. Dounee of Norwich,) there was no evidence of his making any special resolution of devotion to his adopted science, or exhibiting any unusual desire for achieving greatness of name in its pursuit."

Accordingly in August 1784, being then about sixteen, he went to London and took up his residence at the house of Mr. Clive, a man of some note in the profession, and one of the surgeons of St. Thomas's hospital, who was in the habit of taking a few pupils to board with him.

Here he appears to have imbibed those democratic feelings which shed their baneful influence on the circle which now surrounded him, and which were at the time fast spreading themselves over Europe. Mr. Cooper, speaking of this period, remarks:—

"Nothing could have been more probable than that a young man of ardent and sanguine temper like Astley Cooper should be captivated by a set of opinions at variance with those of the stricter aristocratic school in which he had been educated; possessing to him all the charms of novelty, freedom from restraint, and ostensibly having for their object a state of social perfection which he had not then experience enough to determine to be altogether Utopian."

Even the religious principles of Astley Cooper seem to have been infected for a time by his association with Horne Took, Thelwall, &c., among whom subjects of religion were either ridiculed, or wholly disregarded. However his intercourse with such men affected for a time his opinions, he appears to have afterwards exchanged them for others of a somewhat more loyal nature, which change was partly brought about by the inhuman scenes he witnessed during the progress of the French Revolution, partly by other reasons.

It is a curious fact, and one which may well afford considerable scope to the inquiring mind of some political philosopher, that a decided tendency to whig-radicalism has always been a characteristic of the medical profession.

There seems, however, to be one infallible means of exorcising this half rebellious spirit. Let the most ultra whig-radical of them all come once within the influence of a royal smile, and, as if by magic, the cloud which enveloped his political opin-

ions is dispelled—let him but feel the touch of that sacred finger which is proverbially gifted with the power of curing the "king's evil," and, like that disease, all his preconceived ideas of radicalism and democracy are dissipated as by a spell, and he comes forth a highly respectable Tory! Democracy is an exceedingly convenient creed for those who have nothing to lose—the professed object of its followers being to reduce all *above them* to their own level; but we never knew any to carry the feeling so far as to consider *themselves* on a level with those *below* them.

Astley Cooper does not appear at first to have devoted himself to the acquisition of professional knowledge with any greater degree of zeal than he had previously bestowed on his literary studies; his social qualities opened the way to an intimacy with young men of his own standing in London, and in their company he suffered himself to be led into all the dissipations the metropolis afforded. However, in the year following he became as remarkable for his industry as he had formerly been for his idleness, and had attained a degree of anatomical knowledge far beyond that possessed by any other of the pupils of his own standing in the hospital to which he was attached.

From this period his rise in his profession was steady and rapid. He had made such progress in his knowledge of anatomy, in his second session, that he was frequently called upon by the pupils to assist and direct them in their dissections, and proving by his ready concession to their wishes that he had both the knowledge and industry requisite to facilitate their labors, he at once established a reputation which made him sought after by his fellow pupils as their demonstrator, and afterwards procured him, immediately on the office becoming vacant, the offer of this desirable position.

Thus early did Astley Cooper arrive at distinction; doubtless his talents and the considerable portion of knowledge which they had enabled him to acquire in so short a time, were, in a great degree, the cause of his success; but it cannot be supposed that they were the sole means which led to it. If he had been, like many others of his profession, thrown entirely upon his own resources, without friends and without any influence, save what his talent could procure him, it is more than probable that he would have been left to struggle on through all the difficulties which so many others have been obliged to overcome,



until time, or perhaps chance, should have brought him into notice.

However the partiality of his biographer may lead him to suppose that to his own powers alone he was indebted for this early advancement, we must believe that at least an equal share of thanks is due to his connexion with Mr. William Cooper, and the influence of eminent medical men, the personal friends and professional associates of that gentleman. There are too many instances of men of first-rate abilities, possessing a thorough knowledge of all requisites for success, wasting away whole years of life without obtaining it, to allow us to believe that so very young a man as Astley Cooper then was, both in years and in professional knowledge—no matter how commanding his talents might be—could have attained to such a position without other assistance than his own.

We, therefore, by no means advise any young student to be led by this portion of Sir Astley Cooper's life into the *ignis fatuus* belief, that he may commence the first session of his professional studies in idleness and dissipation, and in the second be chosen as a demonstrator. If he does, he will be apt to find the bright dream of his ambition fade away into "airy nothings," unless indeed he happens to have an uncle surgeon of a chief, of a metropolitan hospital.

By whatever means Astley Cooper was thus early distinguished, it seems to have given a spur to his assiduity and to have caused him daily to become more and more attached to anatomical pursuits: for, from this period, no labor was too great, scarcely any obstacle sufficient, to prevent his becoming acquainted with every feature the most minute, of any case attended with circumstances of peculiar interest which happened to come within his notice. Every study unconnected with the immediate matters of his profession was wholly neglected; indeed he never displayed any fondness for literature, so far as we can learn from his biography, and he seems to have given up his entire mind to the practice of anatomy and its various details.

It appears strange that a man should have occupied the exalted position of Sir Astley Cooper for such a time, and in a country so pre-eminent for literary acquirement as England, with so small a share of learning and general information as he possessed. But these are qualifications by no means indispensable or essential to his branch of the medical profession, when compared with what the physician finds

necessary not only for occupying, but maintaining his station in society.

The world can, in a great measure, constitute itself the judge of a surgeon's success, and to a certain degree appreciate in him those powers which, in a physician—because he possesses not the same means of showing them—it does not understand.

The cases in which the former is called upon to act are, comparatively speaking, open to every eye; and if he possess a manner of cool and perfect self-possession, unflinching nerve, a quick eye, confidence, and a steady hand, the odds are at least twenty to one in his favor, that the world will pronounce him a clever fellow, and never give itself the trouble to inquire, how far his skill be the mere exertion of manual dexterity, quickness of eye, and steady coolness, or the result of profound anatomical knowledge, and thorough intimacy with his subject.

But to return to Sir Astley Cooper. In 1787 he visited Edinburgh, where he studied for some months. In this portion of the book there are some brief but amusing sketches of the leading characters of the medical profession of Scotland at the time, and there is one short anecdote related by Sir Astley, which we think worthy of laying before our readers, although unconnected with the subject of the work before us:—

"At one of the meetings of the Royal Medical Society a discussion took place between two young surgeons, one an Irishman, the other a Scotchman. The former maintained that cancer never occurred in women who had borne children. The young Scotchman vehemently opposed this doctrine, and mentioned the case of a lady who twice had twins, and yet had cancer afterwards. To this apparently conclusive evidence the Irishman immediately replied, 'Ah, but don't you know that's an exception to the general rule; where's the wonder in cancer following gemini? it always does.'"

"In 1791, Mr. Clive seeing the advantages that were likely to arise no less to the school than to his pupil, by associating him with himself, made him an offer to this extent, although the time of his pupilage had not yet expired. Accordingly an arrangement was entered into that Astley Cooper should give a part of the lectures and demonstrations, Mr. Clive promising him a sum of one hundred and twenty pounds per annum, to be increased twenty pounds annually until he gave one half the lectures, when the proceeds should be equally divided."

Here, then, we find Astley Cooper, while the period of his pupilage was still unexpired, a lecturer and a demonstrator, with a salary the amount of which for one year

the lungs, and stale or carbonized air exhaled, there is always permanently in the chest nearly five times as much air as we

as much. However opposed to the popular notion of the *modus operandi* of respiration this may be, says Mr. Jeffreys, it is so, and there is an end of the matter.—But he also puts forward a series of arguments to show the probability that it should be so, without regard to the fact of its being so, and the objects which Nature has had in view in making it so, as well as an exposition of the manner in which the fresh atmospheric air, after gradual dilution, eventually reaches the air-cells of the lungs. The arguments on this last point, however, are rather conjectural than experimental, and have no very general interest. The reasoning on the two first points rests more upon facts and observations, and is also of a more attractive kind, as showing the careful provision of Nature. Here are some anatomical facts, whence Mr. Jeffreys deduces a strong *à priori* probability that the pure atmospheric air was never intended to come into immediate contact with the more delicate parts of the lungs.

"But some will say, by such an arrangement the air-cells would never be visited by air of the freshness requisite for duly oxydating the blood. The reply to this is, that, whatever may be our preconceived notions respecting the presence of fresh air in the cells, the statics of the case render it impossible it should ever be there under ordinary circumstances. They assure us, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that it is resident air only which moves into and out of the cells in the action of the chest. It is this resident air which performs all the duty of oxydating the blood, and which receives from the blood its eliminated carbonic acid and watery vapor. The air of respiration performs no direct duty in connexion with the blood. In its fresh state it does not come even near to the cells; its duty is altogether indirect; its action is to ventilate the chest gradually, from above downwards, and to receive the impurities gradually brought up from below, exchanged for an equal bulk of more recent air, conveyed, in the manner described, from above. \* \* \* \*

"Such being the fact, we may discern in it a beautiful provision, offering an answer to the other portion of the question, why should such impure air be always resident in the lungs?

"Is the following not a very satisfactory reply? As we proceed from the larger air-tubes onwards through their numerous ramifications, till we are lost in searching out the delicate cells, do we not find the pulmonary membrane lining the way, commencing comparatively thick and tough, and getting finer and finer, until at last it becomes too delicate to be clearly discovered, a mere film, overspread by equally delicate blood-vessels? Again, though the greater part of the business

of oxydating the blood appears to be carried on in the cells, we are not to suppose that the extensive surface of membrane expanded over the chest, and infinitely numerous tubes leading

accord with the economy of means everywhere discernible in the body; and it is opposed to the observed development of the blood-vessels, which travel along with the tubes, and spread their minute branches over them, in the same way as, at the extremity of their course, they do over the cells.

"There can be no doubt, that in tubes where the pulmonary membrane grows thin enough, there the air begins to penetrate through it, and to act on the blood circulating over such tubes. Let us suppose the action proceeds with due activity at some given distance in the lungs, where the pulmonary membrane has a certain thickness, and the air in the tubes a certain percentage, say eighteen. If such a proportion of oxygen acts with due activity through a membrane of such a given thickness, could we refuse assent to the probability, (were it not a fact absolute,) that, as the membrane grew more and more delicate, less and less oxygen should be found in the air, until in the cells the proportion of oxygen should be reduced so far as to guard against injurious activity in the process, where an infinitely delicate membrane only was interposed between the air and the minute blood-vessels? Assuredly, if, where the membrane was much thicker, the process went on with due activity, its activity would become far above what was due, when the membrane became of extreme tenuity, unless the quantity of oxygen in the air fell in proportion, unless the air became as it were diluted in proportion."

The reader who is interested enough in this question to wish to pursue it, may refer to the volume; but there is a further view advanced by Mr. Jeffreys, which has a practical purpose, though the individuals most requiring its benefit may find some difficulty in reducing it to practice. By a glance at the little table already given, the reader will perceive, that whilst the capacity of the chest is fourteen times as much as the mere "breath" requires, upwards of one-fourth of this capacity is seldom occupied, and that this vacant space is nearly four times the capacity of that demanded by the air necessary to the act of breathing. Mr. Jeffreys also states that he has found the quantity of *supplementary* air to differ considerably in different people; and he infers that it differs in the same individual at different times. From these facts he proceeds to deduce some important conclusions; all, however, resting upon the principle that *high breathing* is good breathing—that the more *supplementary* air a person can retain in his chest, and the more he can employ the space devoted to the *complementary* air, the more vigorous his breathing and his lungs become. Individu-



als with a full chest and of active occupations have this naturally; and persons whose pursuits are favorable to its devel-

considers its attainment, to some extent, to be in the power of any one who has, we may say, the time and the will to strive for it. We take some passages bearing upon this important point, rather with a view to call attention to the principle, than to recommend its injudicious pursuit; which might do more harm than good.

#### RATIONALE OF RUNNING.

During exercise, and especially during considerable exertion, we know that the hurried circulation of blood through the lungs calls for a more copious supply of air. To command a range for a deeper respiration, we must either breathe out some of the resident air, and add the room thus gained to the previous range of the respiration,—or, retaining in our chests the same quantity of resident air, we must increase the respiratory range by intruding upon the complementary space.

This is no trifling distinction. What is vulgarly termed "being in breath," and its opposite "not breath," appears mainly to depend upon these different modes of increasing our respiration. An unpractised runner, for instance, tries to relieve himself by the former method; but he soon feels the consequence of letting out too much of his resident air, and drawing in too deeply atmospheric air, fully oxygenous, and perhaps also cold. He gets out of breath; that is, when he wants more air than usual, he cannot take in so much; a kind of asthmatic spasm prevents him from getting air enough down, although the chest is not really much more than half full. On the other hand, by practice he instinctively learns to keep adding air to that already present, and to breathe nearer to the top of his chest. He can then respire deeply without drawing in the fresh air too suddenly and too far into the lungs. Also, by increasing the quantity of resident air, his cells are more fully expanded, there is more surface of action, and the blood-vessels are rendered less tortuous still, by which they admit, with less distress, of the quickened circulation through them.

#### MEANS OF BECOMING BROAD-CHESTED.

Muscular exertion tends greatly to establish a permanently fuller state of the chest. The extent to which the chief muscles of the trunk of the body are inserted into, or have their origin from the walls of the chest, is one cause of this. In order that such muscles should act with power we have to draw in a larger quantity of air than usual; and when we want to make a considerable effort, as in lifting a heavy weight, we have to close the windpipe and detain all this air in the chest. The walls of the chest, the ribs, &c., then are stiffly supported by this bed of air, like a distended bladder, or air-cushion. In this way, the chest can support a great pressure, and forms a firm basis for the vigorous action of the muscles attached to it. When longer continued

but not so strenuous efforts are made, as in carrying a more moderate weight for some distance, and even in active walking without any load, a man still keeps his chest more than usually distended; holding the air in for a longer period, the period of an ordinary breath, and then letting it out to take in a fresh stock of complementary air, (to use the term adopted,) to give stiffness to his chest.

Now this action being frequently repeated, must and does have the effect of establishing a permanently fuller state of the chest. It is, in fact, the rendering a person "broad-chested;" the connexion of which with vigor is too striking to be overlooked even by the uninformed, who do not fail to see the fuller condition of the chest, though without an acquaintance with the manner in which it is brought about, or in which it is advantageous.

In such vigorous persons, then, the supplementary air becomes larger, a portion of the complementary space being added to it, and then ordinary respiration takes place on the top of this increased supplementary quantity. That this is true, we may satisfy ourselves by measuring the quantity of air such a person can breathe out, and comparing it with that breathed out by a person of sedentary habits. We shall find that the volume of the air durably resident in the chest is much larger in the former, the comparison being made between two persons of the same bulk.

#### ERRORS OF SEDENTARY BREATHING.

On the other hand, they whose misfortune it is to lead a sedentary life, and to lean over their work, habituate themselves, by the constant doubling together of the trunk, to do with a smaller quantity of resident air in their chests than is natural or proper. In them, then, the air of respiration is at once introduced to a deeper region of the lungs than it ought. Though it is impossible, in any case, to exist with so little resident air in the chest as that the air of the breath should flow unmixed into the air-cells themselves,—for the residual air which cannot be expelled is bulky enough to dilute it considerably,—yet, when the quantity of resident air is materially reduced, it is plain the air of the breath goes in too far, and proves exciting to tubes too delicate to receive it, on account of its full quantity of oxygen, and also, no doubt, of its temperament and other qualities.

The distress which the presence of pure air produces in tubes intended to receive only mixed air, leads such persons to accustom themselves to do with less breath than is natural. It is quite an error to think that their chests, at the time, will not contain more breath on account of the position; for if they were to breathe out still more of the resident air, they might leave more room for breath than the volume of the breath ever requires, and yet keep their chests within the confined limits they had been reduced to. The truth of this may be noticed whenever a medical man or friend remonstrates with a girl on account of her tight lacing. One whose folly has nearly reduced her figure to that of an insect, and whose countenance be-

trays the state of her lungs, will yet be able to show that her stays are "quite loose," by thrusting her hand between them and her body. Many a friend is deceived, as well as the self-destroyer, by this demonstration. All it proves is, that there is yet some supplementary air in the lungs, which, breathed out at the moment of the demonstration, leaves quite enough room for a respiration of full amount to be carried on for the time, and even for the stays all the while to be made to appear loose about the chest.

#### HINTS TO ORATORS.

The collateral but very important duty of the chest in speaking, especially in oratory, requires the command of both the supplementary and complementary spaces. The duration of an act of expiration is greatly increased in giving expression to a long sentence. The chest has to be nearly filled with air: the air, occupying almost the whole of the complementary space, is first spoken forth, then that of the region of the breath; and in a long sentence, forcibly uttered, a large demand is also made upon the supplementary air. But for this long range, there could be no powerful *eloquence*. At the same time, a loud voice and long sentences make so frequent and large demands on the supplementary stock, as to subject delicate portions of the pulmonary membrane to the frequent presence of undiluted air, against which the supplementary air was especially provided as their natural protection. Hence these efforts either by degrees inure such delicate parts as are visited by the inhaled air to its action,—or, as too frequently happens, the air gains the better of them; irritation is excited; and, if the efforts are persevered in, disease is established. By employing very short sentences, and by habituating the chest to receive a full complementary quantity of air, that quantity, together with the ordinary region of breath, will be found to suffice; so that the resident air need not ever be intruded upon. It is of great importance in such cases, that this resident stock should be also of full quantity; occupying steadily its protective position; there receiving all the impulses of quickly-inhaled breath; duly modifying the portion of it retained; and gradually incorporating it into itself as resident air before conveying it down into the cells. It is probable, that many a preacher might continue in his vocation by carefully attending to this simple rule. Indeed many, no doubt, practise it instinctively as a matter of experience, without inquiring into the physiological reason.

There are other curious passages on this subject, especially one relating to the use or injury of wind-instruments; but we have already trespassed somewhat upon our space, and must again refer the curious to the volume. To any one inclined to practise for a broad chest, we should, however, recommend the simple exercises of walking, gentle running, and careful reading aloud, with a *very cautious* attempt at lifting weights fully within the muscular power, than any more artificial experiments;

which, till persons have got the knack of breathing high, would be likely to do them more harm than good.

**SENSATIONS IN A TRANCE.**—The sensations of a seemingly dead person, while confined in the coffin, are mentioned in the following case of trance:

"A young lady, an attendant on the Princess —, after having been confined to her bed for a great length of time with a violent nervous disorder, was at last, to all appearance, deprived of life. Her lips were quite pale, her face resembled the countenance of a dead person, and the body grew cold. She was removed from the room in which she died, was laid in a coffin, and the day of her funeral fixed on. The day arrived, and, according to the custom of the country, funeral songs and hymns were sung before the door. Just as the people were about to nail down the lid of the coffin, a kind of perspiration was observed to appear on the surface of her body. It grew greater every moment, and at last a kind of convulsive motion was observed in the hands and feet of the corpse. A few minutes after, during which time fresh signs of returning life appeared, she at once opened her eyes, and uttered a most pitiable shriek. Physicians were quickly procured, and in the course of a few days she was considerably restored, and is probably alive at this day. The description which she gave of her situation is extremely remarkable, and forms a curious and authentic addition to psychology. She said it seemed to her that she was really dead; yet she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her in this dreadful state. She distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death at the side of her coffin. She felt them pull on the dead-clothes, and lay her in them. This feeling produced a mental anxiety which is indescribable. She tried to cry, but her soul was without power, and could not act in her body. She had the contradictory feeling as if she were in the body, and yet not in it, at one and the same time. It was equally impossible for her to stretch out her arm, or to open her eyes, or to cry, although she continually endeavored to do so. The internal anguish of her mind was, however, at its utmost height when the funeral hymns were begun to be sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed down. The thought that she was to be buried alive was the one that gave activity to her mind, and caused it to operate on her corporeal frame."—*Binns on Sleep*.

**MILES COVERDALE.**—Within the last few days, a tablet has been erected in the church of St. Magnus the Martyr, London-bridge, executed by Samuel Nixon, sculptor, with the following inscription:—

Near this Tablet, in a vault made for that purpose, are deposited the bones of  
MILES COVERDALE,  
formerly Bishop of Exeter, and Rector of the Parish of St. Magnus the Martyr,  
in the year of our Lord 1567.  
His remains were interred, in the first instance, in the Chancel of the Church of St. Bartholomew, Exchange; but, on the occasion of that church being taken down, they were brought here on the 4th of October, 1840, in compliance with the wishes, and at the request of, the Rector, the Rev. T. Leigh, A. M., and Parishioners of St. Magnus the Martyr.  
*Britannia.*



## LIFE OF SIR ASTLEY P. COOPER, BART.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

*Life of Sir Astley Paston Cooper, Bart., &c.*  
By Barnsby Blake Cooper, Esq., F. R. S.  
In two volumes 8vo. Parker: London,  
1843.

THE work before us—although, as its author observes in his preface, “it must be always to the relatives, the friends, and even the acquaintances of the person whose life is delineated, a source of melancholy satisfaction”—will not prove so generally interesting as though it were the history of one who, without any aid from station or fortune, had risen from an humble position, and attained the highest honors of his profession solely by the perseverance of his industry and the exercise of his abilities.

The young aspirant for fame and distinction in any profession—particularly if his means be humble, and his success therefore in a greater degree dependent on himself—loves to contemplate the career of those who have toiled on through all the cares and troubles that beset the first steps in the path of life—who, perhaps, with the cold sneers of the world, have felt all the bitterness of poverty amid the many sore and trying difficulties of their “early struggles;” but who have at length overcome them, and by the exercise of their talents, and the ceaseless efforts of untiring, indefatigable industry reached the goal of their ambition, and won for themselves a name which the world *could* withhold no longer.

In the life of one who has thus attained to eminence, the young tyro in the outset of his own career can feel his interest aroused, and all his warmest sympathies awakened. He can trace in every circumstance of the life that is pictured before him—in its every struggle—its every disappointment at first—some resemblance to his own, and he can thus be led to believe that for him too the course is open, and to hope that he also may reach the goal—a winner in the race of fame. There is something in every sentence to rivet his attention, and he is carried on through all its details—unwearied, because they come home to his own feelings, and he can say, “such difficulties I too have surmounted, and such will I yet overcome.” He can then read with breathless interest the visions of happiness which are opened to the eye of the poor beginner by the receipt of his “first guinea,” and can follow him from that moment eagerly and anxiously, as step by step he steadily advances until he reaches in tri-

umph the proud position which he so long and so patiently has sought.

But the biography before us is of one who entered on his professional career with all the adventitious aids of birth, position, and fortune. His road to eminence, although requiring the energies of his talent to enable him successfully to journey over it, was yet without the many hills and hollows—the obstructions which comparative poverty and the want of a connexion have thrown so often in the way of some of the brightest ornaments of the medical profession.

There is always a certain degree of interest attached to the life of any one distinguished above his fellows, whether his position be attained by the power of his own talents, or by those fortuitous circumstances which so frequently place a man of little more than ordinary intellect in a situation which without them he never would have reached.

So far as an interest of this description goes, we think the work before us may well excite it; but we repeat, there is but little claim on the sympathies of that class of readers who should be expected to reap the greatest benefits from it and from the example of its subject, viz.,—the young members of the medical profession.

The author appears to take the greatest pains to prove how totally independent Sir Astley Cooper was both by birth and fortune, of the difficulties which others have been obliged to encounter in the commencement of their career; and we really think there is nothing so peculiarly worthy of admiration in the successful life of, as he is pleased to designate him, “one of the most illustrious surgeons that ever adorned the science he professed.”

There are certainly many things to interest us in these volumes, but not by any means, to that absorbing degree which the author seems to think must be felt as a matter of course. That Sir Astley Cooper was a clever man there is no doubt; but that his talents were so exceedingly pre-eminent as to warrant his biographer in assuming a tone of such ultra-laudation, we deny.

He tells us that Sir Astley Cooper was his uncle, and that if, in his undertaking, (as his biographer,) his expressions may be thought to savor somewhat of extravagance, the respect he entertained for him from the period of his boyhood, the gratitude he owes him for the instruction he derived at his hands, and the affection he always bore towards him as a relative, may

surely be admitted, if not in justification of the fault, at least in extenuation of its degree, and that "partiality can scarcely be considered culpable when its absence would be almost criminal."

We can fully appreciate and respect the feelings which have prompted Mr. Cooper to display so strong a partiality for the character, private and public, of his uncle. There can be none more willing—none more anxious to make every allowance for such feelings, and to give them the full meed of credit which is their due; but still we must say, that as a biographer Mr. Cooper should not have suffered them to betray him into the error of letting them appear so visibly upon the surface of his work.

Considering the very high position to which Sir Astley Cooper attained—a position which we might naturally expect would afford so rich a field for the biographer—the book is very little remarkable either for anecdote or entertaining correspondence; and we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of believing how much more of interest would be attached to the life of one of our own professional men (we speak of Dublin) of the same standing, or of a grade or two below it.

Sir Astley Cooper's success in life was, we think, in a great measure owing to his easy kindness of manner, steadiness of nerve, and pleasing personal appearance, qualifications which he possessed in an eminent degree, and the more likely to win success, as they were rarely to be met with among his contemporaries.

We have no hesitation in saying that there are many members of the medical profession amongst us, who, if they moved in the same sphere and with the same opportunities as Sir Astley Cooper, would prove themselves in the knowledge and science of their profession, at least fully his equals, and in general information and literary attainments immeasurably his superiors.

Sir Astley Cooper's biographer states—somewhat unnecessarily—that in literature and science unconnected with his profession he was by no means proficient, and that at no period of his life was the amount of his classical knowledge such as to induce him to peruse the works generally read by the more advanced in such pursuits; the gratification which they are capable of affording to the polished scholar, being to him more than counterbalanced by the drudgery he had to encounter in arriving at the interpretation.

This is, indeed, a very low standard of

acquirements for a distinguished member of a most accomplished profession, and we are happy to think, is rather the exception than the rule. We know of no class, who in all times and all countries have laid general science and literature under heavier obligations than the members of the healing art; nor are there any who have been more conspicuous for purity and elegance of style, classical neatness, and graceful learning, than such, when they have appeared before the world as authors.

Astley Paston Cooper was the fourth son of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Cooper—the descendant of an old and highly respectable Norfolk family—and was born at Brook Hall, near Spottesham in Norfolk on the 23d of August, 1768. His mother appears to have been a lady distinguished for her literary pursuits no less than for her private virtues, and from her and his father Astley received the rudiments of his early education, his only other preceptor being a Mr. Larke, the master of the village school. It is stated that at this time he was remarkable for any thing but assiduity and attention to study of any sort, although he occasionally exhibited traces of an unusually quick perception and active intellectual powers.

It appears he was at this period, and even for years after, extremely wild, and delighting in all kinds of mischief—escaping whenever he found it possible from his teachers to join in whatever sports were going forward in the neighborhood, and continually engaged in a variety of pranks which created alarm in the minds of his family, and occasionally were of such a nature as to bring upon him his parents' displeasure.

There are several anecdotes of his adventures at this time to be found in the first volume; but we can see nothing more in them than the life of any school-boy would afford. We will, however, give our readers one or two specimens, and let them judge for themselves.

"Having climbed one day to the roof of one of the aisles of Brook church, he lost his hold, and was precipitated to the ground, but providentially escaped with only a few bruises. He was always fond of playing with donkies, or *dickies*, as they are called in Norfolk, and provoking them till they kicked him, and he bore many marks for some time of their violence. One day when he was riding a horse which he had caught on Welbeck Common, near the house, he directed the animal with his whip to leap over a cow which was lying on the ground; but the cow rose at the instant, and overthrew both the horse and its rider, who had his collar-bone broken in the fall.

"On one occasion the bell to summon the



scholars had rung, and they were all hastening to the school-room, when some one snatched a hat from one of the boys' heads and threw it into one of the 'meres,' or ponds of water, which are situated in the village, and by which they were passing. The boy, lamenting the loss of his hat, and fearing he should be punished for his absence from the school, was crying very bitterly, when there came to the spot a young gentleman dressed, as was then the fashion of the day, in a scarlet coat, a three-cocked hat, a glazed black collar or stock, nankeen small clothes, and white silk stockings—his hair hanging in ringlets down his back. He seeing the boy crying, and being informed of the cause of his sorrow, deliberately marched into the water, obtained the hat, and returned it to the unlucky owner. This young gentleman was no other than Master Astley Cooper, &c."

Mr. Cooper, in relating these adventures and pranks of his uncle, says:

"Although by some they may be looked upon as merely the acts of a careless, headstrong child, and unworthy of notice in a life so signalized as that of Sir Astley Cooper, they nevertheless, to those who delight to trace the *man* in the *boy*, possess an abundant share of interest."

Now, with every possible deference to Mr. Cooper, we cannot exactly understand by what course of reasoning he can prove any analogy between a love for provoking donkies and a fondness for anatomical pursuits, or between directing a horse to leap over a cow and the performance of a successful surgical operation; and we can only say, that if a predilection for such pursuits be an omen of future greatness in the medical profession, there are sundry young gentlemen of the present day for whom we may augur a most brilliant and successful career. There is one anecdote, however, which we think well worthy of notice, as it is strikingly illustrative of that readiness and self-possession which so eminently distinguished him in after life;—the circumstance to which it relates occurred when he was about thirteen, and happened as follows. After alluding to his foster mother—

"A son of this person's, somewhat older than Astley Cooper, had been ordered by his father to convey some coals to the house of Mr. Castell, the vicar, and while on the road, by some accident the poor lad fell down in front of the cart, the wheel of which, before he could recover himself, passed over his thigh, and, among other injuries, caused the laceration of its principal artery. The unfortunate boy, paralyzed by the shock of the accident and sinking under the loss of blood—the flow of which was attempted to be stopped by the pressure of handkerchiefs applied to the part only—was carried almost exhausted to his home, where, Astley Cooper having heard of the accident which had befallen his foster-brother, almost immediately afterwards

arrived. The bleeding was continuing, or probably having for a time ceased, had broken out afresh. All was alarm and confusion, when the young Astley in the midst of the distressing scene, alone capable of deliberating, and perceiving the necessity of instantly preventing further loss of blood, had the presence of mind to encircle the limb with his pocket-handkerchief above the wound, and afterwards to bind it round so tightly that it acted as a ligature upon the wounded vessel and stopped the bleeding. To these means his foster-brother owed a prolongation of life until the arrival of the surgeon who had been sent for from London."

The gratitude of the friends of this poor boy, and the flattering applauses of his own for his conduct on this occasion, appears to have given his thoughts their first bent towards the profession of surgery. The success of his uncle, Mr. William Cooper of London, together with his own previous inattention to study and perhaps positive dislike to a college life and literary pursuits, had also considerable weight with him; but it was not until a later period that he determined to devote his life to it.

The anecdote above related is the only one of his "boyhood years" in which we can trace the slightest approach to "the character of the *man* in the *boy*;" and we hope Mr. Cooper will not be angry with us for our inability to perceive any great precocity of intellect displayed by his uncle in such feats as climbing on the roof of a church—ripping open old pillows, and letting the feathers fly from the belfry to fall as if they had been a shower from the clouds, and thus frighten away the little wits the poor rustic possessed, with sundry other similar performances which in our days—doubtless owing to our lack of prophetic vision—instead of being looked upon as forebodings of future distinction, would very probably entail upon the unfortunate perpetrator no other reward than a sound flogging.

In such wild freaks as these, Astley Cooper seems to have spent the greater portion of his time until his thoughts were again brought back to surgery by the representations of his uncle, Mr. William Cooper, who was himself a surgeon of considerable eminence.

"The animated descriptions of London and its scenes, and the numerous anecdotes which his uncle, who mixed much in society, would narrate in the presence of his young nephew, led him earnestly to bend his thoughts towards the metropolis, and determined his selection of that profession which, from his uncle's position and influence, offered him above all others, an advantageous opening.

"Still, however, there can be but little doubt that much of this anxiety to visit London was attributable rather to his taste for pleasure and excitement than to any wish for industrious employment. For when he had finally determined on becoming his uncle's pupil (which was not, Sir Astley used to say, until after witnessing an operation for the extraction of stone by Dr. Dounee of Norwich,) there was no evidence of his making any special resolution of devotion to his adopted science, or exhibiting any unusual desire for achieving greatness of name in its pursuit."

Accordingly in August 1784, being then about sixteen, he went to London and took up his residence at the house of Mr. Clive, a man of some note in the profession, and one of the surgeons of St. Thomas's hospital, who was in the habit of taking a few pupils to board with him.

Here he appears to have imbibed those democratic feelings which shed their baneful influence on the circle which now surrounded him, and which were at the time fast spreading themselves over Europe. Mr. Cooper, speaking of this period, remarks:—

"Nothing could have been more probable than that a young man of ardent and sanguine temper like Astley Cooper should be captivated by a set of opinions at variance with those of the stricter aristocratic school in which he had been educated; possessing to him all the charms of novelty, freedom from restraint, and ostensibly having for their object a state of social perfection which he had not then experience enough to determine to be altogether Utopian."

Even the religious principles of Astley Cooper seem to have been infected for a time by his association with Horne Took, Thelwall, &c., among whom subjects of religion were either ridiculed, or wholly disregarded. However his intercourse with such men affected for a time his opinions, he appears to have afterwards exchanged them for others of a somewhat more loyal nature, which change was partly brought about by the inhuman scenes he witnessed during the progress of the French Revolution, partly by other reasons.

It is a curious fact, and one which may well afford considerable scope to the inquiring mind of some political philosopher, that a decided tendency to whig-radicalism has always been a characteristic of the medical profession.

There seems, however, to be one infallible means of exorcising this half rebellious spirit. Let the most ultra whig-radical of them all come once within the influence of a royal smile, and, as if by magic, the cloud which enveloped his political opin-

ions is dispelled—let him but feel the touch of that sacred finger which is proverbially gifted with the power of curing the "king's evil," and, like that disease, all his preconceived ideas of radicalism and democracy are dissipated as by a spell, and he comes forth a highly respectable Tory! Democracy is an exceedingly convenient creed for those who have nothing to lose—the professed object of its followers being to reduce all *above them* to their own level; but we never knew any to carry the feeling so far as to consider *themselves* on a level with those *below* them.

Astley Cooper does not appear at first to have devoted himself to the acquisition of professional knowledge with any greater degree of zeal than he had previously bestowed on his literary studies; his social qualities opened the way to an intimacy with young men of his own standing in London, and in their company he suffered himself to be led into all the dissipations the metropolis afforded. However, in the year following he became as remarkable for his industry as he had formerly been for his idleness, and had attained a degree of anatomical knowledge far beyond that possessed by any other of the pupils of his own standing in the hospital to which he was attached.

From this period his rise in his profession was steady and rapid. He had made such progress in his knowledge of anatomy, in his second session, that he was frequently called upon by the pupils to assist and direct them in their dissections, and proving by his ready concession to their wishes that he had both the knowledge and industry requisite to facilitate their labors, he at once established a reputation which made him sought after by his fellow pupils as their demonstrator, and afterwards procured him, immediately on the office becoming vacant, the offer of this desirable position.

Thus early did Astley Cooper arrive at distinction; doubtless his talents and the considerable portion of knowledge which they had enabled him to acquire in so short a time, were, in a great degree, the cause of his success; but it cannot be supposed that they were the sole means which led to it. If he had been, like many others of his profession, thrown entirely upon his own resources, without friends and without any influence, save what his talent could procure him, it is more than probable that he would have been left to struggle on through all the difficulties which so many others have been obliged to overcome,



until time, or perhaps chance, should have brought him into notice.

However the partiality of his biographer may lead him to suppose that to his own powers alone he was indebted for this early advancement, we must believe that at least an equal share of thanks is due to his connexion with Mr. William Cooper, and the influence of eminent medical men, the personal friends and professional associates of that gentleman. There are too many instances of men of first-rate abilities, possessing a thorough knowledge of all requisites for success, wasting away whole years of life without obtaining it, to allow us to believe that so very young a man as Astley Cooper then was, both in years and in professional knowledge—no matter how commanding his talents might be—could have attained to such a position without other assistance than his own.

We, therefore, by no means advise any young student to be led by this portion of Sir Astley Cooper's life into the *ignis fatuus* belief, that he may commence the first session of his professional studies in idleness and dissipation, and in the second be chosen as a demonstrator. If he does, he will be apt to find the bright dream of his ambition fade away into "airy nothings," unless indeed he happens to have an uncle surgeon of a chief, of a metropolitan hospital.

By whatever means Astley Cooper was thus early distinguished, it seems to have given a spur to his assiduity and to have caused him daily to become more and more attached to anatomical pursuits: for, from this period, no labor was too great, scarcely any obstacle sufficient, to prevent his becoming acquainted with every feature the most minute, of any case attended with circumstances of peculiar interest which happened to come within his notice. Every study unconnected with the immediate matters of his profession was wholly neglected; indeed he never displayed any fondness for literature, so far as we can learn from his biography, and he seems to have given up his entire mind to the practice of anatomy and its various details.

It appears strange that a man should have occupied the exalted position of Sir Astley Cooper for such a time, and in a country so pre-eminent for literary acquirement as England, with so small a share of learning and general information as he possessed. But these are qualifications by no means indispensable or essential to his branch of the medical profession, when compared with what the physician finds

necessary not only for occupying, but maintaining his station in society.

The world can, in a great measure, constitute itself the judge of a surgeon's success, and to a certain degree appreciate in him those powers which, in a physician—because he possesses not the same means of showing them—it does not understand.

The cases in which the former is called upon to act are, comparatively speaking, open to every eye; and if he possess a manner of cool and perfect self-possession, unflinching nerve, a quick eye, confidence, and a steady hand, the odds are at least twenty to one in his favor, that the world will pronounce him a clever fellow, and never give itself the trouble to inquire, how far his skill be the mere exertion of manual dexterity, quickness of eye, and steady coolness, or the result of profound anatomical knowledge, and thorough intimacy with his subject.

But to return to Sir Astley Cooper. In 1787 he visited Edinburgh, where he studied for some months. In this portion of the book there are some brief but amusing sketches of the leading characters of the medical profession of Scotland at the time, and there is one short anecdote related by Sir Astley, which we think worthy of laying before our readers, although unconnected with the subject of the work before us:—

"At one of the meetings of the Royal Medical Society a discussion took place between two young surgeons, one an Irishman, the other a Scotchman. The former maintained that cancer never occurred in women who had borne children. The young Scotchman vehemently opposed this doctrine, and mentioned the case of a lady who twice had twins, and yet had cancer afterwards. To this apparently conclusive evidence the Irishman immediately replied, 'Ah, but don't you know that's an exception to the general rule; where's the wonder in cancer following gemini? it always does.'"

"In 1791, Mr. Clive seeing the advantages that were likely to arise no less to the school than to his pupil, by associating him with himself, made him an offer to this extent, although the time of his pupilage had not yet expired. Accordingly an arrangement was entered into that Astley Cooper should give a part of the lectures and demonstrations, Mr. Clive promising him a sum of one hundred and twenty pounds per annum, to be increased twenty pounds annually until he gave one half the lectures, when the proceeds should be equally divided."

Here, then, we find Astley Cooper, while the period of his pupilage was still unexpired, a lecturer and a demonstrator, with a salary the amount of which for one year

considerably exceeded the sum which the first three years of his practice brought him.

If young medical students could look forward to place themselves, by their *own* exertions, in such a position as this, we think, that much as the profession is at present overstocked, its ranks would soon become doubly increased. But unfortunately it is of all others the profession least likely to attain to early distinction in, unless with great interest, or better still by one of those "lucky chances" for which many men, who have filled an eminent station, have every reason to "thank their stars." We feel fully convinced that there are at this moment many young members of the profession with as much talent and as many requisites (as far as depends upon themselves) for success as ever Sir Astley Cooper could boast of, held back and kept completely in the shade for want of the interest, which he possessed, to bring them into notice. Whoever will read "The Diary of a late Physician," will find in the beautifully written tale of his "early struggles," a true picture of the difficulties which they may expect who enter the profession with no other means of forwarding themselves in it than the talents they may possess, and which, in their dreamy prospects for the future, they think are all-sufficient. We are far from wishing to damp the ardor of any young student in the pursuit of his profession; our desire is simply to expose the many difficulties which are thrown across the road to eminence, and not to lead him into the belief that he has nothing to do but become a pupil, attend a hospital, display some talent, become a lecturer, then a professor, and so on step by step until he has obtained the highest station to which he can arrive.

In 1792, Astley Cooper visited Paris, and it would seem that the peculiar bias of his political opinions actuated him to this as much as any desire to acquire information respecting the state of medical science in France, or any of the causes which usually induced persons to visit the Continent. He did not, however, suffer his interest in the revolution to lead him from his pursuit of professional knowledge, but studied while there under Desault and Chopart. Indeed, wherever he went, this seems to have been the first object of his consideration. He never suffered an opportunity to escape him by which he could learn any thing of interest in anatomy, or in any branch of surgical science, but on the contrary, was most indefatigable in seeking it. Every

species of disease was watched by him with an anxious eye, and every new feature it might present examined with the minutest scrutiny, and the most untiring industry. Even the lower animals were not exempt from his examinations, and many a poor dog fell a victim to his zeal in the cause of anatomical science. Mr. Cooper states, that there have frequently been thirty or forty of these animals in his stable at a time, which had been stolen by his servants, all of which were destined to become martyrs to the advancement of surgical knowledge. Nor were dogs the only animals upon whom he experimented; an elephant, which died at the tower menagerie, was removed to his house, but after several unsuccessful attempts to get the huge carcass into his dissecting rooms, he was obliged to get several surgeons to assist him, and to work at it for three days in the open air of the court-yard, in front of his residence. His servants also used to attend the markets to procure specimens of fowls, fish, etc., in short there were scarcely any of the animal race which did not become subjects for his investigation. He worked almost incessantly from six o'clock in the morning frequently till midnight, and seemed never to know weariness in his ardor for professional knowledge.

Considering Sir Astley Cooper's character for kindness of heart and disposition, it seems somewhat strange that all the horrors he witnessed during the progress of the French revolution, having been in Paris when the first cannon was fired, on the 10th of August, and an eye-witness of many of the frightful scenes of carnage which followed, do not appear to have effected any immediate change in his political opinions, although they were the same entertained by the very men who had caused these scenes of bloodshed which met his eye at every step. It is probable, however, that the disgust he felt at those horrid massacres which were then of every-day occurrence, formed the groundwork of the change in his ideas of democracy which afterwards occurred.

In 1793, he was appointed professor of anatomy to Surgeons' Hall. The election for this office took place annually, and in 1794, he was again chosen to fill it. Towards the latter end of the year 1797, he took up his residence in St. Mary Axe, and commenced practice. The house which he now occupied had been for many years Mr. Clive's, and it was by the advice of this gentleman that he went to live in it, hoping that any of the patients who were in the



habit of attending there would consult the new occupier rather than take the lengthened walk to Mr. Clive's new residence.

"One of the first patients, however, who sought his advice under these circumstances gave him a hint that he was not to fancy that with Mr. Clive's house he was at once to gain Mr. Clive's fees: 'Soon after I got in my new residence,' Sir Astley relates, 'a patient gave me half a guinea, saying, 'I gave Mr. Clive a guinea, but as you were his apprentice, I suppose half a guinea will do for you.' Mr. Clive made it a rule to take whatever was offered him; so I did not refuse the proffered fee."

The income, which he at first derived from private practice, was very inconsiderable even at the period when he was elected surgeon of Guy's Hospital, by no means such as his position at the hospital and at Surgeon's Hall, and the numerous attendance at his house of the poorer classes of patients would have led us to expect. His receipts during these early years of practice, of which he has left an account, exhibit a steady, and comparatively speaking, a considerable increase in his professional income, but at the same time form a remarkable contrast with what he afterwards annually derived in the same pursuits.

"My receipts," says he, "for the first year was five pounds five shillings; the second twenty-six pounds; the third sixty-four pounds; the fourth ninety-six pounds; the fifth one hundred pounds; the sixth two hundred pounds; the seventh four hundred pounds; the eighth six hundred and ten pounds; the ninth, (the year he was appointed surgeon to the hospital) eleven hundred pounds." He himself appends a remark which sufficiently shows his feeling on the subject: "although I was a lecturer all the time on anatomy and surgery."

It appears that his political opinions had nearly proved fatal to his appointment as surgeon to Guy's Hospital. There was a copy of a curious anonymous document which Mr. Harrison, the treasurer to that institution, received relative to the election for the office, which states "that one of the three candidates (alluding to Astley Cooper) was a Jacobin, etc." Mr. Harrison, however, spoke to Mr. Cooper on the subject, when the latter said, "If you think me, sir, professionally competent to perform the duties of surgeon to your institution, you may rest assured that my politics, whether in thought or action, shall never interfere with my discharge of them; in fact, a regret has spontaneously arisen in my mind, not only that I have ever been prominent in political excitement at all, but more especially that I should have espoused the opinions of those with whom I have been connected."

By this renunciation of a political creed, which stood between him and advancement, the bar to his appointment as surgeon was removed, and he was elected to the office. If the avowal of this change in his political opinions was somewhat sudden, it is, however, but justice to him to state, that he ever afterwards avoided those political friends, in whose society he had delighted, and gave himself wholly and entirely to professional considerations and pursuits, never failing to inculcate in the younger portion of his acquaintance this maxim—"That as the duties of a surgeon extend alike to men of all parties and views, it must be *most unwise* for him to attach himself to any one particular set, and thus render adverse to him all maintaining contrary opinions"—a piece of advice the wisdom of which will, no doubt, be fully appreciated.

We find through the entire work, short, but most graphic and amusing sketches of the various eminent members of the medical profession with whom Sir Astley Cooper had been at any time associated, or whom he had any intercourse with in his travels to Scotland, on the Continent, etc.; and also a great number of anecdotes which our space—even if we were so disposed—would not permit us to extract. The latter portion of the first volume is entirely occupied with a curious but horrible account of that extraordinary class of individuals whose success was at that time in its zenith—the resurrectionists. It appears almost incredible the means by which some of those men used to procure "subjects," when popular feeling became so strong against them as to render it a matter of the utmost danger, if not of impossibility, for them to obtain them in the usual way. To give our readers some idea of the *modus operandi* on these occasions, we shall extract from Mr. Cooper's account of them, one or two instances. We should first premise that the principal characters among the resurrectionists were two men, the one named Patrick, and the other Murphy:

"An intimate friend of Patrick's was employed in the service of a gentleman, whose residence was at a short distance from London. One day this man called, in company with a fellow-servant, on Patrick, and informed him that his master was dead, and that he thought something in the way of business might be done with the body, as it was lying in a back parlor, the windows of which opened on to a large lawn. Patrick made several inquiries, and having ascertained that the funeral was to take place on the following Sunday, said in conclusion: 'The coffin then will most probably be screwed down

on Saturday; if it is, let me know; I will have nothing to do with it until that part of the work is done.'

"Things fell out as Patrick anticipated, and accordingly on the night of Saturday he entered at the back of the premises, and being admitted to the parlor by the servant, he commenced his operations. Unassisted by any light, he drew out all the screws, took off the lid, and having formed an estimate, as accurate as the circumstances would allow, of the weight of the body, removed it into a box which he had brought with him for the purpose of containing it. He next placed in the coffin a quantity of earth, which the servant had procured from the garden, corresponding to the weight of the corps. The lid was then replaced, carefully screwed down, the pall thrown over it, and the box, containing the body, passed out of the window to Patrick, who hid it in a tool house at some distance from the dwelling place. In this shed he allowed it to remain until the following Monday, when it was removed to one of the private anatomical schools, &c. For this subject Patrick received fifteen guineas!"

This is but one of a great number of such instances, but it is a tolerably fair specimen of the cool and daring character which marked the system of what was termed "body-snatching."

The enormous profit which attended this pursuit may be imagined, when it is stated that one of its followers (Murphy) received for one night's work one hundred and forty-four pounds!

There was also a considerable profit arising from the traffic in human teeth, and it is related of this man, who was no less active in mind than in body, and who never moved but in his occupation—

"That in taking a walk, he observed a neat meeting-house, attached to which was a paved burial ground. Looking around he observed a trap-door, leading, he had no doubt, to vaults of hidden treasures, and these he determined at once to explore. A short time after coming to this conclusion, dressed in a suit of black, and with a demure demeanor, his eyes reddened as if from tears, he called upon the superintendent of the meeting-house burial-ground, and described to him in much apparent distress, the recent bereavement which he had met with of his wife, and his anxious wish that her bones should repose in this neat and quiet sanctuary. Slipping a half-crown into his hand, Murphy readily induced the man to permit him to descend into the vault, under the idea that he wished to select the spot for the deposit of the remains of his beloved. Murphy, who while outside had studied the bearings of the trap-door, after much pretended inspection of the vault, took an opportunity while his companion's back was turned to him, of suddenly raising his hand to the ceiling and slipping back two bolts which secured the door. On that very night Murphy let himself down into the vault, and there, by a few hours' active exertion, secured possession to himself, of the front teeth

of all its inmates. By this night's adventure he made a clear profit of *sixty pounds*!"

As it may be interesting to some of our readers, we extract from the work the dates of the different distinctions and honors which Sir Astley Cooper obtained. In 1802 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1813 he was elected in council as Professor of Comparative Anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons. In 1814 he was elected Honorary Fellow of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. In 1820 he was created a Baronet. In 1822 he was elected one of the Court of Examiners of the Royal College of Surgeons. In 1827 he was appointed President of the Royal College of Surgeons. In 1828 he was appointed Serjeant-Surgeon to the king. In 1830 he was elected Vice-President of the Royal Society. In 1832 he was elected by the Institute of France a member of their body, and received from the King the rank of officer of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honor. In 1834 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. In 1836 he was again elected President of the College of Surgeons, and received from the King the Grand Cross of the Order of the Guelph, which he obtained through the kindness of the Duke of Wellington, upon whom he had lately been attending professionally. Upon his grace's recovery, some conversation took place between him and Sir Astley respecting this order, and finding that Sir Astley had it not, although Sir Henry Hallford and Sir Matthew Tierney, who was Sir Astley's pupil, had, he briefly said to him, in conclusion, "You ought to have it; good morning to you." On the very next morning, Sir Astley received a letter from his grace, informing him that he had been made a Grand Cross! He was also elected Fellow of the Royal Society of Gottingen—a Member of the First Class of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands—of the Society of Natural Philosophy of Heidelberg—of the Physico-Medical Society of New Orleans—of the Academy of Medical Science of Palermo. From Russia he received the diploma of the Imperial University of Vilna, and from Mexico that of the Medical Society of Guadalupe.

The income which Sir Astley Cooper derived from his private practice, after the first few years, was immense. Mr. Cooper mentions that his receipts for the year before he left Broad-street for the West end, amounted to upwards of *twenty-one thousand pounds*!

We find in the second volume two cases



of murder in which he had been called upon in his professional capacity, and which excited considerable sensation at the time. As instances of his quick perception and presence of mind, as well as because we think they possess features of general interest for our readers, we shall quote them, but we regret our space obliges us to abridge them in some degree:—

“Mr. Cooper was one day suddenly sent for by a general practitioner of the name of Jones, to see a Mr. Isaac Blight, a ship-broker, at Deptford, who had received a severe injury from a pistol-ball which had been fired at him. When Mr. Cooper arrived at the house, he was told by his patient, that while sitting in his parlor his attention had first been aroused by the door of the room being suddenly opened; on turning round, he perceived an arm extended towards him, and at the same instant, the report of a pistol, and the sensation of a severe blow, convinced him that he had been intentionally shot at. He mentioned that he had not the least idea by whose hand the act had been committed, but related the fact that his partner, Mr. Patch, whilst sitting in the same apartment, a few days before, had been alarmed by the report of a gun, apparently discharged on the wharf, and by a ball, which at the same time passed through the shutter into the room, and he expressed his firm belief that the same hand had been employed on both occasions. Upon examining the wound it was at once evident that it was fatal. Mr. Cooper’s inquiring mind led him closely to investigate every circumstance connected with the case, and even to examine minutely the spot on which the act was perpetrated. He placed himself into the position in which Mr. Blight had been when he received the wound, and with his natural acuteness at once perceived that no one but a left-handed man could have so stood, with respect to the door, as to have concealed his body, and yet at the same time to have discharged the pistol at his victim with effect. This made a strong impression on his mind, and having been already prepossessed with the idea that Patch was the culprit, his suspicion became an absolute certainty when he ascertained that he was a left-handed man. So positive did he feel of this, that on reaching home, he said to his servant in secrecy, ‘You will see, Charles, that Mr. Patch, the partner of Mr. Blight, has been his murderer.’ No suspicion, however, appeared to be attached to him by others until Mr. Blight died, but in the course of the coroner’s inquest, a variety of facts tended strongly to criminate him and he was committed for trial. He was tried, and being convicted, by a train of circumstantial evidence of the clearest nature, was executed at Horsemonger-lane, on the 8th of April, 1806.”

The other case to which we allude was the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Bonar:—

“Mr. Bonar was a wealthy merchant and the intimate friend of Mr. Cooper. It was, therefore, with no less horror than astonishment, he heard one morning that this gentleman had

been murdered in the course of the previous night, and that Mrs. Bonar was in a most dangerous state, from the wounds which she had also received from the hands of the assassin. The person who brought this intelligence was a servant of Mr. Bonar’s of the name of Nicholson. He had come on horseback from Chiselhurst, where Mr. Bonar had a country-house, and where the murder had been committed. Mr. Cooper immediately desired his servant, Charles, to go and inform a friend of Mr. Bonar’s, who lived opposite, of the event, and to beg of him to go at once with him to Chiselhurst. They set off at once, but although they arrived before life was extinct in Mrs. Bonar, all Mr. Cooper’s efforts were of no avail in averting the fatal event. The conduct of the servant, when he brought the news in the morning, was singularly strange and confused, and Mr. Cooper had drawn from it, and from other circumstances of the man’s appearance, that he was the murderer. There was an apprenticeship of Mr. Cooper’s at this time with whose father Nicholson had been a servant for some years. It appears that this gentleman had been roused between six and seven A. M., by Nicholson, who told him that his master and mistress had been murdered the night before. He said, further, that he hoped his mistress might yet be saved, and appeared most anxious that Mr. Cooper should proceed at once to Chiselhurst. Mr. Tyrrel (the apprentice) relates as follows—‘I wished to accompany Mr. Cooper, but he said he could not take me, because I must look after Nicholson, whom he declared to be the murderer. Nicholson had disappeared, and I immediately commenced a search after him, although I was perfectly satisfied, in my own mind, that he was not the murderer; for he had only quitted my father’s service ten or twelve days before, after having lived with him between three and four years. He had been a most excellent servant, and on some occasions when illness had occurred in the family, had evinced unusual kindness and attention. He was apprehended in the afternoon, and taken to the counter-prison. I went there to see him, and was accompanied by the governor to the cell in which he was confined. Whilst speaking to him, a little black and dun terrier dog placed its fore-paws on his knees, and began to lick his breeches, which were made of some dark-colored velvet. Observing this, the governor directed him to remove them. On afterwards holding them up to the light, the front part of each thigh was evidently stained, and a little moisture soon proved it to be with blood. The governor remarked that my dog was a sagacious little fellow, but I could not own him, for I had never before seen him; and all the inquiries which were made subsequently, could not discover a master for him. It was the more extraordinary, because a public notice was posted at the gates of the prison, forbidding the entrance of dogs. In the evening I sent to the prison to beg to have the dog as I heard he had not been owned; when, remarkable to say, he had disappeared as strangely as he had entered, and was never afterwards found.’ When Nicholson was examined, there was no sufficient evidence

against him, notwithstanding the strongly suspicious circumstance of the spots of blood found upon his breeches—to warrant his being detained in prison, and he was accordingly set at liberty, but at the same time was desired to stay at the house at Chiselhurst. A day or two after he attempted to destroy himself by cutting his throat. Mr. Cooper was sent for, and on his arrival found him still alive. He had some difficulty, on account of the man's resistance, in arresting the flow of blood and closing the wound. The fellow declared his intention of resisting, by every means in his power, all attempts at cure, and Mr. Cooper had to repeat his visit on the next day, as he had contrived to tear away the dressings from his throat. He found him quiet, and a priest was with him, vainly endeavoring to elicit a confession from him. However, on Mr. Cooper's informing him that in all probability he had but a few hours to live, he expressed his willingness to confess. A magistrate was immediately sent for, and in his presence, before Mr. Cooper and the priest, the wretched man relieved his mind of the dreadful secret, and explained all the circumstances of the transaction. From this time he became perfectly passive, offering no opposition to the treatment to which he was subjected for the cure of his wound. In a short time he was tried, condemned, and executed near the scene of the murder. The account in his confession was remarkable. He said that for some time after the family had gone to bed he sat before the fire in the hall drinking ale until he fell asleep. The next thing he remembered was his ascending the stairs towards his master's bed-room, with the hall-poker in his hand—his afterwards stopping on the way and addressing himself by name, saying 'Nicholson, what are you going to do?' and a reply which he strenuously maintained he heard made to him by a voice at his side, 'To murder your master and mistress.' From the peculiar circumstances of this murder, Mr. Cooper was extremely anxious to procure a cast of Nicholson's head, which he succeeded in doing. It proved of considerable interest, as it tended, to a remarkable extent, to confirm the views of phrenologists in reference to the peculiar conformation which they describe as characteristic of those persons who have naturally a disposition to commit such an act as murder."

This murder, with all its attendant circumstances, we think the most extraordinary we have ever heard of, and Mr. Cooper's connection with it, appears to have considerably increased the publicity of his name, and to have materially forwarded him in his professional progress.

In 1820, Mr. Cooper was called into attendance upon George the Fourth. His majesty was afflicted with a tumor on the crown of his head which caused him some inconvenience as well as pain. Sir Everard Home and Mr. Brodie was called in at the same time. Mr. Cooper has left a detailed account of his attendance on the king, from

which we extract the following:—"When we saw the tumor it was tender, painful, and somewhat inflamed, and we thought it best to delay the operation. The king was much disappointed, but yielded to our advice. In 1821, I was called down to Brighton to see the king. He came into my room at one o'clock in the morning, and said, "I am now ready to have it done, I wish you to remove this thing from my head." I said, "Sire, not for the world now—your life is too important to have so serious a thing done in a corner. No, too much depends upon your majesty to suffer me at one o'clock in the morning to perform an operation which might, by possibility, be followed by fatal consequences." The king was very much annoyed, and said, "I *will* have it done as soon as I come to town, then." The king came to town shortly afterwards, and although Sir Astley Cooper made every exertion to have the operation performed by Sir E. Home, his majesty insisted that it should be done by him; accordingly he removed the tumor, and the king bore the operation with the utmost patience.

It is curious to contemplate the hesitation of Sir Astley Cooper to perform this operation, which, in an ordinary case, would not have caused him a moment's uneasiness. To see the man who, for a long series of years, had been in the daily habit of performing, with a steady eye and an unquailing hand, operations the most hazardous—involving life and limb—who would amputate a man's leg with as much *sang froid* as a chicken's, or tie an artery as coolly as a cravat—to see him pause and hesitate about cutting away a slight tumor, because it happened to be fixed upon a royal head—to see the nerves that would have remained unshaken while he severed a limb from some tortured subject, quail and lose their tension, while he made an incision in a little tumor, because it had grown upon the sacred crown of "the Lord's anointed." We know not how to account for feelings so foreign to his nature, being called forth so suddenly, unless there be a spell in the presence of those whom the Scripture tells us to "put not our faith in." This brings strongly to our mind an instance of Napoleon's knowledge of "human dealings," when he exclaimed to Corvisart, during the accouchement of Maria Louisa, "Behave, sir, as if your patient was the wife of a Bourgeois de Paris!"

There is a very interesting account of Sir Astley's attendance on the Duke of York, which we regret our space will not



allow us to give. His royal highness is represented in a most amiable light, and as having borne his illness and all its suffering with heroic fortitude. When Sir Herbert Taylor informed him of his danger, he said, "God's will be done; I am not afraid of dying; I trust I have done my duty; I have endeavored to do so; I know that my faults have been many, but God is merciful, his ways are inscrutable, I bow with submission to his will. . . . I own it has come upon me by surprise; I knew that my case had not been free from danger; I have been always told so, but I did not expect immediate danger, and had I been a timid or nervous man the effect might have been trying. I trust I have received this communication with becoming resolution."

There are no anecdotes of any interest, relating in any way to the many high and distinguished persons whom Sir Astley Cooper had attended; and indeed, altogether, the work is very deficient in this respect. If the author's object was to paint the character of Sir Astley Cooper in such a strong and favorable light, we think he should have left in the shade, instead of bringing forward one or two instances of what we should call downright selfishness. We shall give one of the anecdotes to which we allude, and if our readers can trace in it any appearance of that great kindness of disposition and thoughtfulness for the distress of others, which Mr. Cooper tells us his uncle was so distinguished for, we will acknowledge our error at once; but at present, we must confess, that we can see in it no trait of kindness, or thoughtfulness, save what is displayed towards the "first numeral." Mr. Cooper says—"I was once myself travelling with him, when the hind-wheel came off, but the carriage did not turn over. The misfortune happened in the middle of the night; I immediately got out, and asked my uncle if he would not alight; to which he replied, 'undoubtedly not; put up the window, and you and the post-boy make all right.' We found that the only accident was the loss of the linch-pin, which had caused the wheel to roll off; so that we raised the carriage, put the hind-wheel on, but were still at a loss, for we could not find a substitute for the linch-pin. I sent the post-boy forward to look for a nail in some cottage. After he had been gone about ten minutes, my uncle became impatient, told me to get upon the horse and drive on until we met the post-boy, at the same time saying, 'if you keep quite straight the wheel will not come off again.' After going a distance of about

a mile, we met the post-boy who had at last succeeded in procuring a nail; and this answering our purpose, we arrived about four o'clock in the morning at Huntingdon."

Now, if Mr. Cooper intends this anecdote to exhibit his uncle in a favorable point of view, there must be some hidden virtue in keeping a poor devil half the night shivering in the cold, which we candidly confess our inability to discover; but if on the contrary, he relates it as an instance of extreme selfishness, we think it a very fair one—at the same time, we must say, that in our opinion, the anecdote might very judiciously have been omitted.

We must now bring our notice of this work to a conclusion, and in doing so, will offer a few brief remarks which suggest themselves to us. It is not for us in reviewing the biography before us, to make any criticisms on the writings of Sir Astley Cooper. We shall only say, that we do not consider them deserving of the high praise which has been heaped upon them: even his great work on Dislocations—decidedly his best—is not without its inaccuracies. A physician or surgeon in high practice, we expect, more than any other professional man, to make notes of the cases that come before him, in order to afford a future clew to the detection of disease, and an insight to the best mode of treatment to be pursued for its alleviation or cure; but notwithstanding Sir Astley Cooper's great experience, he has left to the world, comparatively speaking, very little useful information, and has transmitted to us but a very slight portion of the immense fund of professional knowledge which he must have acquired in so vast a field. In fact, Sir Astley Cooper has left very little but an immense fortune, and the echo of his fame—the one of which may be very useful to the *pockets* of his family, the other to their *pride*, but neither by any means likely to confer benefit on society in general, nor any strong claim upon its gratitude.

In love of his profession, Sir Astley Cooper was never surpassed; he had scarcely a thought beyond it; every hour was given up to it, and if any thing called him for a time from its pursuit, he would return to it with as much eagerness as if almost his very existence depended on it. At home or abroad, he never lost an opportunity of acquiring information respecting it; in short, his fondness for it was a passion which lasted until life itself had ceased to last. He possessed, too, every qualification for success—manners, appearance, great readiness and presence of mind, knowledge

of his profession, and though last not least, a private character uniting kindness of disposition, with high feelings of honor, and unblemished integrity. Of his decision and readiness, we will mention an instance which, although not mentioned by his biographer, we remember, if we mistake not, to have heard from the lips of Sir Astley himself:—He was attending a man who had dislocated his shoulder, and was endeavoring to make him let the injured arm hang by his side in such a manner, as would have enabled him to restore the joint to its proper position. The poor man was sitting up in his bed, vainly striving to obey Sir Astley's directions; for in spite of his endeavors to let the arm hang "dead" by his side, the muscles preserved their tension and would not relax sufficiently. Sir Astley, as if he had given over the attempt, told the man to move himself back in the bed, and then watching the moment when the patient's attention was otherwise directed, and the muscles consequently unprepared for resistance, he seized the limb, and by a sudden jerk restored it to its socket.

Before concluding our notice, we would beg to enter our strong and decided protest against the appearance in print of certain anecdotes which grew out of Sir Astley Cooper's professional attendance on the Earl of Liverpool. Without questioning for a moment their authenticity and correctness, we regret that such memoranda should ever have been made by the subject of the memoir himself, and still more that they were deemed suitable for publication by his nephew.

Our estimate of the physician's mission is a very high one: and he who is called on to see suffering humanity in all its weakness, in all its imbecile prostration, should guard himself rigidly against the possibility of shaking the world's confidence in his honorable secrecy, by disclosures such as these we have alluded to. We would rather forego all the pleasure of such biographies than see them tainted with a fault like this.

On the whole, as a work of general interest, as well as the life of a man who attained to a distinguished position, the volumes possess a good deal of merit, and will form a desirable addition to the libraries not only of the medical profession, but also of private individuals.

**THE NEW PRUSSIAN CENSORSHIP.**—The censors have begun with a professor, Marheinecke, to whose lecture on the theological importance of Hegel's philosophy the *imprimatur* has been refused. *Illustrated Polytechnic Review*.

## BIRDS.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Joyous and happy creatures—  
Roamers of earth and air—  
Free children of the woods—  
Bright glancers o'er the floods,  
Your homes are everywhere;  
Dear are ye, and familiar to the heart,  
Making of nature's loveliest things a part.

Ye are upon the mountains,  
With proud and lonely flight;  
Ye are upon the heath,  
The dear blue heaven beneath,  
Singing in wild delight;  
The rock doth shelter you, and many a nest,  
Amidst the ledges by the lake, doth rest.

Ye skim the restless ocean,  
White plumed, like fairy things;  
Ye haunt the inland river,  
And the sweeping willows quiver  
With the rustle of your wings;  
Through the dark pines your homeward way ye  
take,  
Or drop to your lone nests in bush or brake.

To you morn bringeth gladness—  
The first red flush of day,  
Breaking your rest, appeals  
Unto your hearts—unseals  
The silent songs, that lay  
Like dreams, within you through the quiet night,  
And now burst freshly forth to hail the light.

You slumber with the sunset—  
Scarce doth the day wax dim—  
Scarce doth the first star glitter,  
When from your nests you twitter,  
Your happy vespers hymn;  
Like one, who, to the woods her lone way winging,  
Fills the deep night with her impassioned singing!

Solemn are woods at midnight,  
When through the heavy shade,  
Scarcely a moonbeam finds  
An entrance where the winds  
Stir through each green arcade;  
But dear to you that safest solitude,  
Where on your rest no mortal may intrude.

And joyful is your waking,  
Amidst the sighing trees,  
In the sweet matin hours,  
When smile the opening flowers—  
What want ye more than these?  
Ye seek no praise—your songs as sweetly sound,  
As though a crowd of worshippers stood round.

Ye are the poet's emblem,  
So doth his song gush free—  
So winged and glad his spirit,  
Doth his high gift inherit,  
Pouring its melody  
Beneath clear skies, and if they darken, keeping  
Song ever in his heart, though it be sleeping.

Sleeping, but not for ever,  
Still to new life it springs,  
When hope's sweet light doth waken,  
And care and fear are shaken,  
Like dew-drops from his wings;  
And 'midst the flowers and trees with sunshine glis-  
tening  
He hath his own reward, though none be listening.



## AMERICAN WORKS.

From the Examiner.

1. *The Iliad of Homer, from the Text of Wolf, with the English Notes, and Flaxman's Designs.* Edited by C. C. Felton, A. M., Eliot, Professor of Greek in Harvard University. Boston, U. S.: Hilliard and Co. 1837.
2. *The Clouds of Aristophanes, with Notes.* By C. C. Felton. Cambridge, U. S.: Owen. 1841.
3. *A Greek Reader, for the Use of Schools.* By C. C. Felton. Hartford, U. S.: Huntingdon, 1842.
4. *A Selection of Greek Tragedies, with Notes.* By T. D. Woolsey, Professor of Greek in Yale College. Two vols. Boston, U. S.: Munroe and Co. 1837.
5. *The Gorgias of Plato, Chiefly according to Stallbaum's Text, with Notes.* By T. D. Woolsey. Boston, U. S.: Munroe and Co. 1842.
6. *Herodotus, from the Text of Schweighæuser, with English Notes.* Edited by C. S. Wheeler, A. M., Tutor in Greek in Harvard University. Boston, U. S. Two vols. 1842.

WHILE the Newspaper press of America is doing all in its power to give Europeans an unfavorable impression of the Republic, and to spread the belief that bad taste, vulgarity, and vile personal slander, are the greatest recommendations to favor with readers of the United States, it gives us no ordinary pleasure to welcome from that great country unquestionable evidences of a zeal for erudition, of an elevated tendency of mind, of admirable knowledge and acquirement, and of a desire to extend the familiarity of the truly good and beautiful. The series of books, whose titles appear above, is an index of a growing taste for classical attainments, and of a laudable desire on the part of those citizens of the United States whose profession it is to acquaint youth with the literary treasures of ancient Greece, to render those treasures as accessible as possible. Professors Felton and Woolsey, and Mr. Wheeler, deserve the warmest thanks of their fellow-citizens.

It must be distinctly understood that the object of these several editions is not to strike out new lights for the learned world, not to offer new views for the inspection of professed scholars, but to furnish students with *readable* editions of the Greek classics: editions that shall form a happy medium between the text without comment, which is so often unwisely put in the hands of the learner, and those ponderous annotations which can only serve to perplex him. Hence the notes are explanatory and illustrative rather than critical,\* and their conciseness cannot be too much praised. The student, instead of wading through masses of notes, and then com-

\* It should be observed, however, that in editing *Gorgias*, Professor Woolsey, who had adopted Stallbaum's edition of 1828, was induced to make several changes in the text, and that he afterwards found the same changes had been made by Stallbaum in his edition of 1840. This shows that there is no absence of critical labor and acumen; qualities which in all the works of Professor Felton are indeed sufficiently apparent.

ing to a discussion rather than a straight-forward explanation, finds in a line or two the information he requires; and it is better in the early stages of his studies that he should adopt even an hypothesis as certain, than that he should be at once thrown into the midst of critical contests, which interrupt the connexion of the text. In after life, if he makes a study of philology, he will find sufficient opportunities for following elaborate disquisitions.

Mr. Mitchell, when he published his editions of the comedies of Aristophanes with English notes, was actuated by the obvious want of any edition that could fairly be placed in the hands of a young student; and however his accuracy may be called in question by some critics, the merit of introducing a new and advantageous form of Greek classics cannot be denied him. A similar desire to that which had for its result Mitchell's Aristophanes has evidently caused the production of the several American editions enumerated above. The like feeling prevails through the undertakings on both sides of the Atlantic. There is the same endeavor to free classical studies from that dryness which invariably repels volatile youth; the same purpose of rendering the authors attractive by familiar exposition of their allusions, and comparison with things known; the same attempt to place the student on a point of view from which he may best contemplate the works of antiquity, by embodying in a concise, easy, and unrepulsive form all the collateral information connected with them. For the early student we should prefer Professor Felton's *Clouds* to that by Mr. Mitchell, for while the American has (professedly) availed himself of the labors of the Englishman, and, though with plenty of wit and originality of his own, has evidently taken him for his model in the familiarity and occasional drollery of his explanations, he shows infinitely more judgment in confining himself to what is actually wanted, and does not encumber his book with references to other authors—a species of information which, unless very sparingly given, is peculiarly useless to the beginner.

Our purpose is not to enter into a detailed description of the several editions. Though edited by different professors, their plan is pretty much the same. Their texts are those of the highest European scholars; they are all fully yet briefly illustrated by English notes; and all are preceded by such introductions as render them complete in themselves, and furnish the student with that amount of historical and other information which enables him to pursue his journey in a region not altogether strange. All are exceedingly well printed in a good clear type, and are volumes as well fitted for the library of a private gentleman as for the school-room or the university. The Clarendon press could hardly send forth a better specimen of Greek than the *Herodotus* of Mr. Wheeler. Professor Felton's *Homer* is in some degree distinguished from the others, as it is a successful attempt to familiarize the student with the beautiful in plastic art, while he is becoming acquainted with the charms of antique poesy. The engravings after Flaxman are executed in a superior style, and we very much question whether, with all our pre-emi-

nence above the Americans in the elegancies of life, we could produce a school-book that should by its beauty vie in any degree with the *Homer* of Professor Felton.

One little volume, which finds its way into the list at the head of this article, may perhaps be specially singled out, as it does not fall into the same class with the rest. This is Mr. Felton's *Greek Reader*, which is one of the best and completest school-books we have ever seen, containing in one short volume a course of reading, in prose and verse, from Esop and Anacreon to Thucydides and Aristophanes. Like the editions we have just described, it is illustrated by notes and historical explanations, and concludes with a lexicon of all the words, so that the student may use it with no other book but his grammar. It resembles the collection of Professor Dalzell, being at the same time more condensed in form. We recommend it to the consideration of our own school authorities, only counselling them to take advice with Professor Felton himself, and reprint it honestly, if they reprint it at all.

From the prefaces to these works we may gather that classical learning is at present in its infancy in the United States. Mr. Woolsey declares that his notes to *Alcestis* would have been less copious "had the study of the tragic poets been more widely diffused and perused under better auspices" in his country; and Mr. Felton evidently introduces Aristophanes as a novelty to his fellow-citizens, while he congratulates them on the extension of a taste for ancient tragedy in consequence of Mr. Woolsey's *Selections*. But the infancy is a promising one; the Professors have produced, in a few years, works which, in their kind, may be weighed with any of those published in Europe without fear of a disadvantageous comparison; they are laboring with zeal and in harmony, generally setting forth the merits of each other; and from the signs of the times it is not impossible that America may one day, in despite of her atrocious newspapers, take a place among the learned countries of the world.

**NEW POSTAGE TREATY BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.**—The new postage treaty with France was concluded last week, according to *Galvani's Messenger* on Monday. The postage of letters not exceeding half-an-ounce in weight is to be the uniform charge of 10d., payable either in France or England. The treaty also regulates the correspondence between France and our colonies, and affords further facilities for the transmission of letters through France: It will no longer be necessary to prepay letters for certain parts of Germany, for Piedmont, Tuscany, or the Neapolitan States; and the French postage on letters for those countries, and on letters passing through France for British India, will be much reduced. The *Morning Post* expresses a belief that important treaties on the subject are in progress with other European Governments.

**WOOD PAVING**—The *Railway Magazine* says—"Regent-street is the finest paved street in the world, now that it is cleansed by the machine. Keep wood paving clean, and there can be no slipperiness; and the more streets are paved with wood, the less slippery they will be, as no mud can rise to the surface, if a good concrete foundation be laid under it."

## THE PYRENEES.—A PIC-NIC AT COARRAZE.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

It would hardly seem that January was a time for pic-nics, nor is it often so in the south of France more than in England, that sweetest of all countries, most neglected and most unjustly censured for its climate, which is infinitely better than the seekers after novelty will allow. I do not know how a pic-nic in January would answer in general in England, but arranged under the circumstances of our expedition to Coarraze on the 25th, it could scarcely have failed.

Pau is one of the gayest places imaginable; scarcely one evening passes without a fête. English, Spaniards, and Americans have nearly pushed the French inhabitants from their stools, and those who remain are rather looked upon as visitors amongst the intruders, who, like cuckoos, have turned the original birds out of their nests. The French give very few parties, but the English are never quiet; one *soirée* creates another, and one new expedition suggests a newer. One bright sunny day in the afternoon, when the blue sky and soft air asserted that it was summer, and was only contradicted by the leafless trees and desolate aspect of the hills, which insisted on the season being that of winter, a gay party of "*every body in Pau*," met together in the high terrace of the Park of Castel Beziat, and were seen standing in groups, laughing and talking, and devising for the future. The mountains were at this moment so clear and so close, that it seemed *almost* possible to see the bears coursing each other through the ravines and across the plains of snow, extending from peak to peak, glittering in the golden sun, which reflected their sides of *talc* and ice like fabled heights of looking-glass or crystal. The near *coteaux*, though no longer covered with vines, by their sombre hue and cold brown color, brought out the back-ground of the transparent purple Pyrenees in fine relief. Every peak was sharply traced upon the blue sky, from the enormous pyramid of Bagneres, above the valley of the Adour, along the line, where a space opens towards St. Sauveur, and Vignemole's shadow gleams far off, where the jagged sides of Costerillou lead the eye on to Gabisos and the Pics of the Eaux Bonnes, and the great monarch of the Val D'Ossau raises his triple crown, diademed with snow, and the high chain



of Aspe sinks gradually away from view. All this, though seen so often by the promenaders in the park of Pau, has every day new attractions, so magnificent is the prospect of these gorgeous mountains and their murmuring attendant, the ever-clamoring Gave, which rushes impetuously along its interrupted bed, and leaps, and winds, and chafes, and glitters, without pause or delay, spurning all control, and making itself what course it pleases for its bright green waters through the sands and shingles which strive to choke its passage. Meantime the gay party increased every moment in size till the whole walk was filled with smiling faces, and the whole air rung with lively voices. A pic-nic, it was contended, would be very possible; and to lose the opportunity of the fine day was a positive misdemeanor. What so easy and what so pleasant as to order all the carriages, and let the gentlemen all mount their horses, and to-morrow morning set out for Coarraze? The castle where Henri Quatre studied, under the eye of his governess Susanne de Bourbon, Baronne de Missons, or under that of the pretty *jardinière*, who taught the ready prince the lore never since forgotten, *de conter Fleurette*.

Some sage voices were faintly heard, whispering of colds and draughts, and damp grounds, and snowy mountains, but the laughter and approval drowned the sounds, and it was all agreed on without opposition, and an hour fixed—Patés, and champagne, and Bayonne hams, and all that the pastry-cooks of Pau could furnish, were soon ordered, and the sun went down in crimson and gold, promising fair and kindly. All were to meet again at several parties in the evening, and arrange the spot of meeting and starting for the following day: but when the hour came for the revels of the night to begin, behold! torrents of rain had deluged the streets, and the uncertain climate had shown its tyranny.

Every one, however, was too busy to lament; the music was so pleasant, the dancing so agreeable, the *petits-jeux* so entertaining. "Let the storm rage on," no one heeded it, no one had inclination to think of to-morrow; nevertheless, in the pauses of amusement a voice seemed to sigh for Coarraze, which was echoed here and there: there had been little romances imagined, little *tête-a-têtes* projected, which, as a young Irish friend observed, are meetings "*almost alone*;" "and it is so much better not to *put off* things," said a pretty philosopher, shaking her ambrosial curls:

"To-day is ours—what do we fear?  
To-day is ours—we have it here."

Happy climate of Pau, where one hour has no idea what the next will bring forth! The morning rose in smiles, and, though the mountains were hid in a veil of mist, the sunbeams were hovering above it, watching an opportunity to induce them to come shining forth; half a hundred little billets came showering about to ask, "Are we to go?" "Ought we to venture?" "Don't you think we can?" "Surely we need not hesitate," &c. &c., until at length one "voice potential" gave the word, and by twelve o'clock the *monde* was *en route*.

"Lo que ha de ser, no puede faltar,"  
"That which is to be, cannot fail,"

was engraved above the old gateway of the tower of Coarraze, and so it was with us; for fate had destined that we should go and should succeed.

In summer time the drive from Pau to the tower and chateau is charming: the pretty hills are festooned with rich vines from top to bottom. At the village of Bizanos you pass a height crowned with magnificent pines, which forms a feature in the landscape from Pau, and relieves the monotony of the continuous foliage elsewhere. Here was formerly a place of meeting during the last days of carnival, where games of all kinds went on, and where all was gayety and hilarity amongst the people. *La salade des Broutons* was there eaten and enjoyed, and the *obsequis* of *mardi-gras* were celebrated amidst the popular patois chorus:

"Si t'en bas jou que demouri,  
Adiü praübe Carnabal!"

But all that is national or peculiar is dying fast away in France; and in this distant nook of Navarre, their old customs are discontinued. Bizanos is now only a village of washerwomen, and its pleasant castle a country-house—to let. From the ground is a glorious view into the mountains; and the town of Pau, across the Gave, stands proudly out on its hills, though its chateau of Henri IV. is concealed by a mound; the extensive building of the college, which, near, has no attraction, is by distance turned into a commanding fabric, having all the effect of a citadel, and thus looks as fine as the castle and donjon which predominates on the side opposite Gelos and Jurançon.

The plain beyond is called *La Limagne*, of Béarn, and is not unlike that chosen spot of Auvergne so vaunted: for fruitfulness and cultivation abound; corn and

wine, and pasturage and gardens are there; and all is glowing with richness and quiet beauty. But our drive on the 25th of January only indicated these things, and told us how lovely the scenery would be by-and-by. *En attendant* the fine season, we were content with the goods the gods provided for the day, and hailed every gleam which showed us the sky brighter and brighter as we journeyed on. Less than two hours brought us to the desired spot, and there we found cavaliers and *amazones*, all busy already exploring every nook and corner of the place.

The whole of the ancient castle is destroyed, except one tower which remains entire, and to climb up the narrow stair of this is the great object; for, from the platform at the top, the view is wonderfully fine. You seem as if on one side the purple mountains, with their snowy sides, could be reached with the hand; and, on the other, the whole wide smiling country is spread out in a panorama. There is something awful and mysterious in looking down the dim gorges between the everlasting hills, and roaming in imagination into the deep valleys below, so well known to the adventurous Henri, and his young band of mountaineers, whose home was wherever the izard or the bear could leap or prowl. Many may have been, and as useless as many, "the lengthened sage advices" of the prudent Susanne de Bourbon to her charge, that he should be careful and not dare too much; but Henry had early impressed on his heart, as he afterwards did on his coins, the motto,

"In via virtuti nulla via est,"

and went laughing forth, hoping each new adventure would be more dangerous and exciting than the last.

While some stood wrapt in wonder, leaning over the parapet of the donjon, and watching the mountains, which seemed as if making signals to each other, as the skudding mists now veiled and now revealed them, and took strange forms, as if spirits were hurrying to and fro, on messages to their brethren in the caverns and on the peaks; others of the pic-nic party set out for the village, and paused to sketch the antique door-way of the church, where two priest-like angels, holding scrolls, guard the entrance and support the empty niche surmounted by a coronet, where Notre Dame once smiled upon the pious pilgrim, and welcomed him to her shrine before he continued his journey to say his orisons before her sister of Betharram.

Whatever might have been the Spartan simplicity in which Henri, then called Prince de Viane, was brought up, and however much we all admired the plan of his education, we were not able to profit by the opportunity we had of resting in a castle, where so excellent an example of frugality was given; for our provisions were too ample and too good to be resisted, and while we lauded the dry bread and insipid cheese with which the young hero was nourished, we mortified ourselves with very different fare.

A blazing fire, round which we closed our merry circle, seated in capacious arm-chairs and on luxurious sofas, cast a ruddy glow over the large saloon where we were assembled; and though we now and then, particularly the most poetical amongst us, cast a glance towards the blue and snowy range, whose heads seemed peering into the long windows to watch our proceedings, we could not but enjoy the genial heat sent forth by the crackling logs, and fancy ourselves just such a party as might once have assembled around the hearth of the old castle, on whose site the present is built, and, like us, here they might have laughed and joked, and conversed and sung the hours away.

Here La Marguerite des Marguerites, the lovely and learned sister of Francis I., has, with her charming court, no doubt rested after a hunting day in the woods, and related stories and sung songs as we were doing: just so, might have arrived on a sudden the wily mother of kings, Catherine de Medici, with her *grande* or *petite bande* of beauties, whose accomplishments might have been called forth on such an occasion for some special purpose, such as was always working in the mind of the crafty Italian. On such a day might the weak Anthony of Bourbon have been beguiled by a fatal fair one with bright eyes, whose lute woke echoes in that hall, while Catherine looked on, and saw the fires of St. Bartholomew kindling in the distant future, and her enemies' feet slipping into the snare. Here and there might the innocent and too *sensible* Catherine of Navarre have listened to the soft words and tender gallantries of him who was never destined to make her happiness, the designing and handsome Comte de Soissons, for whose sake she refused her hand to so many princes, and pined away in solitary regret, the victim of state policy. Here the heroic Jeanne looked with maternal delight and pride on the gambols of her young mountaineer, who recounted to her all his adventurous wanderings since her



last visit. Here, in after years, his beautiful Marguerite, from whom his usually tender heart stood back, laughed, danced, and conversed, and fascinated every hearer but her husband, in whose ears the *midnight knell* always sounded in her voice; and here, for less enchanting smiles, the volatile prince exerted the wit and gayety that won all hearts his way.

Here, a century before, the great hero of Béarn, the magnificent Gaston Phœbus, perhaps sat by the hearth, conversing with the Lord of Coarraze, and hearing his wondrous story of the spirit Orton, who, in the very walls, visited him every night, and woke him from slumber to relate news from foreign lands, whence he had come,

"Swifter than arrow from a Tartar's bow."

And it might be, as the two knights gazed on the sparkling flames that roared up the huge chimney, that it was then the wily prince recommended his credulous friend to entreat the spirit to appear in a tangible form, and be no longer content with a mere voice. Perhaps from these windows the Lord of Coarraze looked into his court and beheld the spirit in the form of a huge swine of strange appearance, and from hence he might have cheered on his dogs to destroy the intruder, who, looking mournfully up in his face, vanished in a cloud, leaving him the conviction that he had seen his faithful messenger only to lose him and his information for ever: how and why, perhaps, the bribes of Gaston Phœbus could answer, who from that time obtained the spirit's assistance.

Our conversation grew more and more animated as the shades drew in; and many were the anecdotes told of travels in the Pyrenees, first by one clever *raconteur*, then another. How a joyous party were stopped by stress of weather in the valley of Bedous, and forced to take up their quarters for the night in a suspicious-looking inn; five ladies sharing the same room with no protector but a faithful dog, separated from their gentlemen, who had left with them a whistle to use in case of danger. How the agitation of the dog induced one of them to look in the direction he was pointing, by which means she discovered, through an opening, a room beneath them, where, seated round a table in silence, she descried the forms of *fourteen Spaniards*, each with a large knife in his hand—their gestures and mysterious movements, and finally their extinction of the dim candle which had lighted their conclave. The consequent terrors and uncertainty of the fair captives,

their fears of using their whistle, lest their friends should *pay too dearly for it*, and after a sleepless night, their discovery in the morning that their silent neighbors, silent for fear of disturbing the ladies, all left the inn noiselessly in order to be in good time at the fair hard by.

Then came stories of spending the night in old castles, and hearing strange sounds which *were never accounted for*; not that, of course, any one is ever so weak as to credit the idle stories of places being haunted—and yet, most respectable persons have sworn they saw *something*. There was one of our guests who told with great gravity of having seen the ghosts of Sully and Henri Quatre, walking arm in arm on the terrace of the castle of Pau, and of having clearly beheld a line of mail-clad figures issuing out of the great reservoir where tradition says Jeanne d'Albert drowned her Catholic subjects who refused to conform to the new religion.

The story of the unfortunate knight of Aragon, whose fatal sentence was engraved over the castle portal, occupied much attention, and the tale, new to some, was related. An early lord of Coarraze had a dear friend in Aragon, who was to him as a brother. They had not met for some time, when, one stormy night, the horn was blown at the gate, and his friend was announced much to his delight. But the pleasure he felt was soon clouded when he found that he owed his welcome visit to misfortune.

The knight of Aragon had fallen under royal displeasure, and was obliged to fly his country. He had dared to love a princess, and his affection was returned; but since at all times true love is doomed to sorrow, nothing but danger and difficulty surrounded the lovers, and it had only been at last by flight that he was able to save his life.

Sad was the time that the friends passed together in the castle of Coarraze, talking of the past and the future; but the conclusion of all their discourses was a fresh springing hope in the bosom of the knight of Aragon, that fate would be yet propitious to him, and his lady love be his own. The friends were once out hunting in the wild mountains of Ossau, and had been successful in their chase, having killed more than one bear; they were returning, bending beneath the weight of one of the finest of these animals, when they reached, late in the evening, a deep gorge, at the entrance of which they were surprised to see a group of females in white, seated on the ground, apparently in conversation. They paused to observe them, and as they did so, they

rose, and forming a circle, began a measured dance, to which their voices made a low melancholy music, like the sighing of the wind amongst the rocks. The words they sung ran thus:—

"There is crimson in the skies,  
Green and gold and purple dies,  
When dim night puts on his cowl  
We shall hear the tempest howl;  
There are shadows passing over:  
See! the highest peaks they cover;  
From the valley comes a sound  
Echoing through the gorges round;  
'Tis the whisper of the blast  
That shall burst in storm at last.  
Fear the sunset red and bright,  
Days of calm bring fiercest night:  
Vain from Fate would mortals flee—  
'That which is to be——will be!'"

While they listened and gazed, the sound and the white forms died away together, and there was nothing before them but the evening mist.

"Let us go forward," said the knight of Coarraze with a shudder, "we have seen the *Blanquettes*, and the meeting bodes no good."

"The words they utter, nevertheless," said the knight of Aragon, "shall in future be my device—*Lo que ha de ser no puede faltar.*"

That night, on their return home, a messenger awaited the knight of Aragon, from the lady of his love: she bade him return, and with tender protestations of affection, she related to him that her royal relative had listened kindly to her prayer, and had given his consent to their union. Her letter concluded with the word, "*That which is to be—will be.*"

"I will not delay an instant," exclaimed the lover: "adieu, my friend; our bridal over, I will return to Coarraze, and my bride shall thank you herself for my welcome."

"Go not," said his friend, "this may be a snare—you may be deceived; wait yet a little, and let me go and ascertain its truth. No danger can reach me; and if all is as it should be, we will go back to Aragon together."

"This is her hand—this is her summons," returned the knight, "and were it to certain death I would go at once—*What is to be, shall be.*"

Alas! he reached Saragossa; but not to meet his beloved: it was to hear of her death—to find her letter forged—to be dragged to a dungeon, and there to meet with a cruel doom. His blood stained the scaffold; and his friend found, to his grief, that his fears were but too well founded. He had his last words engraved above the

portal of his castle; and taking the cross, he departed for the Holy Land, where he died fighting for the faith. The shades of the two friends, bearing between them the carcass of a grisly monster, may sometimes be met in a certain gorge, where it is known that the fatal *Blanquettes* love to assemble and dance their rounds.

But it was not in telling such sad stories alone that our day passed; there were many merry anecdotes related, which caused the chamber to echo with laughter; and the sound of the Spanish guitar was heard, played by a skilful hand, in that peculiar manner which accompanies the charming Moorish ballad, with a hollow, murmuring stroke, as if pent up waters were beating against a hollow rock from which they could not escape. Several young clear voices joined in chorus, and amongst other songs, we heard the curious *patois* ballad of the *Doves of Caunteretz*, composed at the time when Marguerite and Henri II. d'Albert visited the springs.

#### AUS THERMIS DE TOULOUSE.

UE FONTAN CLARE Y A, ETC.

At Toulouse there are waters,  
Waters fresh and bright;  
And there three doves are bathing—  
Three doves with feathers white:  
They dip their wings and flutter,  
And three whole months they stay;  
Then o'er the heights to Caunteretz  
They take their blithesome way.

"Oh, tell me who at Caunteretz  
Are bathing there with you?  
"The King and Queen are with us three,  
Amidst the waters blue.  
The king has got a perfumed bower  
Of flowers amidst the shade;  
And that the Queen has chosen  
The Loves themselves have made."

In such a spot and amid such recollections the songs of the pastoral poet of the Valley d'Aspe, the Shenstone of the Pyrenees, Despourrins, were not forgotten; his famous song, known in every vale and on every mountain, '*La haut sus las Moun-tagnes,*' was played and sung, and several others, among them the following—

#### MOUN DIU! QUINE SOUFFRANCE.

1.

Of what contentment  
Those eyes bereft me!  
And ah! how coldly  
Thou since hast left me!  
Yet didst thou whisper,  
Thy heart was mine—  
Oh! they were traitors,  
Those eyes of thine!  
For 'tis thy pleasure,  
That I repine.



2.  
 Alas! how often  
 I sighed in vain,  
 And loved so dearly  
 To purchase rain:  
 And all my guerdon  
 To be betray'd,  
 And only absence  
 My safety made—  
 To muse on fondness  
 So ill repaid!

3.  
 But let me warn thee,  
 While time is yet;  
 Thy heart may soften,  
 And learn regret.  
 Should others teach thee  
 New griefs to prove—  
 At once thy coldness  
 Subdued by love—  
 Thou mayst glean sorrow  
 For future years;  
 Beware, false maiden,  
 Beware of tears!

It was now time that the carriages should be ordered, as the shades of evening had fallen, and we were all to re-assemble at Pau, in order to finish the revels with charades. By starlight, therefore, did we resume our journey, and large and lustrously did they shine to light us on the way. We quitted the solitary old tower of Coarraze, standing beside the modern chateau built beside it like old memories in a new age; and when we arrived at Pau, we were met by condolence, for it had rained there several times in the day, while we were enjoying the sunshine. The sensation was great which our expedition created, and all those who had declined joining us were now mortified exceedingly, and resolved in future never to be stopped by the sullen aspect of the sky. Half a dozen other pic-nics were immediately talked of, and if February does not frown upon the gay folks of Pau, spring will be anticipated by them, and parties as lively as the last will chase away all recollections of winter. Meantime we wander and moralize amongst the ruins and restorations of the old castle, where Henri, the beloved of all time, was born—

#### THE CASTLE OF PAU.

1.  
 Stop! and look upon these towers,  
 And these walls so dark with time,  
 Where yon frowning donjon lowers,  
 And yon mountains rise sublime,  
 See those bow'rs and hills so green,  
 And the foaming Gave below,  
 Vines and foliage between.  
 Henry's castle-home of Pau!

2.  
 Here mem'ries of the gallant king,  
 Upon the mind come crowding back,  
 Visions of war and love they bring  
 In every scene, on every track:

Turançon's\* height of generous wine,  
 Touched by the sun with ruby glow,  
 Shines forth the rival of the Rhine,  
 The glory of the hills of Pau.

3.  
 'Tis said by many a vale and rill,  
 That lovers sigh and maids believe;  
 'Tis said that on the ramparts still,  
 Henri and Sully walk at eve.  
 Fly, lovers—for 'tis dangerous ground,  
 Where Henri trod, if this be so—  
 But kings and ministers come round,  
 And study in the towers of Pau.  
 Pau, Jan. 28, 1843.

#### THE CROWNED MOURNER.

From the Athenæum.

[Michael Wisniowecki, a private citizen, who was elected King of Poland, is said to have wept when the crown was placed upon his head.]

THE northern sun, in his noonday splendor,  
 Is shining on Vola's sacred field,  
 But sees not Jagellon's early grandeur  
 Nor beams upon Sobieski's shield;  
 Yet still there are knightly lances gleaming,  
 And banners floating on Summer's air,  
 And the clang of the trumpets, loud proclaiming  
 That Poland hath chosen her monarch there.

Hark! to the voice of a nation, rending  
 The cloudless calm of the noontide now;  
 Hark! to the hymn, with the cannon blending,  
 As they place the crown on their chosen's brow.  
 The best and the bravest bow before him,  
 With dauntless hearts and with matchless brands,  
 And the skies of his land bend brightly o'er him,  
 But sad and silent the Monarch stands.

Why is it thus? tho' his birth was lowly,  
 Nor Fame nor Fortune had smiled on him,  
 Yet the crown was won by no deeds that sully  
 Its splendor, nor make its radiance dim.  
 Whence spring the tears? for the great and glorious  
 Have sought that sceptre with prayer and vow,  
 And he without strife hath been victorious,  
 But what doth the crown'd one weep for now?

Ah! did some dream of the past awaken,  
 Even as that sunrise of Fortune shone,  
 Of one true heart that the grave had taken,  
 Who might have sweetened and shared his throne?  
 Or found he the thorns beneath the glory,  
 When others saw but the circling gold;  
 Or did the Muse of his country's story  
 Some page of her future woes unfold?

There have been tears when the bride was leaving  
 Her mother's breast for a stranger's arms;  
 There have been tears when the nun was giving  
 To Heaven the flower of her maiden charms:  
 There hath been weeping, aye blent with laughter,  
 O'er sceptres shivered and thrones cast down;  
 But never before, nor ever after,  
 We saw it beneath a new-worn crown!

March 15.

FRANCES BROWN.

\* Celebrated in Béarn, and the favorite wine of Henri.

## THE AERIAL STEAM-CARRIAGE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

OF late years we have become so accustomed to witness new achievements of science, and especially of mechanical science, that events of this kind, each of which would have furnished wonder enough for a common century, pass only as matters to make up the news of the day. It was but in the boyhood of our fathers that steam was harnessed to our universal drudgery, and the tamed giant made to drain our mines and whirl about our mills, and now we look on it as a thing of course, going on to devise new engines for him to propel, and new mountains for him to remove, just as though it were all a light and common matter. Next he was made to beat the vexed ocean into obedience; for a day or two it was a wonder, but now we step on board the Atlantic or the Indian steamer and dine, and chat, and sleep at pleasure, thinking of nothing about the leviathan which hurries us along, except perhaps the ceaseless monotony of his strokes. Then we set him to copy our thoughts, and straightway every morning teems with debates and tidings, and the countless solicitations of industry or need multiplied, like the Calmuc's prayers, by his restless revolutions. Next we yoke him to our cars, and the cashiered and wondering horse is left far behind.

Whirled thus about from miracle to miracle, our curiosity decays. What in other days would be sanguine hope or straining curiosity, is now but a commonplace looking out for something new: and the month, or almost the day, which has not its successful egression on nature's remaining powers, is perhaps the greatest wonder of the times.

It is possible then that Mr. Henson and his aerial carriage may in one respect have "fallen on evil days;" and yet it must be accounted hereafter one of the strange characteristics of the age, and the surest measure of our satiety of marvels, if any hopeful attempt to subdue an entire and almost untrodden realm of nature meet not with the active sympathies and ardent aspirations of this enterprising age. Encumbered as we are with the spoils of science, we have yet, we hope, unsatisfied ambition enough to anticipate with some exultation the conquest of the air, and to help with head and purse, if not with heart and hand, when it is proposed to carry through the regions of unobstructed space the intercourse which is the life-blood of human happiness and im-

provement. Perhaps our sated faculties cannot afford an excitement like that which followed Montgolfier's noble and successful daring, but we shall at least be ready with the quiet and effective approbation which in prospect of good dividends will furnish "the sinews of war."

For say what we will, the plain business-like question will take precedence of the heroics, and "Can it be done?" is the first and universal question. To this essential interrogatory the following account of the machine must stand for a reply: and we entreat our readers to lay aside as much as possible of the repugnance often felt for mechanical descriptions, if it be only to recompense our endeavor to rid the subject of obscurity.

Let us begin then by imagining first a thin, light, strong expanse of framework, not less than one hundred and fifty feet long, and thirty feet wide, and covered with silk or linen. This stands instead of wings, although it has none of their vibratory motion; it is jointless and rigid from end to end. In advancing through the air, one of its long sides goes foremost. Attached to the middle of the hinder side is a tail fifty feet long, on either side of which, and carried by the main frame or wings, is a set of six vanes or propellers, like the sails of a wind-mill, and twenty feet in diameter; beneath the tail is a small rudder, and across the wings, at their middle, is a small vertical web, which tends to prevent lateral rocking. Immediately beneath the middle of the wings are suspended the car and the steam-engine: for the construction of the latter ingenuity has been highly taxed, but successfully employed, in producing the necessary power in combination with most extraordinary lightness; its occupation is to actuate vanes or propellers.

To render the rest of our description intelligible, we must now advert to the precise difficulty which has hitherto foiled all similar attempts. Men have tried often and again to raise themselves in the air with wings moved by their own muscular force: always and of necessity they have failed. Whoever has tried to raise himself by grasping a rope with his hands, will readily believe that the muscles of the arms are by no means equal to the task; for there can be at best no gain in beating the air instead of lifting by a rope. Again, we have only to ascend the Monument, or St. Paul's, to be satisfied that the legs are quite incompetent to the necessary effort; and even these trials lay out of the account



the necessary continuance of the exertion, for which our limbs are entirely unfit.

Of inanimate sources of power, the steam-engine is the only one which is not by its nature inapplicable to the purpose: and to that attaches with even greater force the objection which renders living power useless;—it is hopelessly heavy in proportion to its effect. Nor does Mr. Henson's successful effort to reduce the weight of the steam-engine bring it within the essential conditions of utility if the ordinary mode of dealing with the subject were not to be abandoned.

But that ordinary mode tacitly assumes that it is necessary to carry in the machine the means of producing all the power required to raise and sustain it. It is in dispensing with this necessity, and thus reducing very greatly the amount of machinery to be carried, that the chief, but not the only peculiarity of Mr. Henson's invention lies; and it is by this means he has opened a path which seems destined to lead to the accomplishment of this long sought object.

The device by which Mr. Henson has gained so great an additional likelihood of success, applies, not to the construction of the machine, but to the manner of using it. The carriage, loaded and prepared for flight, starts from the top of an inclined plane, in descending which, it acquires the velocity necessary for its further flight. The mode in which that velocity sustains it in the air is readily understood: the machine advances with its front edge a little raised, so that its under surface impinges obliquely on the air: that impact is accompanied by a resistance of the air, which is sufficient to prevent the descent of the machine; just as the wind striking the sails of a windmill obliquely presented to it, has power enough to propel them with all the machinery they set in motion.

So far, then, it seems that the velocity gained in descending the inclined plane, is that by which the machine proceeds and is sustained, and, but for hindering forces, would proceed for ever; for it is a mechanical axiom, verified by all the results of art and science, that if hindering forces could be taken away, a body once set in motion would move for ever. But this motion through the air, though of itself it generates the perpendicular resistance of that fluid by which the machine is sustained as to elevation, generates also at the same time a resistance in the forward direction by which in no long time the motion itself would be destroyed, and the

machine brought to the ground. Now it is to repair this decay of speed, to restore every instant the velocity lost in that instant, that the small steam-engine embarked in the machine is alone wanted, and it is easy to see that the power required for this effect must be very much less than that which would be necessary to lift and to start the machine; the entire amount of which power, it has hitherto been supposed, the machine itself must carry.

The great novelty, then, of Mr. Henson's aerial carriage, and the very important advance its inventor has made towards success in this oft-defeated enterprise, is the separation of the starting from the maintaining power. Although this is no novelty in abstract science it produces all the effect of a most important invention in its application to this purpose; and it is no slight ground for believing that Mr. Henson will eventually succeed, to find that his chief novelty accords so exactly with established science: as far as this device is concerned there is nothing whatever which can raise a doubt.

Familiar, however, as this principle may be to those in any degree accustomed to mechanics, its importance in this extraordinary design requires that it should be carefully illustrated. The weight of a clock is never able to set the clock in motion; but when the pendulum has been made to swing by being drawn out of the perpendicular, the weight amply suffices to keep up its motion. Nor would even the weight be needed but for the resistance of the air and the friction and swiftness of the machinery by which the motion of the pendulum is registered and indicated: these destroy a minute part of the pendulum's motion at every vibration, which destroyed part it is the office of the weight to restore. The pendulum really moves by virtue of the force first exerted in drawing it from the perpendicular: the weight prevents the decay of that force. Now just this takes place with Mr. Henson's machine: it is set in motion by its descent down the inclined plane; it is kept in motion by the steam-engine it carries.

In nature the same process may be observed. A crow in rising from the ground is under the necessity of making very strenuous efforts with his wings to lift himself: while doing so he acquires horizontal velocity, and as soon as that velocity is sufficient to bring the resistance of the air to act on his sloping front and wings with effect enough to sustain him, he proceeds with comparatively easy beats; after a time

we may see the same bird quietly sailing round and round in the air, scarcely moving his wings at all. Many of our readers must have asked themselves how a bird with merely outstretched wings is kept from falling? They will now readily see that it is by virtue of its original velocity, maintained and perhaps augmented in former parts of the flight.

But further, it will be observed that it is horizontal velocity which is required, and that is gained by Mr. Henson in descending an inclined plane. Now just this device is often employed by large birds in starting from an eminence: instead of incurring the great labor we have noticed in the case of the crow, the feathered voyager makes first a curve downwards, the velocity gained in which, with subsequent and easy augmentations, is that which keeps up his flight. It is not often that a new contrivance in art has so exact a prototype in nature.

The steam engine invented by Mr. Henson to meet the especial necessities of his aerial carriage, is distinguished by its extreme lightness in comparison with its power. This is effected, in great part, by reducing the necessary weight of water. The boiler mainly consists of a considerable number of inverted cones, presenting their blunted points and much of their surface to the fire. The amount of surface acted on by radiating heat is about fifty square feet, and about as much more is exposed to the heat of communication. Comparing the boiler with those of locomotive engines, it is expected to furnish a quantity of steam equivalent to the power of twenty horses, if used with considerable expansion. The steam is condensed in a number of pipes of small diameter, which are exposed to the strong current of air produced by the flight: this mode of condensation has been found remarkably effective. All unnecessary weight of parts has been avoided, and indeed no part has been retained whose services are not essential. The result is, that a twenty-horse engine is kept in efficient action with but twenty gallons of water, and its entire weight is but about 600lbs.

The weight of the whole machine, and its load, is estimated at 3000lbs: the area of the sustaining surfaces will be about 4500 square feet. The load will, therefore, be about two-thirds of a pound to each square foot, which is less by one-third than that of many birds.

The most important question which remains to be decided refers to the competency of the steam-engine; and here unhappily mechanical science and experi-

mental facts alike fail to give us the needful information.

As far as probabilities can be collected from observations on the flight of birds, they warrant a strong expectation of Mr. Henson's success. If, however, his engine should be found to need reinforcement, it is said there are available inventions recently matured, whose combined application will much more than double its power. Nor can it be doubted that, cleared as the subject now is of its mysteries and chief difficulties, the attention of our engineers will be strongly drawn to the subject, and the inventive energies of this mechanical age speedily bring the machine to perfection.

One of the most remarkable as it is one of the most cheering considerations connected with this subject is the fact, that those improvements in locomotion are ever first committed by Providence to that part of the human family which is at the time best fitted to use them for the general benefit;—best fitted, we mean, not so much by the extent and firmness of their political relations, or the energy of their enterprise, or the magnitude of their capital, though these are far from indifferent, as by the moral temperament which they will bring to their entrusted employment. Savages, who without restraint of conscience might desolate with grim delight the enlarged circle put within their reach are not invested with these new powers! nor even when the unwonted device is placed before their eyes have they the means, the energy or the intellect to use it with effect at all to be compared with that of its employment with more advanced communities; invention and its results seem nearly dormant, except for the purposes to which it can be applied by the most enlightened portions of the race. And if so in all past time, may we hope to discover in the circumstances attending this new and unparalleled enterprise, traces of the same great design, and may we not easily suppose that so long as the new art, should it come into practical use, shall require the appliances of capital, of cultivated skill, of tried integrity, and of the most exact and elaborate science, so long it will be mainly in the hands of that section of the wide earth's inhabitants who are most likely to use its astounding capabilities in the spirit of justice and goodwill to all.



OBSERVATIONS UPON OBSERVERS,  
WITH  
REMARKS ON THE FACULTY OF WINKING.

No book makes its appearance in the days we live in, without being soon followed by another which is styled its "Companion." We have "Companions to the Prayer-book," "Companions to the Almanack," and companions to twenty other works, which it would be tedious to enumerate.

It would be a great pity to allow the treatise lately published with the title of "What to Observe," to want a comrade when companionship is so much in fashion, and writers pair off like members of the House of Commons. It is therefore proposed to have a little discussion here in our own rambling way upon the question "what not to observe," leaving it to some base compiler to digest our remarks, or make what hash of them he pleases for the instruction of the public, the profit of the booksellers, and his own "filthy lucre," if he should chance to be one of that melancholy brotherhood who live by their wits, albeit they have no wit to live by.

The importance of the present question is obvious. The range of human observation being coextensive with the universe, the more we limit our excursions through so boundless a field, the less will be our fatigue, and the more exact our acquaintance with those tracts of knowledge within which we have confined the exercise of our faculties. Some carry this principle so far as to devote their entire lives to the examination of a cockle-shell, to diving into the bells of heather blossoms, or to researches into the mysteries of a Greek accent, and they have their reward in obtaining perfect and undisputed mastery of these several exalted studies; whereas it is plain, that had the conchologist meddled with accents, the grammarian with heather-bells, or the botanist with either cockle-shell or circumflex, not one of the three would have made his name immortal.

These may be thought examples of rather narrow circles of intelligence, but it is still true that the sportsman who follows all sorts of game does not make the best day's shooting, and that he who applies himself to every thing is not far removed from him who applies to nothing.

It has never been our lot to meet with the famous treatise, "*De omnibus rebus*," but there can be little doubt of its being extremely heavy reading, even without taking into account the appendix, "*de quibusdam aliis*." We have seen, however, only too many books composed with apparently the same object, namely, to leave nothing unsaid that was sayable, and nothing observable unobserved.

There is, for instance, a numerous tribe of tourists and travellers who are too observant by a thousand degrees, and whose study it is to leave nothing unremarked through all the lands they visit, with an occasional exception in favor of what is truly remarkable in each. Had these writing ramblers, or rambling writers, only understood the first principles of the science—"what not to observe"—they would have had fewer to ridicule and more to read them. How often have we wished they had slumbered, like

the albatross, as they winged their way through Europe, or that on their visits to China they had taken a dose of opium sufficient to put them asleep as long as Rip Van Winkle, or the seven sleeping youths of Ephesus. Doubtless, however, on awaking, they would have published their dreams of Constantinople, visions of Pekin, or a "thousand and one nights," amongst the ruins of Cabool.

As there is nothing so impertinent as the modern spirit of observation, so there is nothing so unmerciful.

*Seire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.*

There is no objection to any lady or gentleman making observations in any number, or to any length, upon any subject, from a comfit to a constitution, but why should they inflict them? Why must they print all the nonsensical details of their memorandum-books? And, what is more to our purpose, why are treatises written to encourage them, and give them additional facility in an art at which they are already only too proficient? There seems no very urgent necessity in these times to teach people how or what to observe. Observation is the vice of the day; nothing is allowed to pass without observation. Society is become one vast observatory, and London is even provided with a *Quadrant*. The smallest and most unassuming nebula, or a comet only three days old, has a better chance of creeping unseen across the field of a telescope at Greenwich, than the minutest hole in our coat has of eluding the notetakers of this all-observing age.

A chiel's amang ye takin notes!

Where is the "chief amang ye" that is not "takin notes?" Every paper we take up might justly be called "The Observer." Observing is become as odious as time-serving, and the Observatives outnumber the Conservatives ten times over. Time was when people were divided into the observers and the observed, but now even the observed of all observers is himself an observer.

Let Observation with extended view  
Survey mankind from China to Peru.

Is there a viler couplet or a viler precept in the English language? This is precisely what observation is doing at present. Our grandfathers and grandmothers used to do sundry things "under the rose;" but all the roses in Persia would not screen one of the present generation from the all-prying, Paul-prying eye of your modern observer. In the rosiest thicket of the "garden of Gál" itself, Prudence would hesitate to tie her own garter in these remarking and reporting days. We are not a generation of vipers, but of eagles or lynxes. It would be hazardous to commit a *faux-pas* in the very heart of a mill-stone; and the smallest coral island in the South Sea has lost all reputation as a sanctuary from the public gaze.

The *fallentis semita vite* exists no more; the world, which once was so full of green lanes and byways, through which it was so pleasant to saunter from one stage of life to another, is now traversable by high-roads only, and there is no such thing as a private path, a private house, a private transaction, or a private man, from the pole to the equator, and from the equator to the

pole. The existence of a public is now a tremendous truth: but the public voice is not half so terrible as the public eye.

Despite of the progress of temperance, almost every house in the country may be said to be a public-house, for it is absolutely impossible to bait a trap for a mouse on a Monday night without the fact being known over the three kingdoms before the set of Tuesday's sun—a manifest proof that the public eye is upon our minutest and most retired actions, and that, only for considerations of climate and temperature, we might as well live in our greenhouses as in our mansions of brick or stone. Yet, it is in an age like this that books, forsooth, must be written to teach people how to observe! Had we an Argus in these didactic days, there would not be wanting some goodnatured individual to present him with a hundred pair of Solomon's spectacles.

Lyceus, the type of ocular acuteness, would surely have a solar microscope bestowed on him out of the same superfluous benignity. The genius of the age, if a genius it has, is peeping. That there should be folks who delight in peeping is not surprising; but that any one should like to be *peeped at* does indeed astonish. Yet there are men, and great men too, who like to be peeped at vastly. Milton had no notion of the pleasure of a morning walk in the fields without being spied from behind the bushes.

Sometimes walking *not unseen*

By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green.

However, to be observed was a distinction two centuries ago, which it certainly is not at present, when there is not a hedge-row in the kingdom without one pair of eyes at least peering out from behind it in obedience to the law of universal observation. For our part, we do not say that we wish every descendant or disciple of Peeping Tom sent to the birthplace of that type and "great original" of all observers; nor do we assert that it would be no serious misfortune if the public was seized with a fit of ophthalmia, or had a cataract in its eye about the size of Niagara; but we are humane enough to sympathize with those who use such language.

Suppose you had the luck of Sancho Panza, and were to be made governor of some island, or governor-general of some distant colony or dependency of the empire, how would you like to be unable to take a morning's ride on your horse, mule, ass, elephant, or hobby, or to play any innocent prank whatsoever, for the amusement of yourself, your little court, or perhaps your native country, without being marked and remarked, viewed and reviewed, scanned, observed, watched, noted down, and then shown up, as if the ramblings of a statesman were no more to be respected than the aberration of the stars?—or, as if because the nation bestows on an individual a high office and a large salary, it is therefore entitled to set up a great telescope and make him the public gaze like an occultation of Mars, a transit of Venus, or a common whiskered and bearded comet? No man now is master of his gaits of going; his gaits\* are claimed as public property, and every whippersnapper that can pen a newspaper paragraph, or make

"a few observations" in the House of Commons, thinks himself entitled to discuss the measures of the grandest viziers, and the proclamations of three-tailed pachas.

The world has either ceased to have corners, or no business is any longer done in them. Where is the corner now without a Q in it? The little crooked thing that asks questions is endowed with the attribute of ubiquity, and society seems to have resolved itself into a general committee of inquiry, or rather to have formed itself into one vast "army of observation."

The disastrous influence of this upon several of the fine arts, for instance jobbing in its various branches, and the still nobler art of tormenting our fellow-creatures, is too manifest to need explanation. If on the one hand, by indulging our curiosity, we have made some trifling addition to our knowledge of chemistry, geology, and mathematics, consider all we have lost upon the other, in the more fascinating and interesting departments of public jugglery and holy humbug.

Diplomacy is now openly laughed at; the public expects to be made the confidante of every political secret; the "reason of state," once held in such becoming reverence, is treated with the coarsest ridicule; Machiavelli is sent to "Old Nick," his namesake; mystery and intrigue, that in former times were the very keys that opened the temple of fame to statesmen, are numbered among the mortal sins, and the tide of opinion is running with alarming rapidity against even red tape and envelopes. The day is perhaps not far off when an English and a French minister will conduct their negotiations through the medium of a correspondence in the public journals; and probably at the next general congress of the European powers any Quidnunc desirous of being present will have only to pay a guinea for a ticket, if indeed he does not insist upon his right to pass in and out of the hall as freely as the plenipotentiary of Russia or Great Britain.

Having alluded above to the art of tormenting our fellow-men, we cannot help adding a word upon the subject, because we feel that the evil genius of observation has already deplorably contracted this spacious field for the exercise of talent and ingenuity. The planter of Jamaica or St. Domingo can no longer "wallop his own nigger" in quiet and comfort, because every stroke of the whip is sure to be heard over the whole terraqueous globe. Corporal punishments have alarmingly decreased in the army for the same reason. It is a gross abuse of words to call a man a *private* soldier, who is not allowed to enjoy so much as a flogging in a barrack-square even on a Sunday without the public eye witnessing every lash he receives, and the public press trumpeting the transaction through the length and breadth of the land. However, it is not in the army we expect to find the blessings of practical liberty; but is any other department more exempt from the inquisitorial eye of the modern tyrant, Observation? Look at our trade; read the Report of the Children's Employment Commission, and mark the encroachments of this daring spirit upon the once boasted freedom of the British manufacturer.

\* Qu. *gates*.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.



The commissioned "observers," speaking of a foundry at Willenhall, call it "shameful and cruel" to correct naughty little workmen with sledges, files, and hammer-handles! An amiable and accomplished lady of the same place is made the subject of the most injurious remarks for merely "laying hold of the hair of the boys before breakfast and lugging them as long as she could stand over them; she also punched them in the face with her fist, like a man fighting with another man."

This is the way in which commissioners paid by government respect the liberty of Englishmen! Mrs. Jones of Willenhall cannot chastise a young manufacturer in ever so feminine a manner without being observed on in a big blue book, presented formally to both houses of Parliament. Nay the commissioners must call her fair hand a fist! and compare her, in the energetic discharge of the commonest maternal duty, to "a man fighting with another man," a sarcasm just as applicable to Boadicea and Mrs. Brownrigg, indeed to every English lady who has exerted herself in her day to sustain the manly character of the nation.

Again, at Sedgely, it has been the long established and time-honored practice to punish children with rods of iron, which are occasionally made red-hot, when it is intended to administer a warmer whipping than usual.

"In Sedgely, they are sometimes struck," says Mr. Commissioner Pry, "with a red-hot iron, and burnt and bruised simultaneously." This is mentioned with reprobation!—the commissioner being probably ignorant that rods of iron are mentioned in Scripture, where the birch-rod is never once named, from which circumstance it may fairly be concluded that wherever the rod is recommended in the Bible (for instance, in the book of Proverbs), it is a rod of iron that is meant. But we are not yet done with the observers of Sedgely, who evince as little classical taste as scriptural information. They proceed to "observe:"

"Sometimes the children have a flash of lightning sent at them. When a bar of iron is drawn white hot from the forge, it emits fiery particles which the man commonly flings in a shower upon the ground by a swing of his arm before placing the bar upon the anvil. *This shower is sometimes directed at the boy.* It may come over his hands and face, his naked arms, or on his breast. If his shirt be open in front, which is usually the case, the red-hot particles lodge therein, and he has to shake them out as fast as he can."

This highly picturesque and classical mode of discipline, worthy of adoption at Eton and Harrow, instead of exciting the rapturous admiration of the commissioner for its exquisite taste and refinement, is actually produced as an instance of barbarity! Can any thing more romantic be conceived than chastisement with "a flash of lightning?" To us it appears the very poetry of punishment; and the only question is, whether it is not much too sublime for the children of the working-classes, who are only too well off to be whipped with chain-cables and caned with billy-rollers. When we reflect that the little Olympians themselves, when they were naughty,

were probably corrected in this splendid and imposing way, it really strikes us that a thrashing with a thunderbolt is an honor which ought to be reserved for the gods and godlings of the earth, in our aristocratic seminaries, and the vulgar terrors of the broom left to the children of smiths and weavers. This is worth the consideration of the Education Committee of the Privy Council.

But enough has been said, it is presumed, to establish the necessity of limiting and checking, instead of stimulating and encouraging the spirit of observation, one of the most impertinent and vexatious spirits by which a man or a nation was ever possessed. The eye ought to be trained to wink more and to see less; the habit of "turning a deaf ear" ought to be diligently cultivated; and if people could be restrained from applying their noses so close as they are fond of doing to a multitude of little arrangements and transactions, public and private, with which they have nothing to do, there would not be a tenth part of the bad odors of which we hear every day such loud complaints, for all metaphysicians agree that a smell, whether sweet or unsavory, is not a smell, unless it is smelled.

It is not so easy, however, to decline or avoid the intelligence tendered us by our ears and noses, as that which offers itself through the medium of our eyes. The organs of hearing and smelling are unprovided with natural stoppers; they have no apparatus corresponding with the eyelid. We shall not pronounce this a defect in the human structure, but it clearly might have been ordered otherwise, and it is certain that there are numerous situations in which it would be a charming privilege to be able to bar out a sound or a smell at pleasure. A stopper for the ear would remove, for example, one of the gravest objections entertained by many to parliamentary life, nay, even to the married state itself; but more upon this subject upon another occasion.

The principal organ of observation is decidedly the eye. Hence the sun, the greatest of observers, is called the eye of the world,—

Of this great world the eye and soul;  
and Heaven is said to

Wake with all its eyes,

every star that twinkles being the eye of its own system. But it has not been sufficiently noticed that the eye has a non-observing power as well as an observing one; and is given us as much to wink with as to see with. If the sun has not the gift of winking, being unprovided with an eyelid, there is a compensation for this seeming defect of his optics in the clouds that occasionally obscure his vision, in the eclipses to which he is periodically subject, and particularly in the beautiful arrangement that produces the phenomenon of sunset. This glorious luminary is not always staring at the faults and follies, the vanities and villainies, the malfazances and misfeazances of poor mortals: he is not always

Darting his light through every guilty hole,  
like a thousand malignant little eyes in the heads of human beings. Possessing the faculty

of winking, or what is equivalent thereto, the sun makes a generous and considerate use of it. He never sets without setting us an example of the sublimest charity, deliberately closing his piercing eye to ten thousand rogueries, frauds, and treasons; ten thousand scenes of profligacy and haunts of dissipation. At what infinite intrigues, and assignations numberless, does he not mercifully wink? What myriads of follies and vices of all sorts might he not witness in every stage of their commission, by simply tarrying a few hours longer above the horizon, and exercising his talent of observation with a little human malice. But he is so far above such paltry curiosity, that he is recorded to have more than once in his career gone out of his way, actually left the high road of Heaven, to avoid a spectacle of guilt—for instance, the horrid banquet of Thyestes. How superior to the moon, who, after keeping her chamber the live-long day, while the inhabitants of the globe are about their lawful business, and, generally speaking, conducting themselves with decorum, issues forth in the evening as it were, expressly to peep, or sometimes gaze with her full round eye at the very doings which her brother has just plunged into the ocean to shun the sight of! The moon is the very mistress of the School for Scandal; but how many eyes imitate her, and how few follow the example of the sun's! The gazers and starers are numerous sects, but the winkers are few indeed. Some people appear never to wink at all, just as if their eyes had no lids to them, and they consequently observe every thing that is deformed, unsightly, disagreeable, or revolting in the world, which is, of course, an inconceivable satisfaction to them, or they would learn to shut their eyes upon occasion like their less observant neighbors. Philosophers tell us that this defect in the apparatus for winking, is particularly striking in the case of those whose benevolent dispositions are none of the strongest, while the goodnatured man, on the contrary, is found to possess an uncommon flexibility of the eyelid, by virtue of which he winks a great deal, and thus avoids the observation of a thousand matters and incidents calculated to hurt the sight. In some men this facility of winking is excessive, and it leads them into every sort of extravagancy; they shut their eyes to the most enormous crimes, as well as to the most trifling peccadilloes. They are sure that the swindler intended to return the property of his dupe, and that the murderer never meant to hurt a hair of his victim's head. They wink at the most barbarous assassination, and amiably designate it a 'homicidal monomania.' If their sovereign is shot at by a traitor, they are the people who doubt that the pistol was loaded, and call for the production of the ball. This is the sort of vision which Shakspeare calls 'the perpetual wink,' and there is no doubt whatsoever but that it results from an unhealthy state of the organ, and ought particularly to engage the attention of the oculist. That the disorder is eminently favorable to the impunity of the most dangerous malefactors, is clear from tragical experience; the murderer may be said to escape in the twinkling of a juror's, a judge's,

or a physician's eye; and humanity to a ruffian proves the utmost pitch of cruelty to the unoffending public.

The opposite distemper is that which has been already noticed, namely, the case of those who consider that to wink at the minutest flaw, or the slightest transgression, is an offence of the kind which the law terms a misprision. They see every thing, and forgive nothing; they are the spies, informers, witnesses, prosecutors, and, we may add, unpaid beadles and volunteer executioners of the circle of society which they infest; and such is the sinfulness of the world, that they have only too much employment in their detestable vocation.

But a closer examination of the visual organs of persons of this character, leads us rather to conclude that they have brought themselves to use their eyelids very little, than that they are absolutely devoid of that ingenious provision of our physical constitution. The fact is, that ill-natured people have lids to their eyes as well as those who most abound with the milk and cream of human kindness. It is also beyond dispute, that nature makes nothing in vain; and hence the question immediately suggests itself, of what use is the eyelid to the multitudes of individuals who wink so seldom, that they are vulgarly supposed never to wink at all. This is a point of some difficulty; but we think we shall explain it satisfactorily.

What is right may be winked at as well as what is wrong: and may not the eye be so constructed as to be only capable of closing when the object presented to it is distinguished by its physical or moral beauty? This, we believe, is a very common structure of the organ. How many instances have we not known ourselves of men who never in the course of their lives winked at the slightest blemish in the character of their neighbor or their friend, yet who possessed, in an eminent degree, the gift of winking at his talents and his virtues! Even where observance was most conspicuous,

And multitudes of virtues passed along,  
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng—

they saw no more of the procession than a blind man does of the Lord Mayor's show. They winked until the pomp went by, and might have declared with perfect truth, that they saw nothing so lovely in an Eleanora, nothing so benevolent in a Howard, or nothing so great in a Chatham or a Franklin. Eyes of this description may be said to connive at worth, just as those of another formation connive at infirmities or foibles. They are perfectly incapable of the impertinence of remarking the good points of their acquaintance; they hold that nothing can be more rude than to stare at any man's amiable peculiarities; in a word, they pay Virtue the distinguished compliment of treating her as they treat the sun on the meridian, whose spots it is lawful to observe and gaze at, but whose glories may not be searched by mortal eye.

What is more familiar than the practical inversion of the poet's amiable precept,

Be to her virtues ever kind,  
Be to her faults a little blind?



The reverse would seem to be a maxim in not a little vogue,—

Be to her virtues ever blind,  
Be to her failings never kind,—

so completely has no small portion of mankind habituated their organs of observation to see nothing but the foul, and wink at nothing but the fair,—to connive at *beauty*, and feed their eyes upon the *beast*. The torture devised by the Roman satirist for the punishment of vice, is eluded by this method of eye-education.

*Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictâ.*

How many thousands are there who would no more recognise any one of the cardinal virtues, were they to meet her bodily in the streets of London, than they would Nebuchadnezzar or Abednego? Were the said virtues even to appear in cardinal's hats, it is much to be doubted if ten men in England would recognise one of the four. There are observers who behold incarnate fiends wherever they turn, yet who never saw an incarnate angel in their lives. Nay, when angels put on the flesh, they are apt to be taken for demons by men who have trained their retinas to receive no images but those of deformity and vice. Thus Religion oft clothes herself in the flesh of the mitred pontiff, only to be called intolerance, sensuality, or hypocrisy. Thus Justice arrays herself in the human limbs of chancellors and judges, yet continues as much unknown as before her incarnation. Thus Wisdom, too, takes the shape and substance of some great minister, or shepherd of the people, and intending to reveal herself, only puts on a more complete disguise. Economy, in the form of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, is called Extravagance; and Liberty, in the likeness of a Secretary of State, is taken for Oppression. No wonder that public virtue, thus abused and dishonored, should soon 'shuffle off the mortal coil,' and leaving the ministerial frame to be animated by its own inferior spirit, and illuminated by its own feeble light, hasten to join Astræa in her kindred skies. This is perhaps the true explanation of the marvelously small stock of prudence with which the affairs of kingdoms are proverbially said to be administered; and it is also the best apology that can be suggested for the follies and absurdities of statesmen. The minister is reproached with casting off Wisdom, when the truth is, that Wisdom in despair has flung off the minister.

Here it may not be amiss to remark a very curious peculiarity in the organization of the human eye, and one which strikingly exemplifies the astonishing connexion between the body and the mind; we allude to the way in which the sight is influenced by political and party feeling. One would never suppose, arguing *a priori*, that the fact of being Whig, Tory, Radical, or Chartist, had any connexion whatever with the physical machinery by which we either see or wink; but experience assures us that the connexion is very close indeed. Of this any body may satisfy himself by planting himself in a group of politicians, close to the doors of either House of Parliament. A gentleman alights from his horse—the Whigs call him a goose or

a donkey; the Tories cry "a Numa!" or "a Solon!" Another senator arrives in his cab—the Tories pronounce him a knave and a jobber; the Whigs see a Fabricius or an Aristides; the Radicals would appear not to see him at all, as if he was but the ghost of a legislator, or Mr. Nobody in proper person. Again a carriage draws up, and behold a judge comes up the scene.

"Scroggs!" growls one partisan.

"A Daniel!" exclaims his opponent.

To a third, the noble and learned lord is simply another Mansfield; to a fourth, as palpable a Jefferies as the eye of man ever beheld. Then are seen two or three pedestrian senators walking arm-in-arm to the great council of the nation. One observer sees a flight of eagles; upon the retina of another, the self-same objects paint the forms of so many kites, or "mousing-owls;" to a third eye, they are a flock of plain geese as ever gabbled on, or in the Commons. The next comer is a right-reverend, or most reverend bishop, in the purple and fine linen, borrowed from the divine example of the millionaire in the parable. The Radical at once recognises my Lord Dives; the Chartist takes him for lucifer, and peeps under the lawn for the cloven foot: the Tory rounds his neighbor in the ear, and observes, "How like his lordship is to the picture of St. Peter!" or, "He might sit for the portrait of Barnabas;" or, if a devout Tory indeed, and one who has often shed salt tears for the poor estate of the church, he imagines that it is Lazarus himself he sees before him. Last arrives the minister.

"A present deity!" bursts from the ministerial section of the spectators.

"A demigod!"

"A devil!"

"Another Cecil!—a second Chatham!"

"A second Strafford!—another Walpole!"

"A Lamb!"

"A Wolf!"

"A modern Cicero!"

"The Mummius of his day!"

"And the Verres!"

"To the tower with him!"

"To the Pantheon!"

"*A la lanterne!*"

"Such is the effect of that particular acrid humor, called party-spirit, upon the optic nerve.—A blind man in the crowd, ignorant of the prevalence of this description of ophthalmia amongst our countrymen, would suppose that some mighty wizard—a Merlin, a Michael Scott, or "thrice great Hermes" himself, hovered over Palace-yard, and entertained himself by momentary metamorphoses of the public characters of the day. This would satisfactorily explain how a man alighting from his coach, is cheered by some of the bystanders as an impersonation of virtue; and before he takes three steps across the flagway, hooted by others as the evil principle itself in the form of a lawgiver or ruler. The only other account of the phenomenon, is that which has been given above,—namely, a distemper of the vision which has hitherto eluded the skill of Mr. Alexander, and the other eminent oculists of Europe.

But still the question "what *not* to observe,"

remains unanswered. It is pretty much the same as the question "when to wink?" We would wink at a great many things that pass in the world, upon which many people gaze as intently as if they were paid for turning their eyes into microscopes. We would *not* observe a hundred thousand little abuses, delinquencies, and malversations which, if we were commissioners of inquiry, and salaried inquisitors, we would most unmercifully probe to the bottom. We would wink at the spots on the sun's disk, and allow him to set off his general splendor against the few scattered specks discovered by the malevolence of astronomers, who would fain be the only luminaries in the world. In like manner, should there be a mole upon the neck of beauty, we would prefer winking at the mole to shutting our eyes upon Venus herself. In morals we would act upon the same principle,—see as much worth and merit in all about us as they have to exhibit, and leave it to the unwinking ones to contemplate and scrutinize their foibles. We would wink at the dark instead of the bright side of every object presented to our view; being none of those who prefer a satyr to Hyperion, and being rather (saving the immorality) of the same mind with Juan, who,

Turned from grizzly saints and martyrs hairy  
To the sweet portrait of the Virgin Mary.

'All this would we do, or not do, for our own peace, comfort and enjoyment, merely, and independently of all considerations of ethics or religion; not but that we entertain an opinion, grounded upon *our* notions of Christian charity, highly favorable to a more frequent use of the eyelid, but because we would not for a moment be thought to insinuate a doubt of the seraphic dispositions of those who feel it to be their duty to observe *every thing*, and to wink at *nothing*. Be it however, remembered, that nothing herein contained is to be understood as conveying the slightest sanction or approbation of those who carry the practice of winking to such extreme lengths, as to connive at any thing, however flagrant, that promises to be profitable to themselves; or of that other class of winkers before alluded to, who have constituted themselves into a society for the succor and protection of persons laboring under the disease of "homicidal monomania."

#### GRACE DARLING.

BY WORDSWORTH.

From the Kentish Observer.

Among the dwellers in the silent fields  
The natural heart is touched, and public way  
And crowded streets resound with ballad strains,  
Inspired by one whose very name bespeaks  
Favor divine, exalting human love;  
Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,  
Known unto few, but prized as far as known,  
A single act endears to high and low  
Through the whole land—to manhood, moven in  
spite  
Of the world's freezing care—to generous youth—  
To infancy, that lisps her praise—and age,  
Whose eye reflects it glistening through a tear

Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame  
Awaits her *now*; but, verily, good deeds  
Do no imperishable record find  
Save in the rolls of Heaven, where her's may live  
A theme for ages, when they celebrate  
The high souled virtues which forgetful earth  
Has witnessed. Oh! that winds and waves could  
speak,  
Of things which their united power called forth  
From the pure depths of her humanity!  
A maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,  
Firm and undinching as the lighthouse reared  
On the island rock, her lonely dwelling place;  
Or like the invincible rock itself, that braves,  
Age after age, the hostile elements,  
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor  
paused,  
When as day broke, the maid, through misty air,  
Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,  
Beating on one of those disastrous isles—  
Half of a vessel—halt—no more; the rest  
Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there  
Had for the common safety striven in vain,  
Or thither thronged for refuge. With quick glance  
Daughter and sire, through optic glass discern,  
Clinging about the remnant of this ship,  
Creatures—how precious in the maiden's sight!  
For whom, belike, the old man grieves still more  
Than for their fellow sufferers engulfed  
Where every parting agony is hushed,  
And hope and fear mix not in further strife.  
"But courage, father! let us out to sea—  
A few may yet be saved." The daughter's words,  
Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,  
Dispel the father's doubts; nor do they lack  
The noble minded mother's helping hand  
To launch the boat; and with her blessing cheered  
And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,  
Together they put forth, father and child!  
Each grasp an oar, and struggling on they go,  
Rivals in effort; and, alike intent  
Here to elude and there surmount, they watch  
The billows lengthening, mutually crossed  
And shattered, and regathering their might;  
As if the wrath and trouble of the sea  
Were by the ALMIGHTY's sufferance prolonged,  
That woman's fortitude—so tried, so proved—  
May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,  
They stem the current of that perilous gorge,  
Their arms still strengthening with the strengthen-  
ing heart,  
Though danger, as the wreck is near'd, becomes  
More imminent. Not unseen do they approach;  
And rapture, with varieties of fear  
Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames  
Of those who, in that dauntless energy,  
Foretaste deliverance; but the least perturbed  
Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives  
That of the pair—tossed on the waves to bring  
Hope to the hopeless, to the dying life—  
One is a woman, a poor earthly sister,  
Or, be the visitant other than she seems,  
A guardian spirit sent from pitying heaven,  
In woman's shape. But why prolong the tale,  
Casting weak words amidst a host of thoughts  
Armed to repel them? Every hazard faced  
And difficulty mastered, with resolve  
That no one breathing should be left to perish,  
This last remainder of the crew are all  
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep  
Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,  
And in fulfillment of God's mercy, lodged  
Within the sheltering light-house. Shout, ye waves!  
Pipe a glad song of triumph, ye fierce winds!



Ye screaming sea-mews, in the concert join !  
 And would that some immortal voice, a voice  
 Fitly attuned to all that gratitude  
 Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips  
 Of the survivors, to the clouds might bear—  
 (Blended with praise of that parental love,  
 Beneath whose watchful eye the maiden grew  
 Pious and pure, modest, and yet so brave,  
 Though young so wise, though meek so resolute)—  
 Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,  
 Yes, to celestial choirs, Grace Darling's name !

### THE EVACUATION OF AFFGHANISTAN.

From the Asiatic Journal.

THE papers laid before both Houses of Parliament, relating to the military operations in Affghanistan, besides throwing considerable light upon other subjects connected with that country, have decided the vexed question, by whom its evacuation by the British forces was first determined upon. Much obloquy has been cast upon the present Governor-General for having adopted the "cowardly" policy of withdrawing our armies within the Indus, and thus abandoning a country from the occupation of which his predecessor had intended to derive such great advantages to the political and commercial interests of British India. It turns out that the abandonment of Affghanistan, and with it all those delusive visions of security and prosperity which the retention of that country was expected to yield, was decided upon by Lord Auckland. We surmised as much from a remarkable expression which, in the heat of discussion, fell from Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons on the 10th August last.

The insurrection broke out at Cabul in November, 1841; it reached its acme in the ensuing month, and the British army was annihilated in January, 1842. The very first paper in the collection, which is a dispatch from the late Governor-General in Council to the Secret Committee of the East-India Company, dated 22nd December, 1841, when nothing was known but the actual outbreak of the insurrection, contains the following passages:—

We have applied ourselves immediately to concerting such measures, and issuing such instructions, as the exigency of the case seemed to require and admit.—It will be seen that we have laid it down as a rule of our conduct that we would do all in our power to rescue our detachments wherever they may be encompassed by danger; but that, if the position of command and influence which we have held at the capital of Affghanistan should once be absolutely and

entirely lost, we would make no more sacrifices of the very serious and extensive nature which could alone be effectual, except under positive instructions from England, for the re-establishment of our supremacy throughout the country. We have particularly felt it our duty distinctly, at this distance, to give instructions applicable to all contingencies, and therefore to contemplate the most unfavorable issue to the struggle which our troops are maintaining at Cabul, and in this case, upon the anticipation of which we cannot conceal from ourselves the hazard of extending dangers, and of the insurrection assuming in other quarters also the same national and united character, we have authorized General Nott and Major Rawlinson, with such caution and deliberation in their military and political proceedings as may serve to avoid discredit and to promise safety, so to shape their course as best to promote the end of the eventual relinquishment of our direct control in the several Affghan provinces, and to provide for the concentration of all forces and detachments, as may be most conducive to the security of the troops.

In their letter to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Jasper Nicolls, dated 3rd December, the Governor-General in Council had distinctly enunciated the intention of "retiring from the country with the least possible discredit," collecting fresh forces on the frontier only for the sake of demonstration. This policy is adhered to in the next despatch to the Secret Committee (January 9th), and was not changed by the receipt of intelligence of the murder of the British Envoy and the extreme jeopardy of the army, farther than that orders were given for reinforcements "to strengthen our position on the Affghan frontier." The accounts of the destruction of the army induced Lord Auckland and his Council (as stated in their despatch of the 19th February, 1842) even to direct Major-General Pollock, then at Peshawur, to withdraw the garrison of Jellalabad, and the assemblage of all his force at or near Peshawur: "We have made our directions, in regard to withdrawal from Jellalabad," they say (p. 106), "clear and positive."

It appears that Mr. Clerk, the agent at Lahore, strenuously urged the policy of holding Jellalabad, with a view of advancing from it and Candahar upon Cabul, and having regained our former position there, and the influence which such proof of power must give, "we should then withdraw with dignity and undiminished honor." Sir Jasper Nicolls opposed this measure, on the ground (p. 118) that the means were inadequate, and the Governor-General in Council (p. 120) reiterate their directions that the garrison of Jellalabad should be withdrawn to Peshawur. In conformity with this direction, Sir Jasper Nicolls

wrote to General Pollock on the 1st February: "You may deem it perfectly certain that Government will not do more than detach this brigade, and this in view to support Major-General Sale, either at Jellalabad, for a few weeks, or to aid his retreat: it is not intended to collect a force for the re-conquest of Cabul."

Major-General Nott, at Candahar, was informed of these views of the Government, though his measures in relation to them were in a great measure left to his discretion.

When Lord Ellenborough arrived and assumed the government, he thus found not only that the resolution had been formed to withdraw the forces from Afghanistan, and to abandon all intention of re-entering the country, but that instructions, "clear and positive," had been given to that effect to the British commanders. The measures adopted by his lordship to carry into effect his predecessor's views in this respect appear somewhat vacillating, owing to the constant change and fluctuation of circumstances. In his first despatch to the Secret Committee, March 22nd, he says:—

We have recently judged it expedient to enter again upon an exposition of our views regarding the line of policy which it may be proper for us to pursue in relation to Afghanistan. To our despatch of the 15th inst. on this subject, addressed to his Exc. the Commander-in-Chief, we would solicit the particular attention of your hon. Committee. It contains our deliberate sentiments on the present position of affairs in that country, and the course we should pursue towards the retrieval of our late military disgrace, and our final withdrawal of our army from Afghanistan. It points out the conditions on which we can sanction the continuance during the coming season of Major-General Pollock's force in the valley of Jellalabad, after he shall have penetrated by force or by negotiation the Khyber Pass. It discourages the expectation that Major-Gen. Nott's force, though reinforced by that of Brig. England, will, in consequence of the inefficiency of its field equipments, be able to effect much more than the relief of the posts of Kelat-i-Ghilzie and of Ghuznee, and the security of its own retirement to the Indus.

The letter to the Commander-in-Chief, above referred to, lays fully before him "the deliberate views of the Government with respect to the measures to be pursued in Afghanistan." The disasters which had befallen our army at Cabul, "followed by the universal hostility of the whole people of Afghanistan, united against us in a war which has assumed a religious as well as a national character," the Governor-General and his Council observe,

"compel us to adopt the conclusion that the possession of Afghanistan, could we recover it, would be a source of weakness rather than of strength, in resisting the invasion of any army from the West, and therefore, that the ground upon which the policy of the advance of our troops to that country mainly rested has altogether ceased to exist." The policy to be pursued, therefore, was, in their opinion, to be guided by military considerations—the safety of the detached bodies of our troops at Jellalabad, Ghuzni, and Candahar; the security of our forces then in the field from unnecessary risk; "and finally, the re-establishment of our military reputation by the infliction of some signal and decisive blow upon the Affghans, which may make it appear to them, to our own subjects, and to our allies, that we have the power of inflicting punishment upon those who commit atrocities and violate their faith, and that we withdraw ultimately from Afghanistan, not from any deficiency of means to maintain our position, but because we are satisfied that the king we have set up has not, as we were erroneously led to imagine, the support of the nation over which he has been placed."

Subsequent to this despatch, although, upon the whole, the prospects had to some extent improved, in his letter to the Secret Committee of April 22nd, Lord Ellenborough states that his deliberate opinion as to the expediency of withdrawing the troops had in no respect altered, and that this opinion is founded "upon a general view of our military, political, and financial situation." Three days previously, orders had been issued (p. 223) to Major-Gen. Nott to evacuate Candahar and to retire to Sukkur, the fall of Ghuzni, Lord Ellenborough observes to Sir Jasper Nicolls (p. 224,) having removed the principal object for which it was expedient to retain the force at Candahar, and the check sustained by Brig. England "having crippled the before limited means of movement and of action which were possessed by Major-Gen. Nott."

In compliance with this resolution, peremptory orders were issued to General Pollock, who had the pass, and reached Jellalabad, to retire from thence. The want of carriage, however, which had prevented the general from advancing, opposed equal obstacles to his retiring; and General Nott, in a well reasoned despatch of March 24th (p. 244,) urges the inexpediency of a hasty retirement. "At the present time," he observes, "the impres-



sion of our military strength among the people of this country (Affghanistan,) though weakened by the occurrences at Cabul, is not destroyed; but if we now retire, and it should again become necessary to advance, we shall labor under many disadvantages, the most serious of which, in my opinion, will be a distrust of their strength among our soldiers, which any admission of weakness is so well calculated to induce; and in what other light could a withdrawal from Jellalabad or Candahar be viewed?" He suggests that Jellalabad should be held in considerable force, and a movement be made on Cabul from Candahar, and he strongly deprecates the effects which a hasty retirement would have on Beloochistan, and even on the navigation of the Indus. In another letter, the general says:—

Perhaps it is not within my province to observe that, in my humble opinion, an unnecessary alarm has been created regarding the position of our troops in this country, and of the strength and power of the enemy we have to contend with. This enemy cannot face our troops in the field with any chance of success, however superior they may be in numbers, provided these precautions are strictly observed which war between a small body of disciplined soldiers and a vast crowd of untrained, unorganized, and half-civilized people constantly renders necessary. True, the British troops suffered a dreadful disaster at Cabul, and it is not for me to presume to point out why this happened, however evident I may conceive the reasons, and the long train of military and political events which led to the sad catastrophe.

The representations of General Nott did not induce the Governor-General to vary his instructions for his evacuation of Candahar and retirement to Sukkur, though he left the time and mode of retiring to the general's discretion.

Meanwhile, the position of General Pollock at Jellalabad, and the apprehension that he meditated an advance into the country, disposed the insurgent chiefs, and especially Mahomed Akhbar Kahn, to negotiate with him. A communication was received by General Pollock from Major Pottinger (sent by Capt. Colin Mackenzie,) dated at Tazen, April 20th, to the following effect:—

The sirdar wishes to know, in the first place, if we will consent to withdraw the greater part of our troops, and leave an agent, with a small body of men, to act with whoever the confederates may elect as chief, in which choice they propose to be guided by the wishes of the two factions in Cabul, and wish us to release Dost Mahomed Khan: secondly, they propose that, if the British Government have determined on

subjugating the country, and continuing the war, the prisoners at present in Affghanistan shall be exchanged for Dost Mahomed Khan, his family, and attendants, and that the issue be dependent on the sword: thirdly, in the event of neither of those propositions being approved of, they wish to know what terms will be granted to themselves individually; whether we, in the event of their submission, will confine them, send them to India, take hostages from them, reduce their pay; in short, what they have to expect from our clemency.

General Pollock, who seems to have been most anxious to recover the prisoners, urged the chiefs to release them immediately, as a means of facilitating further communication between the Governments; adding that, if money be a consideration, he was prepared to pay two lacs of rupees to the sirdar, upon the prisoners being delivered to him in camp. It appears that there was a further message from Akhbar Khan himself, delivered privately by him to Capt. Mackenzie, desiring to know what he personally might expect from our clemency, being willing to separate himself entirely from the hostile faction. Lord Ellenborough, from the first, opposed the exhibition of any clemency towards Akhbar Khan, "the acknowledged murderer of the Envoy, and who deceived and betrayed a British army into a position in which it was destroyed." His lordship disapproved of the offer to ransom the prisoners, and regretted that any necessity should have arisen of diplomatic intercourse with Mahomed Akhbar. With respect to the release of Dost Mahomed Khan, the major-general was authorized to speak of it "as an event which, under various contingences of circumstances, might not be altogether impossible."

The death of Shah Shooja served but to confirm the Governor-General and his Council in their resolution. In a letter to Mr. Clerk, May 16th, Mr. Secretary Maddock gives that gentleman instructions to make known to the government of Lahore the views of that of British India, in the altered condition of Affghanistan during the past four years. He observes that the object of the tripartite treaty was "to remove from the government of Affghanistan an able chief, who had, in the course of many years, succeeded in uniting it under his rule; who was forming and disciplining an army, and was supposed to entertain, in conjunction with the powers of the West, projects of hostility to the adjoining states on the Indus." That object had been completely effected. A further object was to substitute for the authority of Dost Mahomed Khan, deemed hostile, that of Shah

Shooja, which, it was expected, would be friendly; but it had been proved by recent, as well as all past, experience, "that a sovereign who appears to be altogether the instrument of a foreign state cannot obtain the willing support of his subjects, so as to wield their power in favor of that foreign state; on the contrary, he will be an object of hatred or contempt to his subjects, and his only resource, if he be desirous of securing their willing allegiance, will be in throwing himself into their arms, and asserting his independence of the foreign state which placed him on the throne." The object of the joint policy of the two governments should, therefore, be to maintain Afghanistan in that state in which it may be unable to do any thing against us, "foregoing the visionary design of placing it in a state in which it could, as a united monarchy, be powerful for us against an enemy advancing from the West, and yet be content to entertain no views of ambition against its neighbors in the East." This object, the Governor-General thought, "will be best effected by leaving the Afghans to themselves."

On the 3rd May, Major Pottinger writes again to General Pollock, apparently advising a compromise with Akhbar Khan, and the payment of money for the release of the prisoners. He forwards another written (unsigned) memorandum from the sirdar, the effect of which is to require an amnesty for himself and Mahomed Shah Khan; that they shall not be sent out of Cabul; that if the British intended merely to revenge themselves and quit the country, the government might be conferred upon him; and that he might have a jaghire of two lacs, and eight lacs as a present! Major Pottinger considers these demands (except the money) as moderate, observing that the ruling faction at Cabul had offered the crown to Akhbar Khan, and that, under these circumstances, his conduct, in continuing the negotiation, proved his sincerity. The sirdar, in his memorandum, thus alludes to his proceeding during the retreat of the British troops from Cabul:—

In the time when Pottinger, Lawrence, and Mackenzie sahibs came at the stage of Bootkak, I agreed to their wishes, and did all in my power to protect the army, as is well known to the above-mentioned sahibs; but I could not save them from the hands of the multitude, as the *nizard* ("mob of Afghans") was disorganized, and the British soldiers could not protect themselves on account of the frost; and, moreover, the gentlemen did not attend to my advice.

General Pollock's reply guaranteed nothing but an "amnesty for the past, when-

ever terms were agreed to," and the payment of two lacs for the prisoners. The Governor-General, in his remarks (May 21) upon the reply to Akhbar Khan's proposal, again regrets that money should have been offered for the release of the prisoners, and still more that the general "should have considered it necessary, under any circumstances, to have had any communication whatever of a diplomatic nature with Mahomed Akhbar Khan, in whom it must be impossible for any one to place any trust."

The resolution of Lord Ellenborough to withdraw the British forces from Afghanistan remained unaltered, but the mode of effecting the withdrawal became modified by unavoidable circumstances. In Mr. Secretary Maddock's letter to General Pollock, of June 1st, it is observed:—

The retirement of your army immediately after the victory gained by Sir Robert Sale, the forcing of the Khyber Pass, and the relief of Jellalabad, would have had the appearance of a military operation successfully accomplished, and even triumphantly achieved; its retirement, after six months of inaction, before a following army of Afghans, will have an appearance of a different and less advantageous character. It would be desirable, undoubtedly, that, before finally quitting Afghanistan, you seem to compel you to remain there till October, the Governor-General earnestly hopes that you may be enabled to draw the enemy into a position in which you may strike such a blow effectually.

The directions of the Government to withdraw from the country were carried into effect by General Nott in Western Afghanistan, in May, so far as to evacuate Kelat-i-Ghilzie; but though the order applied in the same positive manner to Candahar itself, the general observed that the measure would take some time to arrange, and that this would afford the Government ample time to reconsider the order, and his objections to the measure of a hasty retreat. The Governor-General did give this order a reconsideration, and the result was that he left to the general's discretion the line by which he should withdraw his force. In his letter to General Nott, dated July 4th, Lord Ellenborough thus marks out his course of proceeding:

Nothing has occurred to induce me to change my first opinion, that the measure, commanded by considerations of political and military prudence, is to bring back the armies now in Afghanistan at the earliest period at which their retirement can be effected, consistently with the health and efficiency of the troops, into positions wherein they may have easy and certain communication with India; and to this extent the instructions you have received remain unaltered.



But the improved position of your army, with sufficient means of carriage for as large a force as it is necessary to move in Affghanistan, induces me now to leave to your option the line by which you shall withdraw your troops from that country. If you determine upon moving upon Ghuznee, Cabool, and Jellalabad, you will require, for the transport of provisions, a much larger amount of carriage; and you will be practically without communications, from the time of your leaving Candahar. Dependent entirely upon the courage of your army, and upon your own ability in directing it, I should not have any doubt as to the success of the operation; but whether you will be able to obtain provisions for your troops during the whole march, and forage for your animals, may be a matter of reasonable doubt. Yet upon this your success will turn. You must remember that it was not the superior courage of the Affghans, but want, and the inclemency of the season, which led to the destruction of the army at Cabool: and you must feel, as I do, that the loss of another army, from whatever cause it might arise, might be fatal to our Government in India. I do not undervalue the aid which our Government in India would receive from the successful execution by your army of a march through Ghuznee and Cabool, over the scenes of our late disasters. I know all the effect which it would have upon the midst of our soldiers, of our allies, of our enemies, in Asia, and of our countrymen and of all foreign nations, in Europe. It is an object of just ambition, which no one more than myself would rejoice to see effected; but I see that failure in the attempt is certain and irretrievable ruin; and I would endeavor to inspire you with the necessary caution, and make you feel that, great as are the objects to be obtained by success, the risk is great also. You will recollect that what you will have to make is a successful march; that that march must not be delayed by any hazardous operations against Ghuznee or Cabool; that you should carefully calculate the time required to enable you to reach Jellalabad in the first week in October, so as to form the rear-guard of Major-General Pollock's army. If you should be enabled by a *coup-de-main* to get possession of Ghuznee and Cabool, you will act as you see fit, and leave decisive proofs of the power of the British army, without impeaching its humanity. You will bring away from the tomb of Mahmood of Ghuznee, his club, which hangs over it; and you will bring away the gates of his tomb, which are the gates of the temple of Somnaut. These will be the just trophies of your successful march.

In his despatch to the Secret Committee, August 16th, the Governor-General states that he adhered absolutely to his original intention of withdrawing the whole army from Affghanistan. "Some risk," he observes, "I deem it justifiable to incur for the recovery of the guns and of the prisoners, and with the view of exhibiting the triumphant march of a British army over the ground on which it once suffered defeat; but I consider the preservation of the army

in Affghanistan essential to the preservation of our empire in India; and, however the world might forgive or applaud me, I should never forgive myself, if I exposed that army to any material and serious danger, for the possible accomplishment of any object now to be obtained in Affghanistan."

The determination being, therefore, formed not to retire the British forces without doing something to repair the wrongs and the disgrace they had suffered, the instructions to General Pollock (July 23) were to exert his force vigorously, "giving every proof of British power which is not inconsistent with the usages of war and the dictates of British humanity; but you will never forget that, after so exhibiting that power, you are, without allowing yourself to be diverted therefrom by any object, to obey the positive orders of your Government to withdraw your army from Affghanistan. It will be your highest praise," his lordship adds, "after having re-established the opinion of the invincibility of the British arms upon the scene of their late misfortunes, to restore its armies to India in a perfectly efficient state, at a period when, I assure you, their presence in India is most desirable." He gives the general directions, in case of the capture or surrender of Mahomed Akhbar Khan. "To the possession of that chief's person I attach very great importance. You are already authorized to give an assurance that his life shall be spared; but you will not make any other condition, nor make that lightly. I earnestly desire that that chief, the avowed murderer of Sir William Macnaghten, and the betrayer of a British army, should come into our power without any condition whatsoever." Subsequently (August 3rd), the Governor-General instructs General Pollock, in the event of the sidar coming into his hands without any previous conditions for preserving his life, to place him upon his trial, and, if he should be convicted, to deal with him as he would with any person who might be convicted, under similar circumstances, of the crime of murder, having regard to the jeopardy of the prisoners. "I have adopted this step upon full consideration and with a thorough conviction of its expediency," his lordship observes, in his despatch to the Secret Committee.

General Nott availed himself (July 26) of the option allowed him by the Governor-General, and decided upon a march to Cabul, "having looked at the difficulties in every point of view, and reflected on the advantages which would attend a successful accomplishment of such a move, and the

moral influence it would have throughout Asia. There shall be no unnecessary risk," he says; "and, if expedient, I will mask Ghuznee, and even Cabool; but, if an opportunity should offer, I will endeavor to strike a decisive blow for the honor of our arms. I am most anxious," he adds, "notwithstanding the conduct of the Affghan chiefs, that our army should leave a deep impression on the people of this country, of our character for forbearance and humanity."

The two forces consequently advanced from their respective positions, and met in September at Cabul.

The situation of the prisoners had been a subject of the Governor-General's "anxious consideration." So early as April 25, Mr. Secretary Maddock wrote to General Pollock upon this subject. He observed that the only safe and honorable course for a government to pursue, in such circumstances, was to effect the release by a general exchange, their ransom being a practice unknown to civilized nations; and if the Affghans had no general government, there should be no reservation of any prisoners in our hands; but as they were held by individual chiefs for their personal benefit, the general is authorized to make such partial arrangement as he might deem most advisable. Accordingly, as before stated, the general offered two lacs of rupees for their liberation. When all negotiation on his part failed, and the army advanced upon Cabul, the Governor-General directed him (September 13) to "cause it to be intimated to Mahomed Akhbar Khan, that, in the event of any further delay taking place in their delivery, upon the proposed condition of the release of all the Affghan prisoners in our hands, it is his lordship's intention to remove Mahomed Akhbar Khan's family from Loodiana; and that it is under his lordship's consideration, whether Mahomed Akhbar Khan's wife and children should not be immediately sent to Calcutta, and eventually to England."

These documents clear up much of the apparent inconsistency and vacillation which were imputed to the proceedings of the Government authorities in relation to this measure by writers in India, and which evidently arose from the caution most properly observed by the Governor-General in guarding his intentions as much as possible from being divulged, and from their occasional disclosure by breaches of confidence in those who were intrusted with the secret. Much mischief seems to have been occasioned by this paltry treachery. Gen-

eral Pollock tells Sir Jasper Nicolls, the Commander-in-Chief, that some person in his (Sir Jasper's) suite had communicated a secret of importance to an individual in the general's camp. General Nott writes (May 17) to Mr. Maddock: "I will not conceal from you that I have, and still may experience much inconvenience, in consequence of the measures directed in your communications being made public; the subject of your letter of the 15th March was speedily known, even to the Affghan chiefs, although I have not, up to this moment, made known its contents to my old and confidential staff; and your communications, now under reply, may possibly become equally public, and still more seriously injurious." The Governor-General, in consequence of these intimations, thought it necessary "to impress upon every officer employed in the military or political service of the Government the necessity of preserving absolute secrecy in all matters of a military nature which may come officially to his knowledge." For this caution, conveyed in the most inoffensive terms, his lordship (if we remember rightly) received the severe reprehension of a portion of the Indian press.

We cannot take leave of these papers without remarking upon another instance of that culpable practice of mutilating and falsifying official despatches which seems now to have grown into a system in the public offices. We pointed out on a former occasion\* the improper liberties taken with one of Sir Robert Sale's despatches, in which important passages had been omitted in the copies published at home. In the collection before us, we find proof of, perhaps, a more censurable example of similar mutilation in India. The published extract from General Pollock's despatch of October 13th† concluded thus:

Previous to my departure from Cabool, I destroyed with gunpowder the grand bazaar of that city, called the Chahar Chuttah, built in the reign of Arungzebe, by the celebrated Ali Murdan Khan, and which may be considered to have been the most frequented part of Cabool, and known as the grand emporium of this part of Central Asia. The remains of the late Envoy and Minister had been exposed to public insult in this bazaar, and my motive in effecting its destruction has been to impress upon the Affghans, that their atrocious conduct towards a British functionary has not been suffered to pass with impunity.

In the extract amongst the papers before us, the following passage immediately follows:

\* Vol. xxxvii. p. 193, As. Intell. † As. Intell. p. 31.



A mosque, also, at one end of the bazaar, and another near the cantonment, filled with venedians, otherwise ornamented with European materials, and designated as the Feringhee Mosque, to commemorate the events of last year, have likewise been destroyed.

This attempt to conceal the fact of the destruction of the mosques is the severest censure that could be pronounced upon the act.

### THE ADVENT BELLS.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

I sat alone, and out upon the night  
Gazed from a window, where the light hoar-frost  
Had crisped the glade, and to the moving moon  
Wove a bright web of smiles; and high, but far,  
A long procession of majestic trees  
Preserved the shadow of their dignity,  
Though skeletons, and scarcely deigned to move  
Before the uncourteous breeze.

Within, my fire  
Had died to embers, and the taper's light  
Upstart drowsily from time to time,  
And thoughts skimmed silently about my brain,  
Alive, but dim. I deemed all men asleep,  
Fast as the fawns beneath the tangled oak,  
And felt a pleasure to be watching there  
With heaven upon the slumber of the world.  
Unmindful man! I cried,—'tis well for thee  
That there are sentinels who stand before  
The everlasting doors, and, spirit-eyed,  
Flash through the darkness into Nature's breast  
The glance of safety! Were it thou alone  
Had charge of her, before to-morrow's dawn  
The moon might turn to blood, and the set sun  
Swerve from th' ecliptic, and the host of heaven  
Burst from their bonds, like chargers from the rein,  
Abroad into immensity! But now  
Behold night's hosts revealed! Across the lawn  
(Mistaken oft for fairies) trip light troops  
Of guardian spirits; and on every star  
Sits a bright charioteer, and steers his orb  
With tranquil speed, flashing a thousand beams  
From the blue causeway of the firmament,  
Which glance to earth, and there lie quivering, o'er  
The frozen plains one instant, ere they die.  
Alas for man! Where all is quick with life,  
Must he obey his destiny—and sleep?

Just then upon a gust there swept a strain,  
So faintly heard, 'twas scarcely more than thought,  
Yet full of sweetness—and then died away,  
Then rose, and took a tone more definite—  
The peal of bells. Yet I could scarce believe,  
In that secluded place, and silent hour,  
Hard upon midnight, there was thought of things  
So much in tune with poetry and heaven.  
Beyond the lawn, and grove, and many a roof,  
The parish church lay far. 'Twas from her tower  
The sound leaped forth—and I was fain to muse  
What it might mean—when like a flash it sprung  
Up to my memory, that the coming stroke  
Of midnight ushered in the ADVENT MORN.  
I closed my shutter, and, ere yet the peal  
Had sobered to the solemn stroke of twelve,  
Low on my knees, and not without some tears,  
Had owned the selfish arrogance of heart,  
Which could not stand within God's temple-dome,  
But I must bar the door upon mankind.

### SERVIA.

A serious difference has arisen, not only between Russia and Turkey, but also between Russia and Austria, respecting the principality of Servia. If a look be cast at the frontier lines and geographical forms of these countries, nothing can appear so preposterous as the claim of Russia to dominate in Servia. The mountains forming the stupendous natural bulwark of Transylvania stretch north of the Danube to no very considerable distance from its mouth, leaving a narrow neck of passage between them and the Black Sea, through which, indeed, Russian armies may descend to the conquest of Turkey; but such a march on their part must always be with the permission of the military Power in possession of the natural fortress of Transylvania. Defiant of this, Russian powers and pretensions flow through this pass around this bulwark, and extend up the Danube to Servia, a country which Austria holds, as it were, in its hand, which is at its doors, and with which it might, by the slightest effort, prevent any other Power from interfering. A foreign Power might as well dispute the domination of the Isle of Wight with England, as Russia dispute Servia with Austria.

Then, the capital of Servia, Belgrade, has belonged to Austria. She lost it about a century back by the imbecility of her diplomatists, more than by the weakness of her arms. Yet Russia has substituted herself even here as protectress of the Christian population, in lieu of Austria. For the latter country to suffer this implies that she has sunk to the condition of a second-rate Power. Unfortunately she had when Servia liberated itself from Turkey. Austria was then in the fangs of Napoleon. The Servians in vain sent deputations to Vienna. From St. Petersburg alone did they receive aid and encouragement. The Russian Court afterwards insured their semi-independence by treaty.

But Austria, restored to her independence and to her old territorial preponderance in 1815, ought naturally to have recovered, at the same time, her influence over Servia. But Russia has been a warring, an active, and a conquering Power since that time. Her triumphant march across the Balkan has kept up and augmented her supremacy. And Austria has been thrown back to the nullity to which Napoleon reduced her.

Russia insists on preserving unimpaired her protectorate of Servia. This is the whole secret of her present diplomatic menaces and efforts; for if Turkey and other Powers can establish the precedent of effecting a revolution in any of the principalities by popular insurrection alone, and that then this is to be accepted as a *fait accompli* from the impossibility of Russia or other Powers marching an army into these principalities, then their independence is virtually established, or the path to it so plainly marked out as to be much the same thing.

If affairs on the Danube were likely to remain *in statu quo*, it would not be of much consequence; but it is an undeniable fact that the Christians of North Turkey have acquired knowledge and spirit and hope and a degree of union,

and that at no distant time they will endeavor to throw off the Turkish yoke. The Turks are self-banished by their own treaties from the three principalities still tributary to them. The three fortresses they hold in Servia would not resist even a popular attack for a week. In Bosina the Turks still reign as feudal chiefs, but the late *firman*, lightening the burdens on the Christian serfs, shows that there too the Turkish lords are menaced with the same ejection as that which ousted them from Servia. Bulgaria itself is far from tranquil. Prince Michel of Servia had an understanding with its clergy and with the principal Christians, which was the cause of the Porte's having conspired to overthrow him. But Prince Georgewitsch cannot be passive or anti-Christian; if he does, he falls. The consequence is, that very probable dismemberment from Turkey of all the provinces north of the Balkan at no distant day. Who is to inherit them? The object of Russia is no doubt to pay Austria with Bosina and Servia as the price of her liberty, the absorption of the other provinces, with Bulgaria, by Russia. The western Powers, on the other hand, must, despite of themselves, aim at establishing an independent Slavonian confederacy on the Danube. Austria wavers; its hold of Hungary is lessening every day; and if the Czar were to employ his rubles and his agents in fanning the flame of Magyarism, he would give the Court of Vienna enough to do at home to prevent her interfering with Russia on the Lower Danube.

Austria, for these and many reasons, was temporising; it had besought Russia to interfere, when of a sudden the young Sultan, it is not known by whose counsel, commits an act which changes the entire nature of the case: Abdel Medjid sits down and writes a letter to the Czar, declaring that he was Sovereign of Servia, has a right to interfere with it, at least so far as not to allow its throne to be occupied by a Prince who plots against him, and that he is determined to maintain the election of Prince Alexander, nor make the least change or excuse therein. M. Boutenief, the Russian Envoy, refuses to send so imperative a letter to his Sovereign. The Turk replies, he may send it or not: he has had his answer. And here the matter rests. It is gratifying to see Abdel Medjid show the spirit of his father Mahmood. But the spirit is dangerous without, at least, the means of military success.—*Examiner*.

## SONNET.

HERE let me sit, beneath this shady beach,  
Screen'd from the fervour of the noonday beam,  
And gaze with fondness on those lips, whose speech,  
In converse eloquent, like swelling stream,  
Pure from its source, pours forth its silver rill,  
And chains the charm'd ear with magic art:  
What bliss to know that heaving bosom still  
Is the lov'd cradle of this throbbing heart,  
Where all my wishes, all my thoughts, my rest,  
In weal, in woe!—foretaste of heaven on earth!  
What is the world to me, thus truly blest,  
Who, in my home, beside my lowly hearth,  
Find in the magic of a smile repose,  
More than its pomp, its honors, wealth bestows!

A. T. Q.

## CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

LORD CAMPBELL, in the English House of Lords, Friday, March 31, brought forward the resolutions of which he had given notice, and entered at some length into the causes that had produced the existing controversy in Scotland. He was strongly attached to the church of Scotland; he was reared at the feet of one of its ministers; but nevertheless he hoped that the majority of the members of that establishment would not persevere in their present course. If they did, they might depend upon it that it would end in a separation of church and state. He considered that such a step would be highly detrimental to the best interests of the church of Scotland generally; and so far as his exertions could go, he would endeavor to prevent such an unfortunate result. The noble lord concluded by moving his resolutions, which were to the effect—That in the opinion of the house, the church of Scotland as by law established should be inviolably maintained; that it had produced the best effect upon the moral and religious character of the people of that country; that with a view to heal the unhappy divisions at present existing, the demands of the church, as contained in the papers laid before the house, should be conceded so far as they may be consistently with the welfare of the church, and the existence of subordination and good government; and when any measure for correcting the alleged abuses of patronage, and insuring the appointment and admission of ministers properly qualified, shall be constitutionally brought before the house, they will favorably entertain the same; that the demand of the church of Scotland, that patronage shall be abolished as a grievance, is unreasonable and unfounded; and that the demand to give to the church courts absolute authority in every case to define their own jurisdiction, without any power in the civil courts to interfere, is inconsistent with the permanent welfare of the church of Scotland, and ought not to be conceded.—The Earl of ABERDEEN opposed the resolutions, because he believed their adoption would aggravate the evils and difficulties with which parliament had to grapple in dealing with the subject. He believed there were few members of that house who were not prepared to resist the preposterous pretensions put forward by the church. He believed that church had done as much good with the least expense of any establishment of the kind in the world. With regard to the question of patronage, he admitted that it had been a long time exercised without any complaint or remonstrance, but for his part, he would prefer the abolition of patronage to the existence of the veto. When in Scotland he had heard the cry of "No corn laws," "No sliding scale," but he had heard no cry in favor of non-intrusion.—Lord BROUGHAM thought those parties who had set at defiance the supreme courts of judicature in Scotland, and subsequently the decision of their lordships' house, were deserving of the strongest reprehension. He thought their first duty should be to purge themselves of the offence they had committed, and then the house ought to take the subject into its consideration; but until that was done, he would recommend



no concession whatever.—The Earl of HADDINGTON opposed the resolutions, as did also Lord COTTENHAM; and after a few words from Lord CAMPBELL in reply, the resolutions were rejected without a division, and their lordships adjourned.

*Examiner.*

At a meeting of the friends of those professing attachment to the principles of Non-intrusion in the Church of Scotland, held in the Waterloo Rooms, Edinburgh, Dr. Chalmers expressed delight at the preparations which were making for the disruption all over the country. He was delighted to say there had been received in direct contributions to the central fund the sum of £40,000, and in this he kept out of view what he thought was the great sheet anchor of the free Presbyterian church—the associations which had begun to be formed in various parts of the country. If they went on as at present they would raise £150,000—a sum that would not only support the ejected ministers, but would extend the free Presbyterian church, and cause it to shoot ahead of all personal delicacies about the subsistence of ministers. He did not doubt that in a few years they would cover Scotland with churches and schools commensurate with its necessities.

*Ibid.*

The Non-intrusionists go forward with their preparatives for a new secession. The Special Commission met on Tuesday last week; when the Deputation to London presented their report. The Special Commission recorded a minute, approving of the report and the conduct of the Commission, and reasserting the reasonable nature of the Church's claims. The Church had always recognized the right of the State to fix the conditions of their connexion; she believed, however, that non-intrusion was a fundamental principle; and she had simply asked for an act of Parliament carrying out that principle and protecting her from the interference of the Civil Courts, except as to civil effects. The claim of the church had now been conclusively rejected by the State—

"In these circumstances, the Special Commission deem it incumbent upon them to announce to the Church and country, as they now do with the utmost pain and sorrow, that the decisive rejection of the Church's claims by the Government and by Parliament appears to them conclusive of the present struggle, and that, in the judgment of the Commission, nothing remains but to make immediate preparation for the new state of things, which the Church must, as far as they can see, contemplate as inevitable.

"It is true that the Special Commission have no power to bring the momentous question to a final close, but must report their proceedings to the General Assembly. They feel it, however, to be their duty, in so unprecedented a crisis, and considering the urgent necessity of preparing for the event which must be anticipated as then likely to occur, to give forth now their deliberate judgment in regard to it, and to warn the Church and people of Scotland, that, so far as the Commission can see, no course will be left for the Assembly, or for those who hold

sacred the principles now at issue, to adopt, but to relinquish the benefits of the Establishment."

A public meeting was held next day in the Waterloo Rooms; at which Mr. Fox Maule, M. P., Mr. Campbell, M. P., Mr. Sheriff Monteath, Dr. Gordon, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Candish, Dr. Cunningham, and other leaders of the party, were present. Mr. Maule was chosen to preside. In an energetic speech, he observed, that they had the final answer of Government on two points: Sir Robert Peel declared that he would not consent to the Church's claim, because if admitted on the North side of the Tweed it would spring up on the South; and Sir James Graham said, that he would not give that, without which the House of Commons could not change the law, the consent of the Crown. The time for advocacy had passed, and Mr. Maule came there to associate himself with them in the great cause of national liberty both civil and religious. The Rev. Dr. Candish, who spoke at some length, declared that nothing was left for them but earnest, vigorous, and systematic preparations for the institution of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland: whether with or without the Queen's Commission, they would have a free Assembly in May.

"God grant, that immediately thereafter we may be able to show what the free Gospel is which a free Assembly are prepared to give forth. We shall, indeed, cultivate in our own districts; we shall have stated congregations, with stated elders and ministers; but we shall have our tours of preaching too—our visits to all corners of the land; and I believe that yet, by God's blessing on our free and faithful preachings, in the highways and hedges, in barns and stables, in saw-pits and tents, we shall yet regenerate Scotland, and have multitudes of those who are now perishing for lack of knowledge to listen to the glad tidings of salvation. Oh! this will be a blessed reward for all our agitation."

The meeting was also addressed by Mr. Campbell of Monzie, Dr. Gordon, and Dr. Chalmers. They assembled again in the evening, the Lord Provost in the chair, and heard more speeches. Thanks were voted to Mr. Fox Maule and their supporters in the House of Commons.

The Reverend James McFarlane, minister of Muiravonside, has withdrawn from the Convocation, because they refused to accept a settlement on the principle of the *liberum arbitrium*.

BURIED VILLAGE.—The continental papers furnish several heads of information interesting to archæologists. The *Armorica* gives the particulars of a remarkable discovery resulting from the recent gales. A complete mountain of sand has been displaced on the coast at Crozon, and the casualty has exposed to view the remains of a village, with its church and surrounding cemetery. The oldest inhabitant of the country retains no tradition which can have reference to this sea-Herculæum.—*Ibid*

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOCRATES.

From the British and Foreign Review.

1. *The Memorabilia of Xenophon*, translated by several hands.
2. *The Comedies of Aristophanes*. By T. MITCHELL, A. M.

THE school of Socrates and the teaching of Christ,—morals and religion,—great and venerable names, we desire to do justice to each! We detest the Frenchman's anti-christian sneer, and answer it by pointing to the deeds of Clarkson and Wilberforce, a practical answer which cannot be gainsayed. English philosophers and statesmen, it appears, may question, or, to speak more correctly, deny the moral claims of Socrates, and no one answers. It is, at least, bold and daring. They put their own character for knowledge and fairness on its trial. We desire that truth may prevail. If the name of Socrates has been lauded more than it deserves, let the wreath be taken from his honored brow—*detur digniori*, to Bacon or to Bentham. But if hasty and irreverent hands have been laid on a sacred head,—sacred for piety, morality and public principle,—sacred to philosophy, and not disowned by science,—then let those irreverent hands be as openly withdrawn as they have been put forth. Let his modern accusers express regret for having spoken lightly and slightly of his philosophy. The great names of Bacon and Bentham would be tarnished, their philosophy, if not their science, would be called in question, could it be supposed that they would not recommend restitution and penitence for wrong done.

We need not be told that to express doubt or disbelief of the moral claims of a heathen, be he philosopher or statesman, is popular with a large and influential party. Such mystifications, we suppose they must be called, are thought to establish the doctrines of original sin and human corruption more firmly. Alas! these doctrines need no such false support. They may more safely be rested on the fact that the many require and the few yield such poor compliances, than on doubting or denying the moral claims of Socrates.

But, it will be urged, our learned universities, the supposed guardians of the mighty dead of Greece and Rome, silently permit these assertions to be made;—nay, that their more celebrated scholars, when they write about Socrates, give their countenance to the learned men of foreign countries who have raised doubts about his

character and philosophy; and that all this is in agreement with the fact that that philosophy is very insufficiently studied in our universities.

A scholar of whom England may be proud has urged the claims\* of that portion of ancient history which includes the period of Socrates upon the especial attention of our own times, on the ground that the history of Thucydides exhibits a great example of the very evils, political and moral (we add religious also), which are threatening ourselves. We would ask scholars and historians whether the philosophy of those times does not come home to our business and bosoms quite as closely as its history. If Thucydides exhibits the very diagnosis of our own case, Socrates no less certainly indicates what, *mutatis mutandis*, should be its treatment. If the one shows our danger, the other points out our means of escape. And though we may regret that the reviewer of Bacon and the editor of Bentham have spoken of Socrates in a manner so slighting, as to indispose their readers from any serious inquiry into his philosophy, and consequently into the remedies he recommends, yet if we succeed in proving that they have spoken lightly and inconsiderately, rhetorically and *ad captandum vulgus*, we will hope that their names may do more towards giving interest to the question, than their opinions obstruct its fair consideration.

The reviewer of Bacon contrasts a foolish dictum of Seneca, "*Non est, inquam, instrumentorum ad usus necessarios opifex, philosophia†*," with what he sets forth as the very motto of Bacon's philosophy, "*dignitatem ingenii et nominis mei, si quæ sit, sæpius sciens et volens projicio, dum commodis humanis inserviam‡*," and then arrives at his conclusion, rather more rhetorically, we think, than logically, (for he takes no notice of the peculiar wants of the different periods, and the consequently different objects of philosophy in each,) in the following words: "The spirit which appears in the passage of Seneca to which we have referred, tainted the whole body of the ancient philosophy, from the time of Socrates downwards; and took possession of intellects with which that of Seneca cannot, for a moment, be compared. It pervades the Dialogues of Plato. It may

\* See Notes in the first vol. of Dr. Arnold's Thucydides.

† "Philosophy is no inventor of machines for everyday wants."

‡ "I willingly sacrifice the dignity of my genius and reputation, if I have any, whenever I can promote men's comforts."



be distinctly traced in many parts of the works of Aristotle. Bacon has dropped hints from which it may be inferred, that in his opinion the prevalence of this feeling was in a great measure to be attributed to the influence of Socrates. Our great countryman evidently did not consider the revolution which Socrates effected in philosophy as a happy event; and he constantly maintained that the earlier Greek speculators, Democritus in particular, were, on the whole, superior to their more celebrated successors.—Assuredly,” continues the reviewer of Bacon, “if the tree which Socrates planted, and Plato watered, is to be judged by its flowers and leaves, it is the noblest of trees. But if we take the homely test of Bacon,—if we judge of the tree by its *fruits*, our opinion of it may perhaps be less favorable. We are forced to say with Bacon, that this celebrated philosophy ended in nothing but disputation\*.” If this be so, it was indeed a most impotent conclusion to a swelling prologue. But we shall see.

Having passed this sweeping condemnation on the philosophy of Greece, and especially on the philosophy of Socrates, the reviewer of Bacon proceeds to compare Bacon's views on some important questions with those of Plato, in order to establish the above bold assertion. We object *in limine* to the selection. We would not have the philosophy of Socrates estimated by the theories of Plato. In a fairer spirit, when speaking of “Aristotle and his philosophy,” the reviewer of Bacon says, “Many of the great reformers treated the peripatetic philosophy with contempt, and spoke of Aristotle as if Aristotle had been answerable for the dogmas of Thomas Aquinas†.” Let this fair remark be carried out in the case of Socrates, and let him not be made answerable for the dogmas of Plato, unless these can be brought home to him on less questionable evidence. For were we to make him answer for all that Plato puts into his mouth, we should make him the propounder of some things so abominable, and of others so ridiculous, as to be obviously at variance, not only with his sound principles and good sense, but with his declared opinions. It would be just as fair to take our estimate of his philosophy from the audacious buffoonery of Aristophanes as from the wilder theories of Plato, though Plato puts these, as he puts all his theories, into the mouth of Socrates.

\* Edinburgh Review, No. 132, p. 67.

† Page 72.]

In estimating his character and philosophy we must check each of his biographers by the other. Xenophon had a simple and deep reverence for his master in virtue, and records facts and opinions with scrupulous fidelity. Plato had great admiration for his master in philosophy, yet makes him the medium of propounding his own theories. Though we might expect him to communicate thoughts and theories to the discursive and enthusiastic Plato which he might never think of propounding to the less speculative and imaginative Xenophon, still there are theories put by Plato into the mouth of Socrates, which do not harmonize with his prudence and temperance, not to say purity of character and elevation of principle, and which, therefore, require us to examine them by all the evidence we can derive from Xenophon and Aristotle, and to compare them with other parts of his philosophy as set forth by Plato, and so to decide whether they do not flow from something idiosyncrasic in the character, objects and connections of Plato, rather than from the head or heart of his master.

Thus the theory of a community of women is utterly unlike the prudence, temperance, purity and good sense of Socrates. Some of its details are so absurd, as to be as irreconcilable with good sense and keen humor, as with some of his declared opinions on such subjects. When, on the other hand, we remember the constitution, manners and morals of Plato's Sicilian, not to say his Grecian patrons, and the temptation these must have held out to Plato to provide them with inducements to give his politics a hearing and a trial; and when we add to all this the hints he had picked up from his priestly friends in Egypt as to the conveniences to be afforded to a standing army\* by a people amongst whom it was to live at free quarters; and when we farther bear in mind that Socrates is the organ through which Plato (a speculatist in religion, in morals, and in politics,) propounds all his theories, we think there will remain little difficulty in the *suum cuique tribuito* of the instance in question. The modicum, or rather modiculum of doubt which may still remain, whether the celebrated theory

\* The Reverend author of the “Subaltern” suggests as a cure for what he states respecting the wide-spread profligacy of Prussia, the establishment of a national church. We will take leave to ask, whether the suppression of a standing army might not be as wise a measure. Any system of celibataires, whether monastic or militant, tends to the injury of sound principle, and the introduction of bad practices.

of a community of women belongs altogether to Plato, (at least does not belong at all to Socrates,) will be entirely removed when we come to consider the known opinions of Socrates on such subjects. Indeed, we have only started this question in order to draw attention to the manifest unfairness of estimating his philosophy by the theories of Plato.

Again, in reference to the manner of Socrates, both in teaching and conversing, and, generally, in social intercourse, we must remember that if Plato was a veritable Ionian, easy, flowing, graceful, sensitive, imaginative and full of discourse,—Xenophon, on the other hand, was, not indeed a veritable Dorian, but certainly much more than an affecter, even in the best sense of the expression, of the simplicity and brevity, of the practicalness and common sense, of the Doric character. But if the calmness of Xenophon's nature, the simplicity of his tastes, the coldness of his imagination, and the watchfulness of his prudence, (especially when viewing with reverence his master in virtue, gone to his tomb, and become an object almost of heroic worship,) may have caused him to fall short of the joyous *abandon* and free *excursus* of a bolder mind and a warmer heart than his own, (and we believe there never was a bolder mind nor a warmer heart, united to a sounder prudence and a keener sagacity, and a more entire absence of all sentiment and affectation, than that of Socrates,) yet even these very defects fitted him to be a check upon the copiousness, imaginativeness and freedom, not to say license, of Plato; especially when it is farther remembered that Plato's report of Socrates is evidently, from beginning to end, not only a beau ideal, but Plato's beau ideal, if not of the philosophic character, at least of the character, manners and principles of Socrates. We therefore again repeat, that in estimating his character and philosophy, and even his manner of teaching, we must check each of his biographers by the other; and that, for the reasons we have assigned, Xenophon himself a disciple, and not the founder of a school, must be considered the higher authority whenever their witnesses disagree, unless there be some especial reason for making an exception to this rule; lastly, when their evidence agrees, the genius of Plato may be admitted to give spirit and effect to what Xenophon more coldly, even when more correctly, represents.

The *Memorabilia* of Xenophon is a possession for all time; for the noble simpli-

city of the style is worthy of the purity and soundness of the principles. Indeed, who can mark without admiration the strong sense, the good feeling, the high principles and, the right practices of this book? It bears the same ratio to the *Dialogues* of Plato, that the practical teaching of the Gospels does to the doctrinal teaching of the Epistles. He who runs may read. It was a great service which Socrates rendered his countrymen. He cleared the foundations of religion and morals from whatever was obscuring and undermining them. He exhibited these foundations in all their strength, and showed that principles and conduct may be safely rested upon them. The very characteristic of Socrates' philosophy is the grand simplicity of a Doric temple. He states the great principles of religion and morals, and politics, so clearly and convincingly, that every one must understand, and no one can deny. The sincerity of the manner is equal to the truth of the matter. And to all this must be added a genial warmth of feeling, whether it be shown in deep reverence for God, or in hearty love to man, which it is impossible to resist; for whilst Socrates states truth so convincingly as to compel assent, he urges it so kindly as to win conviction.

It is obvious that the first two chapters of the *Memorabilia* contain Xenophon's "Apology for Socrates," and that the Apologia commonly attributed to Xenophon, should be rejected as superfluous, even if it were less manifestly an awkward compilation from the pages of the *Memorabilia*. We may compare the Apology which Xenophon writes in defence of his master's fame after his death, with the Apology which Plato makes him *speak* at his trial; the plain earnestness of Xenophon's manner when writing in his master's defence with the playful irony (in Socrates perfectly and admirably and wonderfully compatible with the clearest manifestation of an earnest sincerity of purpose) which Plato makes Socrates use when compelled to speak in his own defence. Each composition has the reality which befits it. But for the pseudo-Apology attributed to Xenophon, even if Socrates could have stolen it from pages not then written, (for it is obvious which is the original,) he could not have had the assurance to praise himself so flatly, not even if he had complicated the blunder, by attributing these platitudes to the oracle of Apollo.

Observe the simple earnestness of the opening sentence of the *Memorabilia*. "I



have often wondered by what arguments the accusers of Socrates could persuade the Athenians that he had behaved in such a manner as to deserve death; for the accusation preferred against him was to this effect:—Socrates is criminal, inasmuch as he acknowledgeth not the Gods whom the republic holds sacred, but introduceth other and new deities: he is likewise criminal, because he corrupteth the youth."

Such a charge, grave at all times, was a capital accusation then. Led into the Peloponnesian war by the deep designs of the philosophical and innovating Pericles; hurried into the disastrous war with Sicily by the vast ambition of the irreligious and profligate Alcibiades; drawn forward by the train of events this new policy had set in motion to the fatal defeat of *Ægos Potami*, and the consequent ruin of the constitution under Critias and the Thirty Tyrants, no wonder that the people of Athens, when they had freed themselves from that tyrannic oligarchy, felt sick of the innovating policy which had caused such a series of disasters, and longed to return from the philosophy of Pericles, the impiety of Alcibiades, and the injustice of Critias, into the old paths of religion and morality. Under such circumstances the accusation we have recorded was brought against Socrates. Was he, or had he been, in fault? Could the progress of innovation, impiety, and profligacy, be fairly charged upon him? It is impossible to answer this question without glancing at the state of religion in Greece.

On what did the popular religion of Greece rest? On the noble images of Homer, supported by solemn mysteries. We must remember (however difficult it may be for us to realize the fact to our minds) that Homer was the Old Testament of Greece; and that the belief and rites set forth in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were in fact the faith and worship, under two modes of acceptance, of Greece and of her colonies. Indeed whoever will read Homer in a simple and earnest spirit (and if he do *not* read in that spirit, his admiration will be affected, and only his weariness will be real,) will find no difficulty in clearly distinguishing the popular belief from the secret wisdom contained, for example, in the first book of the *Iliad*. He will feel that in the godlike forms of Jupiter and Apollo, Juno and Minerva, was found all that the idolatrous worship of a simple age required; whilst Agamemnon, and Nestor, and Achilles were adequate models for human imitation of an excellence considered half divine.

He will perceive that knowledge short of initiation would suggest vague ideas of the secret meaning of this hieroglyphic writing; exhibiting Jupiter the supreme god of air, the lord of life and intellect, united to Juno, the principle of matter, the recipient of forms, in no very harmonious or dignified bonds, the perfect with the imperfect. Respecting secondary causes and ministering spirits, why the goddess of wisdom should be the daughter of intellect, why the god of war should be the son of matter, or why the god of fire and its arts should be the imperfect offspring of both parents, will be perceived to be myths of no very difficult solution. Nor would it require any very deep knowledge of the application of metaphorical language to physics and metaphysics, to understand the rationale of uniting in the character of Apollo physical light with intellectual illumination; or to explain why the god of light and heat should, in calling forth droughts and pestilence, be set forth as more favorable to the native than to the crusading foreigner. Here, then, was a system of idolatrous worship and mysterious wisdom, sufficient for the childhood of civilization; for it is not difficult to conceive that the idolater might prostrate his body before the form, and the mystic might bow his intellect before the meaning, and both might unite in a worship of rites and ceremonies, in which the statesman, poet, priest, and diviner, would each find his fitting place, and would exercise an influence more or less in accordance with the designs of the legislator.

But it was impossible that the end of these things should not come. To such a system, half truth and half falsehood, half piety and half superstition, half expedient and half mischievous, half belief and half scepticism, the poet himself was a dangerous ally; and we pass rapidly from the pious reverence of Homer to the free strictures of Pindar, from the bold censures of *Æschylus* to the serious indignation of *Euripides*, from the audacious ridicule of *Aristophanes* (with the open impiety of *Alcibiades* as a practical commentary) to the philosophic contempt of *Lucian* and of the world. What a different picture of belief and worship, of faith and practice, do Homer and *Aristophanes* exhibit! For we may be assured that the religious farces of *Aristophanes* were as destructive of all serious religious impression in their day, as if our own theatres should present our ancient mysteries in the guise of wild and ludicrous pantomimes. Let any one turn from the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* to

the Frogs of Aristophanes, or pass onward from the Jove of Homer, sitting in lonely majesty and shaking Olympus with his nod, to the Jupiter of Aristophanes, as approached, not by the glancing Iris, or the winged Mercury, but by Trygæus mounted upon a beetle; or let him contemplate the gods of Olympus cheated out of the fumes of their sacrifices by the Birds, and he will see that such bold farces\* prepared the way for the contemptuous wit of Lucian, by turning the gods of Homer into the Punch and Judy of a classical show-box. And yet Mr. Mitchell and his German authorities would have us receive Aristophanes as a genuine Puseyite of the olden time, earnestly bent, good man, on restoring the primitive belief, and pure worship and strict discipline of Homer. But more of this anon.

Under these circumstances of daily increasing scepticism, irreligion and impiety, what was the conduct of Socrates? Listen to the indignant answer Xenophon makes to the accusation he records; and say if there is not sincerity and truth in every word of it.

"Now as to the first of these accusations,—that he acknowledged not the gods whom the republic held sacred,—what proof could they bring of this, since it was manifest that he often sacrificed, both at home and on the common altars? Neither was it in secret that he made use of divination; it being a thing well known among the people, that Socrates should declare that his *genius* gave him frequent intimations of the future; whence, principally, as it seems to me, his accusers imputed to him the crime of introducing new deities. But surely herein Socrates introduced nothing newer or more strange than any other, who, placing confidence in divination, made use of auguries, and omens, and symbols, and sacrifices. For these men suppose not that the birds, or persons they meet unexpectedly, know what is good for them; but that the gods, by their means, give certain intimations of the future to those who apply themselves to divination. And the same also was his opinion, only with this difference, that whilst the greatest part say they are persuaded or dissuaded by the flights of birds, or some accidental occurrence, Socrates, on the contrary, so asserted concerning these matters, as he knew them from an internal consciousness; declaring it was his *genius* from whom he received his information. And, in consequence of these significations, (communicated, as he said, by his *genius*,) Socrates

\* Even Mr. Mitchell allows that "the character of the heathen divinities is generally treated with sufficient freedom by Aristophanes" (p. 121); and in another passage speaks of Aristophanes as holding "all the superstitious ceremonies of the heathen religion in contempt" (p. 64); yet in the whole tone of his criticisms he praises this Aristophanes for "imputing atheistical opinions in common to Socrates and Diagoras" (p. 93). *Dat veniam corvis—vexat censura columbas.*

would frequently forewarn his friends what might be well for them to do, and what to forbear; and such as were guided by his advice, found their advantage in so doing, while those who neglected it had no small cause for repentance."—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 1.

Respecting that part of the above answer which speaks of Socrates sacrificing on the public altars, it is plain that he employed the rites of his country, in public and in private, as an outward expression of his own deep and rational piety, which, as it could "see God in storms and hear him in the wind," with the barbarian, and could worship Him in the classic rites and ceremonies of the Greek, so he recognized the Divine Voice most distinctly in the clear inferences of a sound reason, and in the warning accents of a healthful conscience. And so great was the prudence he derived from that sound reason, and so right was the conduct he practiced at the suggestion of that healthful conscience, that "such as were guided by his advice found their advantage in so doing;" or, in other words, they found that what is reasonable and conscientious, what is true and sincere, is ever, in the long run, expedient also.

In complying with the rites of his country, Socrates avoided her superstitions. The rite of sacrifice, so simple and natural that it harmonises with all and any religious truth, required to be guarded against a great abuse, and against this he warned his countrymen.

"When he sacrificed, he feared not his offering would fail of acceptance in that he was poor; but giving according to his ability, he doubted not, but, in the sight of the gods, he equalled those men whose gifts and sacrifices overspread the whole altar. For Socrates always reckoned upon it as a most indubitable truth, that the service paid the Deity by the pure and pious soul was the most grateful service.

"When he prayed his petition was only this,—that the gods would give to him those things that were good. And this he did, forasmuch as they alone knew what was good for man. But he who should ask for gold or silver, or increase of dominion, acted not, in his opinion, more wisely than one who should pray for the opportunity to fight, or game, or any thing of the like nature; the consequence whereof being altogether doubtful, might turn, for aught he knew, not a little to his disadvantage."—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 3.

It was more difficult for the philosopher either innocently to comply with, or safely to oppose that part of the popular religion which related to oracles and omens. Socrates appears to have done what was possible, and what therefore was best, towards ultimately correcting this great evil.

"He likewise asserted, that the science of divination was necessary for all such as would



govern, successfully, either cities or private families; for although he thought every one might choose his own way of life, and afterwards, by his industry, excel therein, (whether architecture, mechanics, agriculture, superintending the laborer, managing the finances, or practising the art of war,) yet even here, the gods, he would say, thought proper to reserve to themselves, in all these things, the knowledge of that part of them which was of the most importance, since he who was the most careful to cultivate his field, could not know, of a certainty, who should reap the fruit of it.

"Socrates, therefore, esteemed all those as no other than madmen, who, excluding the Deity, referred the success of their designs to nothing higher than human prudence. He likewise thought those not much better who had recourse to divination on every occasion, as if a man was to consult the oracle whether he should give the reins of his chariot into the hands of one ignorant or well versed in the art of driving, or place at the helm of his ship a skilful or unskilful pilot.

"He also thought it a kind of impiety to importune the gods with our inquiries concerning things of which we may gain the knowledge by number, weight, or measure; it being, as it seemed to him, incumbent on man to make himself acquainted with whatever the gods had placed within his power: as for such things as were beyond his comprehension, for these he ought always to apply to the oracle; the gods being ever ready to communicate knowledge to those whose care had been to render them propitious."—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 1.

When we recollect the sagacity of those who directed the oracles, we shall understand the prudence of consulting them in such cases.

Respecting the system of belief, which we call the Heathen Mythology, the legislators of Greece had the wisdom and the charity not to require open and definite professions, but left every one free to interpret the letter of Homer in the spirit in which he could most conscientiously accept it, so long as he neither attacked the popular belief, nor divulged the solemn mysteries. Socrates not being called upon for a public declaration of opinion on these points, appears to have acted with a prudence which let no man call timidity; remembering that not his life only, but his usefulness, depended on his discretion. Between the rites of his country, which might be made the outward signs of a pure piety, and the belief of his more superstitious countrymen, against which reason and conscience could not but protest, Socrates appears to have made a clear distinction, and to have acted reverently towards the Rites, and cautiously towards the Belief of his country.

"And first, with respect to sacred rites and institutions. In these things it was ever his  
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practice to approve himself a strict observer of the answer the Pythian priestess gives to all who inquire the proper manner of sacrificing to the gods, or paying honors to deceased ancestors. 'Follow,' saith the god, 'the custom of your country:' and therefore Socrates, in all those exercises of his devotion and piety, confined himself altogether to what he saw practised by the republic; and to his friends he constantly advised the same thing, saying it only savored of vanity and superstition in all those who did otherwise."—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 3.

Such was the reverence with which Socrates regarded the Rites of his country; let us now consider the caution with which he spoke of her Belief. The "*Memorabilia*" supplies us with a passage, the full force of which may be gathered from an oft-quoted dictum in the "*Phædrus*" of Plato.

"It was frequent with him to say, between jest and earnest, that he doubted not its being with charms like these (temptations to intemperance) that Circe turned the companions of Ulysses into swine; while the hero himself, being admonished by Mercury, and from his accustomed temperance refusing to taste the enchanting cup, happily escaped the shameful transformation."—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 3.

"But for my own part, Phædrus," (Socrates is speaking in the Dialogue of that name,) "I consider interpretations of this kind as pleasant enough, but at the same time, as the province of a man vehemently curious and laborious, and not entirely happy; and this for no other reason than because, after such an explanation, it is necessary for him to correct the shape of the Centaurus, and Chimæra. And, besides this, a crowd of Gorgons and Pegasus will pour upon him for an exposition of this kind, and of certain other prodigious natures, immense both in multitude and novelty; all of which, if any one, not believing in their literal meaning, should draw to a probable sense, employing for this purpose a certain rustic wisdom, he will stand in need of a most abundant leisure. With respect to myself indeed, I have not leisure for such an undertaking; and this because I am not yet able, according to the Delphic precept, to know myself. But it appears to me to be ridiculous, while I am yet ignorant of this, to speculate on things foreign from the knowledge of myself. Hence, bidding farewell to these, and being persuaded in the opinion I have just now mentioned respecting them, I do not contemplate these but myself, considering whether I am not a wild beast, possessing more folds than Typhon, and far more raging and fierce, or whether I am a more mild and simple animal, naturally participating of a certain divine and modest condition."—*Plato's Phædrus: Taylor's Translation*.

If it was dangerous at all times to meddle with such questions in an inquiring spirit, it was hopeless at that time to attempt any canon of criticism on which all might agree, and by which truth might be attained. The first would have ended in banishment or death; the other would have led to

endless disputations. Yet it cannot be doubted that Socrates was aware that a philosopher had to reform, as well to comply with, both the creed and the rites of his country, if he desired to promote the religious, moral and political welfare of his countrymen. For whether Socrates did or did not give public utterance to the bold opinions on these subjects which Plato puts into his mouth, both in the seventh book of the "Republic," and in the convincing and amusing dialogue entitled "Euthyphron," it is obvious that all the remarks there made, on the demoralizing tendencies and manifest absurdities of the superstitions of Greece, are true to the very letter, and must have been well known to Socrates. Indeed, had Socrates done nothing more than conform to the rites and submit to the creed of his country, we should have felt little respect for the purity of his piety or for the soundness of his religion. But we have already seen the wholesome restrictions and limitations he attempted to introduce respecting sacrifice, divination and prayer; and the passage in Plato's "Phædrus," taken in connexion with incidental remarks in the "Memorabilia," is sufficiently intelligible respecting his real estimate of the mythological fables of Greece. But waving such discussions, as at that time more dangerous than profitable, (Plato, we shall find, afterwards entered boldly upon this discussion, and that not in the best spirit, either of doubting or of believing, and put both his skepticisms and his mysticisms into the mouth of Socrates,) the Socrates of Xenophon is described as laboring most earnestly and conscientiously to establish principles of religious belief, untainted either by superstition or skepticism, which might become rallying-points for the reformation of religion, not in Greece only nor in those times alone, but throughout the whole world to the end of all time.

Let us first examine his opinions on the great question which separates Atheism from Theism, Materialism from Religion; and let us then ask, Is this the philosopher accused by Aristophanes of superseding primitive piety by atheistic speculations,\* and introducing a physical vortex in the place of an intelligent Creator? Happily we have so clear an account, not only of

\* Mr. Mitchell tells us (p. 93) that Aristophanes' "imputing atheistical opinions," or "contempt for the religious rites of his country," to Socrates, was "unquestionably one of the heaviest blows the poet has dealt him;" because "how far it was deserved must now be a matter of uncertainty." This is discharging the duty of an editor to his author most unscrupulously.

Socrates' latter opinions, but of his earlier speculations on this great question, that we can repel at once the accusations of Aristophanes and the hints and hesitations of Mr. Mitchell.

As the dialogue with Aristodemus is one of the most precious remains of antiquity, whether we consider the importance of the subject-matter, the admirable manner of treating it, or the authority of the teacher, we are unwilling to detract from its full effect by the least curtailment. If the reader will compare the argument with the celebrated opening chapter of Paley's "Natural Theology," he will see how solid and broad a foundation Socrates supplied to the Christian teacher. He will also see what little fairness is shown by the clever author of the "Dontology," when he speaks upon this subject.

"Two things," says Dr. Bowring, "are there (viz. as component parts of the *summum bonum*), two separate things, and these separate things are synonymous with 'the idea of good,' the sight of God and the enjoyment of God. The God of Christianity, the God of the Bible—this cannot be, for he is not to be seen—he is invisible. What can, indeed, be meant by the God of the Platonists and Academics? which of their gods, as they were all heathens and had gods by thousands—which of them did they ever enjoy?"—*Dontology*, vol. i. p. 43.

As the god of Plato was the god of Socrates, and as Dr. Bowring has confounded Socrates and Plato together, 'as talking nonsense under pretence of teaching wisdom,' we will show him, in the very words of Socrates, what was meant.

"I will now relate the manner in which I once heard Socrates discoursing with Aristodemus surnamed the *Little*, concerning the Deity. For observing that he neither prayed nor sacrificed to the gods, but, on the contrary, ridiculed and laughed at those who did, he said to him,—

"Tell me Aristodemus, is there any whom you admire on account of his merit? Aristodemus having answered 'Many,'—Name some of them, I pray you. I admire, said Aristodemus, Homer for his Epic poetry, Melanippides for his dithyrambs, Sophocles for tragedy, Polyctetes for statuary, and Xeuxis for painting.

"But which seems to you most worthy of admiration, Aristodemus;—the artist who forms images void of motion and intelligence; or one who hath the skill to produce animals that are endued not only with activity but understanding?—The latter, there can be no doubt, replied Aristodemus, provided the production was not the effect of chance, but of wisdom and contrivance.—But since there are many things, some of which we can easily see the use of, while we cannot say of others to what purpose they were produced, which of these, Aristodemus, do you suppose the work of wisdom?—It should seem



the most reasonable to affirm it of those, whose fitness and utility are so evidently apparent.

"But it is evidently apparent that He who at the beginning made man, endued him with senses because they were good for him; eyes, wherewith to behold whatever was visible; and ears to hear whatever was to be heard. For say, Aristodemus, to what purpose should odors be prepared, if the sense of smelling had been denied? or why the distinctions of bitter and sweet, of savory and unsavory, unless a palate had been likewise given, conveniently placed to arbitrate between them and declare the difference? Is not that Providence, Aristodemus, in a most eminent manner conspicuous, which, because the eye of man is so delicate in its texture hath therefore prepared eyelids like doors, whereby to secure it; which extend of themselves whenever it is needful, and again close when sleep approaches? Are not these eyelids provided as it were with a fence on the edge of them, to keep off the wind and guard the eye? Even the eyebrow itself is not without its office, but, as a penthouse, is prepared to turn off the sweat, which falling from the forehead might enter and annoy that no less tender than astonishing part of us. Is it not to be admired that the ears should take in sounds of every sort, and yet are not too much filled by them? That the fore-teeth of the animal should be formed in such a manner as is evidently best suited for the cutting of its food, as those on the side for grinding it to pieces? That the mouth, through which this food is conveyed, should be placed so near the nose and eyes as to prevent the passing unnoticed whatever is unfit for nourishment; while nature, on the contrary, hath set at a distance, and concealed from the senses, all that might disgust or any way offend them? And canst thou still doubt, Aristodemus, whether a disposition of parts like this should be the work of chance, or of wisdom and contrivance? I have no longer any doubt, replied Aristodemus; and, indeed, the more I consider it, the more evident it appears to me, that man must be the masterpiece of some great artificer; carrying along with it infinite marks of the love and favor of Him who hath thus formed it.

"And what thinkest thou, Aristodemus, of that desire in the individual which leads to the continuance of the species? Of that tenderness and affection in the female towards her young, so necessary for its preservation? Of that unremitted love of life, and dread of dissolution, which take such strong possession of us from the moment we begin to be? I think of them, answered Aristodemus, as so many regular operations of the same great and wise Artist, deliberately determining to preserve what he hath made.

"But, farther (unless thou desirest to ask me questions), seeing, Aristodemus, thou thyself art conscious of reason and intelligence, supposest thou there is no intelligence elsewhere? Thou knowest thy body to be a small part of that wide extended earth, which thou every where beholdest: the moisture contained in it, thou also knowest to be a small portion of that mighty mass of waters, whereof seas themselves are but a part, while the rest of the elements

contribute out of their abundance to thy formation. It is the soul then alone, that intellectual part of us, which is to come to thee by some lucky chance, from I know not where. If so be, there is indeed no intelligence elsewhere: and we must be forced to confess, that this stupendous universe, with all the various bodies contained therein—equally amazing, whether we consider their magnitude or number, whatever their use, whatever their order,—all have been produced, not by intelligence, but by chance!—It is with difficulty that I can suppose otherwise, returned Aristodemus; for I behold none of those gods whom you speak of as making and governing all things; whereas I see the artists when at their work here among us.—Neither yet seest thou thy soul, Aristodemus, which, however, most assuredly governs thy body; although it may well seem, by thy manner of talking, that it is chance, and not reason, which governs thee.

"I do not despise the gods, said Aristodemus; on the contrary, I conceive so highly of their excellence, as to suppose they stand in no need either of me or of my services.—Thou mistakest the matter, Aristodemus; the greater magnificence they have shown in their care of thee, so much the more honor and service thou owest them.—Be assured, said Aristodemus, if I once could be persuaded the gods take care of man, I should want no monitor to remind me of my duty.—And canst thou doubt, Aristodemus, if the gods take care of man? Hath not the glorious privilege of walking upright been alone bestowed on him, whereby he may, with the better advantage, survey what is around him, contemplate with more ease those splendid objects which are above, and avoid the numerous ills and inconveniences which would otherwise befall him? Other animals, indeed, they have provided with feet, by which they may remove from one place to another; but to man they have also given hands, with which he can form many things for his use, and make himself happier than creatures of any other kind. A tongue hath been bestowed on every other animal; but what animal, except man, hath the power of forming words with it, whereby to explain his thoughts, and make them intelligible to others?

"But it is not with respect to the body alone that the gods have shown themselves thus bountiful to man. Their most excellent gift is that soul they have infused into him, which so far surpasses what is elsewhere to be found. For by what animal, except man, is even the existence of those gods discovered, who have produced and still uphold, in such regular order, this beautiful and stupendous frame of the universe? What other species of creature is to be found that can serve, that can adore them? What other animal is able, like man, to provide against the assaults of heat and cold, of thirst and hunger? That can lay up remedies for the time of sickness, and improve the strength nature has given by a well-proportioned exercise? That can receive like him information or instruction; or so happily keep in memory what he hath seen, and heard, and learnt? These things being so, who seeth not that man is, as it were, a god in the midst of this visible creation? so far doth he

surpass, whether in the endowments of soul or body, all animals whatsoever that have been produced therein. For if the body of the ox had been joined to the mind of man, the acuteness of the latter would have stood him in small stead, while unable to execute the well designed plan; nor would the human form have been of more use to the brute, so long as it remained destitute of understanding! But in thee, Aristodemus, hath been joined to a wonderful soul a body no less wonderful; and sayest thou, after this, the gods take no thought for me? What wouldst thou then more to convince thee of their care?

"I would they should send and inform me, said Aristodemus, what things I ought or ought not to do, in like manner as thou sayest they frequently do to thee.—And what then, Aristodemus? supposest thou, that when the gods, give out some oracle to all the Athenians they mean it not for thee? If by their prodigies they declare aloud to all Greece—to all mankind—the things which shall befall them, are they dumb to thee alone? And art thou the only person whom they have placed beyond their care? Believest thou they would have wrought into the mind of man a persuasion of their being able to make him happy or miserable, if so be they had no such power? or would not even man himself, long ere this, have seen through the gross delusion? How is it, Aristodemus, thou rememberest or remarkest not, that the kingdoms and commonwealths most renowned as well for their wisdom as antiquity, are those whose piety and devotion hath been the most observable? and that even man himself is never so well disposed to serve the Deity as in that part of life when reason bears the greatest sway, and his judgment is supposed in its full strength and maturity? Consider, my Aristodemus, that the soul which resides in thy body can govern it at pleasure; why then may not the soul of the universe, which pervades and animates every part of it, govern it in like manner? If thine eye hath the power to take in many objects, and these placed at no small distance from it, marvel not if the eye of the Deity can at one glance comprehend the whole. And as thou perceivest it not beyond thy ability to extend thy care, at the same time, to the concerns of Athens, Egypt, Sicily, why thinkest thou, my Aristodemus, that the Providence of God may not easily extend itself through the whole universe?

"As therefore, among men, we make best trial of the affection and gratitude of our neighbor by showing him kindness, and discover his wisdom by consulting him in his distress, do thou in like manner behave towards the gods; and if thou wouldst experience what their wisdom and what their love, render thyself deserving the communication of some of those divine secrets which may not be penetrated by man, and are imparted to those alone who consult, who adore, who obey the Deity. Then shalt thou, my Aristodemus, understand there is a Being whose eye pierceth throughout all nature, and whose ear is open to every sound; extended to all places, extending through all time; and whose bounty and care can know no other bound than those fixed by his own creation.

"By this discourse, and others of the like nature, Socrates taught his friends that they were not only to forbear whatever was impious, unjust, or unbecoming before man; but even, when alone, they ought to have a regard to all their actions, since the gods have their eyes continually upon us, and none of our designs can be concealed from them."—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 4.

The arguments urged in this admirable dialogue are repeated with some variations in a dialogue\* with Euthydemus; one portion of which is both more effective than that with Aristodemus, and more decidedly distinguishes the Deity from those ministering spirits, which the creed of his country compelled Socrates to speak of in the terms he did.

"Even among all those deities who so liberally bestow on us good things, not one of them maketh himself an object of our sight. And He who raised this whole universe, and still upholds the mighty frame, who perfected every part of it in beauty and in goodness, suffering none of these parts to decay through age, but renewing them daily with unfading vigor, whereby they are able to execute whatever he ordains with that readiness and precision which surpass man's imagination; even he, the supreme God, who performeth all these wonders, still holds himself invisible, and it is only in his works that we are capable of admiring him. For consider, my Euthydemus, the sun which seemeth, as it were, set forth to the view of all men, yet suffereth not itself to be too curiously examined; punishing those with blindness who too rashly venture so to do; and those ministers of the gods, whom they employ to execute their bidding, remain to us invisible; for though the thunderbolt is shot from on high, and breaketh in pieces whatever it findeth in its way, yet no one seeth it when it falls, when it strikes, or when it retires; neither are the winds discoverable to our sight, though we plainly behold the ravages they everywhere make, and with ease perceive what time they are rising. And if there be any thing in man, my Euthydemus, partaking of the divine nature, it must surely be the soul which governs and directs him; yet no one considers this as an object of his sight. Learn, therefore, not to despise those things which you cannot see; judge of the greatness of the power by the effects which are produced, and reverence the Deity."—*Memorabilia*, book iv. chap. 3.

The last dialogue we have quoted commences with these remarkable and characteristic words:—

"Yet was not Socrates ever in haste to make orators, artists, or able statesmen. The first business, as he thought, was to implant in the minds of his followers virtuous principles (since, these wanting, every other talent only added to the capacity of doing greater harm), and more especially to inspire them with piety towards the gods."

\* Book iv. chap. 3.



No one could have witnessed greater or more mischievous perversions of what Dr. Bowring calls "the religious sanction" than Socrates; but he did not infer from those perversions that *abusus tollit usum*, nor has he consented to put "the moral sanction" (as Dr. Bowring defines it, it should be called "the popular sanction") in the place of religion. But we shall return to this subject presently. In the meantime, Dr. Bowring's questions, "what can, indeed, be meant by the god of the Platonists?"—"was he one of the thousand gods of the heathens?"—"was he supposed to be visible?" have been answered; and it has been shown that Socrates was not employed with Plato "in talking nonsense under pretence of teaching wisdom," nor in "the denial of matters known to every man's experience, and the assertion of other matters opposed to every man's experience." On the contrary, the voice of Socrates is in this instance that *vox populi*, that universal voice of all mankind in all ages, which is indeed *vox Dei*. And never was the voice of the whole human race expressed in simpler or nobler accents.

We have next to show how Socrates had been led by a sound reason and a clear conscience, working on the materials of mind and matter, to lay this solid foundation for principle and practice, to build up this Doric temple, in all its simple grandeur, for the edification, not of Greece only, but of the whole world to the end of time. The passage in the "Phædon" of Plato which gives an account of Socrates' earlier speculations is too long to be quoted, and will be understood better by analysis than translation.

Socrates in the "Phædon" is made to say himself, "that being dissatisfied with the prevalent opinions about generation and dissolution, and not being able to invent a more satisfactory system of causation for himself, and having, under these circumstances, heard that Anaxagoras had set forth intellect as the cause of all things, he was delighted with this hypothesis; conceiving that it implied that all things are arranged in the best way of which they are capable, and so that the object of inquiry is, to find out what is the best way, (therein implying a knowledge of the worst way,) and that this knowledge constitutes science. But," he continues, "I was disappointed on finding that Anaxagoras did not employ himself on these better reasons for each phenomenon, but, like others, was hunting after the immediate

physical cause, referring all things to that as if it were the *ultimate* cause; for example, he would attempt to account for my sitting here biding my fate, by referring it to the physical causation of the mutual action of bones and muscles, etc., not by referring to an intellectual causation, viz. the opinion of the Athenians about law, and my (Socrates) opinion about justice. I, on the other hand," continues Socrates "am quite ready to admit the agency of *secondary*, or physical causation, as a *means* of effecting; but contend that we must ultimately refer every thing to *primary*, or intellectual causation, as the causation which employs those means for its own ends. I could not, for example, acquiesce in a theory, either of revolving motion or of balanced rest, as a *sufficient* account for the phenomena of the world; but contended that there is a Divine power which has arranged things according to what is good and fitting, and so keeps them bound and held together. Of this power men think but little, but of this power I would willingly hear."—*Phædon*, section 106.

Here we get upon the verge of Plato's celebrated hypothesis, which would require too much space and time to enter upon at present. But, comparing the above passage from the "Phædon" with other passages from the "Memorabilia," we infer (what from the whole tone of his mind we should *à priori* have supposed) that Socrates had always been opposed to that atheistic or material philosophy with which the natural philosophy, or to speak more correctly, the cosmogony of Greece was too much identified. Under these circumstances, he had desisted altogether from physics and had turned to morals; or, as it is expressed in the "Memorabilia,"

"Neither did he amuse himself, like others, with making curious researches into the works of nature, and finding out how this, which sophists called the world, had its beginning; but, as for himself, man, and what related to man, were the only subjects on which he chose to employ himself. To this purpose, all his inquiries and conversation turned upon what was pious, what impious; what honorable, what base; what just, what unjust; what wisdom, what folly."—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 1.

It was because the physics of the day were merely speculative, and too commonly atheistic, (being neither practically available nor theoretically sound,) that Socrates turned from the schools of physical speculation to that of moral observation; thereby preparing the way for a philosophy of facts, in physics as well as in

ethics. For it was impossible that a philosophy of facts should be established in morals, without sooner or later causing the downfall of unreal physics. This important evidence respecting the philosophical claims of Socrates ought to be more insisted on than it has been.

We will quote a few passages from the "Memorabilia" of Xenophon, which prove that the practical piety of Socrates was in accordance with his sound speculative theology :—

“He was persuaded the gods watched over the actions and affairs of men in a way altogether different from what the vulgar imagined; for while these limited their knowledge to some particulars only, Socrates, on the contrary, extended it to all; firmly persuaded, that every word, every action, nay, even our most retired deliberations were open to their view; that they were every where present and communicated to mankind all such knowledge as related to the conduct of human life.”—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 2.

“Farther, whenever he supposed any intimations had been given him by the Deity concerning what ought or ought not to be done, it was no more possible to bring Socrates to act otherwise, than to make him quit the guide, clear-sighted and well-instructed in the road he was to go, in favor of one not only ignorant but blind. And to this purpose, he always condemned the extreme folly of those, who, to avoid the ill opinion and reproach of men, acted not according to the direction of the gods.”—*Ibid.*, book i. chap. 3.

"Have you never heard, continued Socrates, of certain laws that are not written?—You mean such as are in force every where?—True. Did all mankind concur in making them?—Impossible; since all mankind could not assemble in one place, neither would all have spoken the same language.—Whence then do you suppose we had them?—From the gods I should imagine; for the first command every where is, to adore the gods.—Assuredly these things are of the gods; for when I consider every breach of these laws as carrying along with it the punishment of the transgressor, I cannot but allow them to proceed from a more excellent legislator than is to be found among the sons of men."—*Ibid*, book iv. chap. 4.

“He in whom nothing was ever observed unbecoming that reverence so justly due to the gods; but, on the contrary, so behaved towards them, both in regard to his words and his actions, that whoever shall hereafter demean himself in such a manner, must be, in fact, and ought to be esteemed, a man of the truest and most exemplary piety.”—*Ibid.*, book i. chap. 1.

Let the religion of Socrates, as exhibited in the above unquestionable evidence respecting his earlier studies, his later opinions, and the deep and broad characteristics of that moral and intellectual nature which must have led to such sound studies

in earlier, and such settled principles in later life, be compared with the sceptic and sophistic mystagogue, whom Aristophanes has so cleverly painted, and then let any one say what excuse can be made for the man of wit.\* It is thus that he speaks of Socrates and his school:—

STREPSIADES.

"Blasphemers! why did you insult the gods?  
Dash, drive, demolish them! Their crimes are  
many;  
But their contemptuous treatment of the gods,  
Their impious blasphemies exceed them all."  
*Mitchell's translation of the Clouds. Scene viii.*

STREPSIADES.

"Insufferable blockhead that I was!  
What ail'd me thus to court this Socrates,  
Ev'n to the exclusion of the immortal gods?  
O Mercury, forgive me; be not angry,  
Dear tutelary god, but spare me still."

*Ibid.*

Let it be remembered that this Mercury was the god of rogues and bargain-makers, and that the worship for which the comedian is so zealous, is happily described by himself in another part of this very play:—

“The deities, who find themselves  
Bilk'd of their dues, and supperless for lack  
Of their accustom'd sacrifices, rail  
At her, poor Moon, and vent their hungry spite.”  
*Ibid., Scene 2.*

*Ibid.*, Scene 2.

It is for such deities and such a worship that Aristophanes is zealous even to slaying; and it was for such impiety, or rather by such accusations, that Socrates was at last persecuted to the death—and it is to varnish the man of wit at the expense of the philosopher, that Mr. Mitchell has employed his good scholarship and his clever pen. But what excuse can be made for the man of wit? Facts?—they are all against him. Misconception and mistake?—it was not possible. Over-suspicious dread of impiety?—an hypocritical pretence. An anxious desire to restore primitive discipline?—absurd in the method proposed, and ridiculous in the person proposing it. How then do we account for the attacks upon Socrates contained in the “Clouds?” Sim-

\* See the whole of the second act of the "Clouds," and the conclusion of the last act. Whatever was the object of the "Clouds," its general tendency is to confound Socrates with Diogenes for impiety, and with the Sophists for trickery. On the other hand, Aristophanes plays the champion

"Of manners primitive, and that good old time,  
Which I have seen, when discipline prevail'd—  
\* \* \* they were taught

A loftier key, whether to chant the name  
Of Pallas—” *Scene iv.*

*Scene iv.*

Now all this, on the part of Aristophanes, is the very sophistry which he attacks; for it is to pretend to teach others that of which he himself has no belief. Bad for me but good for you! Do you take it really, and I will pretend to take it. Such was the reasoning.



ply that Aristophanes wanted a butt for his satire, and that the face, person and habits of Socrates, his custom of free discussion, bold opposition and honest exposures of empty pretences, pointed him out to the reckless wit. We have small respect for a dislike of irreligion and sophistry which caused Aristophanes to identify their most conscientious and successful opponent with Atheists and Sophists. Whether there was malice we pretend not to decide; but we think little is gained in a moral point of view by proving it to have been a case of pure unprovoked mischief. As to the parties having lived on fair terms afterwards, and that Plato thought and spoke highly of the ability and taste of Aristophanes, and that he did not take vengeance on him for his base attack upon Socrates, even if all this were much more true than it is (begging Schleiermacher's and Mr. Mitchell's pardon for altogether differing from them on this point), surely it would establish, not the innocence of the comedian, but the wisdom and goodness of the philosopher. The whole defence of Aristophanes is, indeed, more worthy of a sophistical advocate or flattering panegyrist than of a sound and learned critic. Of the sense and humor with which Aristophanes assailed the Sophists and Rhetoricians, probably with as much party spirit as sound judgment, there can be but one opinion. There must have been great defects in the motives and character of the satirist, which deprived his satire of half its force, and caused it to do as much harm as good to the cause he so cleverly supported.

We feel great obligation to Mr. Mitchell for the tone which his writings have given to English scholarship, leading it from verbal questions to the realities of literature, morals and history. But we cannot think that the *ecclesiastical spirit*, with which he acknowledges (see Preliminary Discourse, page 129) that he sat down to examine the character and philosophy of Socrates, was favorable to sincerity, truth and justice. Nor do we think that the *political bias*, which makes him attribute so much of Xenophon's moral worth to his early intimacy with Cyrus, and to "the knowledge thereby acquired of the sentiments of chivalry and honor inherent in monarchies," (see page 154) much mends the matter. He may, indeed, be right in attributing the death of Socrates to the base prejudices and passions of a demoralized people (see p. 150); but then, who helped to demoralize the people of Athens? We cannot admit that the Euthyphron of Plato "refutes

and removes opinions quite sufficient for the good conduct of ordinary life" (see p. 126), nor that Aristophanes was the man, nor that he took the right way, to restore the Homeric belief and discipline. We smile at the statement that "we owe to the ridicule of this comedy the philosopher, whose name (with certain deductions) no man mentions without feeling himself exalted for a time" (see p. 139); we laugh at the absurd idea of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes having taught religion and morals to Socrates; and we regret the insinuation of "certain deductions" (see p. 90 to 102) from the character and philosophy of Socrates, which this wild hypothesis, together with *that* ecclesiastical spirit and *that* political bias, required the editor of Aristophanes to elaborate. That Socrates could afford to treat with contempt an unsuccessful play, for the people of Athens had the sense and feeling to damn the "Clouds" of Aristophanes—(not for its serious tone,—for it is a most brilliant farce; not from ignorance of who this Socrates was, for that hypothesis Mr. Mitchell himself disproves; but because there was some virtue yet left in them) we can well believe; indeed it was wise in Socrates to take it in that manner. But the plain fact is, that the "Clouds" of Aristophanes charges Socrates directly with teaching irreligion, immorality and sophistry; and it is a most editor-like hypothesis to believe that Aristophanes was conscientiously earnest in his wish to expose the Sophists, and that he innocently employed Socrates as a vehicle for his satire. The persevering enmity with which he followed up Euripides, and the contempt in which Plato held and exhibited his moral character (see the "Banquet" of Plato), are, together with Socrates' contemptuous mention of the comedian in his "Defence," a sufficient proof that the mischief intended and the wit displayed were the essence of the "Clouds," whilst the virtuous indignation against the Sophists was, at best, matter of taste rather than principle. Happily Time is an excellent scavenger; and we agree with Mr. Mitchell "that the wit of the 'Clouds' may be relished without diminishing any of the respect justly due to Socrates." But this enjoyment will be secured to us, not by frittering away the character and philosophy of Socrates, in order to make out a case for the comedian, but by acknowledging that the virtue of Socrates defies the wit and malice even of Aristophanes. What does Mr. Mitchell mean by saying, "if, as Ælian relates, So-

crates stood up in the theatre to gratify the curiosity thus excited, it will be no uncharitable remark to impute it, partly, to his sense of the opportunity thus offered for gaining a name in society; an advantage, which, to a person of his pursuits in life, was of incalculable importance?" We think it a *very* uncharitable remark. And what does Mr. Mitchell mean by saying, Upon whom the guilt rests (he is speaking of the hypothesis of a community of women, and the exposure of children), upon the teacher or the scholar (*i. e.* Socrates or Plato), it is not now possible to say." How is it, we beg to ask, that we hear nothing of this abomination from Xenophon? Does Mr. Mitchell really believe that there are no theories of his own in Plato's Dialogues? What is more likely or more certain to be his own than the theory of a community of women, which he appears to have imported from that land of monstrous births, Egypt? \* Indeed we are sick of defending Socrates from such attacks, and return once more to his pure piety and practical religion, which the attacks of Aristophanes and the insinuations of Mr. Mitchell have only rendered more conspicuous.

The plain and simple truth, which Mr. Mitchell's ecclesiastical and political bias, aided by his hypothesis, would hide from us, is that Socrates appeared at one of those great periods of the world's history, when religion, morality and policy are shaken to their foundations, when the very grounds of truth and justice are rigorously examined for the purpose of discovering whether they rest only on the priest's fable and the legislator's dictum, or whether they have imperishable foundations in man's nature and God's will. It is at these crises in the world's history that the veil is drawn or torn aside, and according as principle or unprinciple, wisdom or folly prevail, the period is marked by national judgments or national blessings of no ordinary character. That such periods do recur in the great cycles of time, but with a constant progression towards purer principles and nobler ends, may be the foundation of that ancient mysticism, which held that the souls of the departed, after the purification of suffering, return to higher duties in the world:—

"Ergo exercecenter pœnis, veterumque malorum  
Supplicia expendant—  
Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,  
Concretam exemit labem—  
Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,

\* See the *Timæus*, sect. 5, 6, 7.

Lethæum ad fluvium Deus evocat ordine magno,  
Scilicet immemores supera ad convexa revisant."

Believing that the lessons of antiquity, whether shrouded in the mystic language of Pythagoras\* and Plato, or expressed plainly in the common-sense and common-life language of Socrates and Xenophon, deserve neither to be rejected with scorn, nor to be received with blind submission, we are well content to borrow what appears to us the true commentary on the above important text from the wise and learned pages of a great and a good man:

"We may learn also a more sensible division of history than that which is commonly adopted, of ancient and modern. We shall see that there is in fact an ancient and modern period in the history of every people; the ancient differing, and the modern in many essential points agreeing with that in which we now live. Thus the largest portion of that history which we commonly call ancient is practically modern, as it describes society in a stage analogous to that in which it now is; while, on the other hand, much of which is called modern history is practically ancient, as it relates to a state of things which has passed away. Thucydides and Xenophon, the orators of Athens, and the philosophers, speak a wisdom more applicable to us politically, than the wisdom of even our own countrymen, who lived in the middle ages; and their position, both intellectual and political, more nearly resembles our own."†

No lesson can be found in the historians, orators and philosophers of Athens, more applicable to our own period than what may be extracted from the Comedies of Aristophanes if we will only read the text fairly. Then shall we understand, not that Socrates' early errors (his *assumed* mysticism and *pretended* scepticism) had provoked and warranted the attacks of the comedian, and that the merits of the philosopher are altogether attributable to that wholesome and timely castigation which he received from

\* In his Greek edition of the 'Clouds' Mr. Mitchell has contrived to make Pythagoras a middle term between Socrates and Mysticism! To be sure he (Mr. Mitchell) speaks of Socrates in his earlier days, and gets at him through the well-known Pythagorism and mysticism of Plato. This is more ingenious than ingenuous. Socrates, with that matter-of-fact face of his, would have made a strange sort of a mystic. We are told that he had the front and bearing of a bull—bold, honest, and straightforward. Begging Mr. Mitchell's pardon, Socrates amongst mystics would have been, to use a vulgar expression, a bull in a china-shop.

† See Arnold's 'Thucydides,' vol. i. Appendix 1. The English reader will be well repaid by reading a few pages, written in the very spirit of Thucydides—crebrior sententiis quam verbis.

As the Notes to Mr. Mitchell's edition of the 'Clouds' are in English, the English reader may consult them without being alarmed at the Greek text.



his severe but friendly monitor,—not that the sound-minded comedian succeeded, where the philosopher had failed, in discovering the true remedy for the religious and moral, the political and intellectual evils of his times, and that we must resort to the pages of Aristophanes for lessons on religion and morality, politics and education,—to no such estimate of the comedian and the philosopher will the clever and entertaining writings of Mr. Mitchell persuade us, unless we are content to sacrifice truth and justice, a sound understanding of the past, a sound application of the lesson to the present, and all sound hopes for the future. It is this that we shall understand from the pages of Aristophanes, which Mr. Mitchell has so agreeably laid open to the English reader, to wit, that foremost amongst the fearful dangers of the times of Aristophanes was the spirit of insincere profession, reckless scepticism and fierce bigotry, of all which he has exhibited perfect specimens in the very work in which he attacks Socrates; whilst, on the other hand, the sincerest piety, the heartiest benevolence and the deepest convictions of truth are the great characteristics of the philosophy he attacks. And we contend further, that it is in the philosophy of Socrates that we must seek remedies, *mutatis mutandis*, for the dangers of insincerity, scepticism and bigotry, in one word, of that anarchy, religious and political, intellectual and moral, of which the writings of Aristophanes pretend to be the censor, but are really the example.

Fearful was the period in which the wit, impiety and profligacy of Aristophanes may be said, in the language of mysticism, to have returned to take a leading part in a drama of more extended interests. It matters little that what was insincere professions in Athens became open scepticism in France, that what had been oligarchic became democratical, and the enemy of Cleon became the herald of Danton. When motives and consequences are fairly considered, these are found to be superficial differences, especially when they are compared with the great characteristics, in which the men and their times, Aristophanes and Voltaire, were all but identified. Miserable periods! unhappy people! given up to fierce and selfish contests between an innovation which respects nothing, and a bigotry which reverences every thing. How unlike the philosophy of Socrates both in motive, in object and in consequence! that *sound* philosophy, which mediating between the past, the present and the future; between what

we hope, what we have, and what we dread; in a word, between the actual and the ideal, the imperfect and the perfect,—is not more characterized by proving all things, (ever a work of danger) than by a conscientious and reverential and pious determination to hold fast that which is good. It is from this sound philosophy, and not from the principles or practices of the professing sceptic, that any sound lessons, religious, moral or political, can be drawn. For amongst the unprincipled sceptics, sophists and rhetoricians, whom Socrates and Xenophon, Plato and Aristotle, effectually exposed, there was no false teacher more dangerous than the insincere professor, whose affected zeal will not separate what is true from what is false, what is good from what is evil, but clings with a fierce obstinacy to that which is unsound, and by so doing brings that which is sound into undeserved discredit. Such was not the religion of Socrates which Aristophanes so attacks, and Mr. Mitchell so defends:—the chattering philosopher, of whom Bacon and his reviewer, Bentham and his editor, speak so slightly;—the blinded heathen philosopher, whom we have often heard sneered at by well-meaning religionists;—the philosopher, of whom the Aristotelians of Oxford and the Dramatists of Cambridge say so little. Yet is Socrates a philosopher, who, if any man will strive earnestly and sincerely to live up to his principles, will teach him to be holy, just and good.

We will now proceed from an examination of his Religion to consider whether the Morals he taught were worthy of the foundations on which he rested them; whether his Morality was worthy of his religion; or whether, as we have been told, there were indeed fair leaves and blossoms, but little or no fruit.

To doubt the morality of Socrates is as unjust as to doubt his piety; and Xenophon brings this question at once to a clear issue by referring to his bold and keen censure of the profligacy of Critias, and to the happy influence he exercised on the earlier years of Alcibiades. It was indeed impossible that any lessons of virtue could long resist the wild passions, fierce temptations, and unprincipled levity of the young and wealthy patrician, urged on by a base populace and baser parasites. It is not possible to resist the earthquake and the deluge; nor was Socrates answerable for the vices and crimes of Alcibiades. The wonder is that he ever acquired over this person the beneficial influence he at one time exercised, not that he found it impossible to re-

tain it, when innumerable temptations assailed the passions of his wild youth and dark manhood.

Turning then from religion to morals, what a noble temperance,—how free from all asceticism and pride, fanaticism and vanity, was the temperance of Socrates! On this point Xenophon is an unquestionable authority, as well able to exhibit a clear and full conception of the temperance of Socrates, as to follow with firm and steady tread in his master's steps. For well did Socrates know, and well also could he practise, and well could he teach, that temperance, continence, or self-command, the command over our rebellious passions, is as surely the corner-stone of all good practice, as religion, piety, or reverence for God, is the corner-stone of all sound principle. Well did Socrates teach his followers that self-command is the virtue to be learnt the first, and to be practised to the last; that it is the foundation of the other virtues, and the bond that holds them all together, for that without self-command, virtue can neither become nor be, neither begin nor continue.

"Hence, therefore," says Socrates, "we may see how necessary it is to make temperance our chief study, since without this, as its basis, what other virtue can we attain? How can we learn what is profitable, or practise what is praiseworthy? Neither can we conceive a state more pitiable, whether in respect to body or mind, than that of the voluptuary given up to all the drudgery of intemperance.—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 5.

"I am persuaded that no virtue can subsist that is not diligently and duly exercised, and temperance more especially; because our sensual desires, being seated with our minds in the same body, are continually soliciting us to a compliance with the appetites which Nature hath implanted, though at the expense of virtue and all things virtuous.—*Ibid.*, book i. chap. 2.

These are Xenophon's own remarks, but as they were probably not borrowed from the younger Cyrus, we will venture to set them down to the account, not of Cyrus, but of Socrates.

"Such was his moderation, that I question whether there ever was any man, if able to work at all, but might have earned sufficient to have supported Socrates. His custom was to eat as long as it gave him pleasure; and a good appetite was to him what delicious fare is to another: and as he only drank when thirst compelled him, whatever served to allay it could not fail of being grateful. So that it was easy for him when present at their feasts to refrain from excess, which other men find so much difficulty in doing. And as to such persons as gave proof how very little they could command themselves, to these he would counsel even the not tasting of those

delicacies which might allure them to eat when they were not hungry.—*Ibid.*, book i. chap. 3.

"It should seem your opinion, Antipho, that happiness consisted in luxury and profusion: whereas, in truth, I consider it a perfection in the gods that they want nothing; and consequently he cometh nearest to the divine nature who standeth in want of the fewest things.—*Ibid.*, book i. chap. 6.

"Nor do my votaries (says Virtue, in Socrates' version of the Choice of Hercules) ever fail to find pleasure in their repasts, though small cost is wanted to furnish out their table; for hunger, not art, prepares it for them; while their sleep, which follows the labor of the day, is far more sweet than whatever expense can procure for idleness; yet sweet as it is, they quit it unreluctantly when called by their duty. The young enjoy the applause of the aged, the aged are revered by the young. Equally delighted with reflecting on the past, or contemplating the present, their attachment to me renders them favored of the gods, dear to their friends, and honored by their country.—*Ibid.*, book ii. chap. 1.

"Furthermore," continued Socrates, "it is this virtue alone which places both the body and the mind in their utmost degree of perfection; qualifying the man for the study, the knowledge, and the practice of his duty.—*Ibid.*, book iv. chap. 5.

"The consciousness of being thus employed (in his duty) must yield perpetual complacency and satisfaction; but it is complacency and satisfaction which belongeth not to the voluptuous; indeed, whom do we find at a greater distance from these, than the man whose every faculty is so entirely engaged in the pursuit of present pleasure as to leave no liberty for the performance of what is commendable?"—*Ibid.*

"It is the temperate alone who are able to inquire into the nature of things, and find out their difference; and carefully consulting both reason and experience can select what is good, reject what is evil, and become by that means both wise and happy.—*Ibid.*

"With regard to love, his counsel always was to keep at a distance from beautiful persons, saying it was difficult to approach any such and not be ensnared. As for himself, his great continence was known to every one, and it was more easy for him to avoid the most beautiful objects, than for others those who were the most disgusting.—*Ibid.*, book i. chap. 3.

"When he succeeded not in his private remonstrances, Critias still persisting in his unwarrantable designs, Socrates, it is said, reproached him in the presence of many, resembling him to a swine, the most filthy and disgusting of all animals. For this cause Critias hated him ever after.—*Ibid.*, book i. chap. 2.

"Could he be a corrupter of youth, whose only employment was to root out of the mind of man every vicious inclination, and plant in their stead a love of that virtue which is so amiable in itself, and so becoming us as men, and which alone hath the power to make, whether cities or private families, flourishing and happy.—*Ibid.*

"When death draweth nigh, and no thought remaineth but for the welfare of your children,



do you then inquire for the debauched unto whom to intrust them? Is it he who must direct the virtuous education of your sons, and guard the chastity of your daughters, or secure to them their inheritance from the hand of the oppressor? Do you ever intrust your flocks or your herds to the conduct of him who is overcharged with drunkenness? or expect from such an one despatch to your affairs?—*Ibid.*, book i. chap. 5.

Did this preacher of continence, temperance, or self-command, as the very cornerstone of all sound practice, appear in a primitive age of spare diet, and so become merely a recorder of the austere virtues of his time?—Not so. We need only name Pericles and Aspasia, Alcibiades, Aristophanes and Aristippus; and refer our readers to Plato's splendid dialogue the 'Banquet,'\* in order to recall ideas of Asiatic luxury, vice and crime. If Europe owes a debt of gratitude to Pausanias and Themistocles for having defended her institutions from a deluge of Asiatic tyranny, it is just as certainly to Socrates and his followers that Europe is indebted for defending her morals against Eastern vice,—*fædum inceptu, fædum exitu*. It was an ever-memorable contest which Socrates commenced, and which his pupils carried on, with the darkest vice and the lowest debasement.—The very gods of Greece were in league against them, and Jupiter with his Gany-mede led the van. The fearful picture which St. Paul draws of the vices of Rome at a later period was then realised in Greece; but with a wild wit, and an intoxicating beauty, which Rome could only attempt to imitate. No one conversant with the comedies of Aristophanes will accuse us of exaggerating the picture of Athenian profligacy in order to amplify the claims of Socrates as a moral reformer. Nor does it require serious arguments to prove that earnest principle, not reckless humor, was needed for such a service. Even the folly of our own times has stopped short of making a comedy of "The Reformed House-breaker," and has despaired of "putting the subject in so ridiculous a light, that bolts and bars will be entirely useless by the end of the season,"—even our Newgate-Calendar novelists have had the wisdom to bring

forward the modern Captain Macheath as the hero of a tragedy. It has been left to christian scholars to argue that a religious and moral purification could result to Athens from those passages of Aristophanes in which the mirth is fast and furious; and it was left for christian teachers to prove that they approve such scholarship, by venturing the practical commentary of setting their pupils (*quibus maxima debetur reverentia*) to enact the prurient scenes of the Eunuchus. Would it not be more edifying and more decent to enact (if acting there must be) the nobler dramas of Euripides, the friend and pupil of Socrates, the woman-hater, as he is represented by Aristophanes,\* but, next to Homer, the champion of all that is lovely and noble in the female character,—the author of the Bacchæ, the Ion and the Alcestis,—the only classic author who has conceived the passion of Love as at once intense and pure, and who can speak of the beauty of woman with the admiration and the delicacy of our own Shakspeare, of Milton and of Scott? Let mothers, wives and sisters bless the philosophy of Socrates and his school. If it be said that Socrates has not given us remarks on the duties of women, we answer—in the deep depravity and wild licentiousness of Greece, so nearly bordering on Asiatic vices, the philosopher had enough to do in building up manly virtue. But we cannot doubt that he moved Euripides to undertake that important service, which he discharged so ably, so unsuccessfully, and with such danger to himself.

As the religion of Socrates was distinct from superstition, and his temperance from asceticism, they did not end in a monkish rule, but became the solid and firm foundations on which he built up a well-proportioned and beautiful edifice of domestic, social and political usefulness. Indeed it is a most strange and unaccountable mistake in the reviewer of Bacon and the editor of Bentham that they refuse to admit usefulness, private and public usefulness, to have been the very characteristic of the philosophy of Socrates; for, if it were not that he founded his usefulness on a higher and a nobler principle, but which in no way interferes with the matter-of-fact utility of every duty he enjoins, we should have said that usefulness, real downright every-day usefulness, is the most striking and all-perva-

\* Putting together Socrates' sharp censure of Critias, which, had it been possible would certainly have provoked a retort (*Memorabilia*, b. i. c. 2), and the strange account of himself, which Plato puts into the mouth of Alcibiades, which, had there been no foundation for it, would not have been ventured (see the 'Banquet' of Plato), adding also to these many others of the like kind, and the passages in which Socrates is exhibited as an *iparrhês* will require no other explanation than that which is given in the *Memorabilia*, book iv. chap. 1.

\* "A most splenetic hatred of Euripides (says Mr. Mitchell), derived (he continues, *on the other tack*) from deeper views than people have generally given the comedian credit for." (See Preliminary Dissertation, p. 29.)

ding characteristic of Socrates' philosophy. The reviewer of Bacon has some plausible declamation against the abstract and unpractical view which Plato takes of the sciences, for example of figure and number;\* but if this opinion were much more sound than it is even as applied to the philosophy of Plato, it requires only a quotation from the 'Memorabilia' to show that it is not merely inapplicable to the philosophy of Socrates, but that the very opposite of the fault imputed (the opposite virtue, not the opposite fault,) is one of the most striking characteristics of the philosophy of Socrates.

"Socrates also recommended the study of arithmetic to his friends, and assisted them, as was his custom, in tracing out the several parts of it, as far as might be useful; but here, as elsewhere, fixed bounds to their inquiries, never suffering them to run out into vain and trifling disquisitions which could be of no advantage either to themselves or others."—*Memorabilia*, book iv. chap. 7.

We have already seen temperance insisted on for its usefulness, and for no ascetic, fanatic, or stoic reasons. And it is in the same spirit that Socrates proceeds to develop the theory and practice of usefulness, on its true principles and in its right order. Beginning with the connection, yet insisting on the clear distinction, of usefulness and duty, he proceeds to point out what usefulness is, and what duty requires, in the case of parent and child (b. ii. c. 2); brothers and sisters (b. ii. c. 3); friend and friend (b. ii. c. 4, 5, 6). All these chapters contain admirable remarks. Then he proceeds to develop the usefulness and duty of a head of a family and its different members, under pressure of poverty (b. ii. c. 7); the usefulness and duty of the poor man to the rich man (b. ii. c. 8), and of the rich man to the poor man (b. ii. c. 9). Then he points out the usefulness and duty of a commander and his soldiers (b. iii. c. 1, 3, 5, 6, 7); of a statesman and the people (b. iii. c. 7). Each of these subjects is treated with a steady regard to usefulness and happiness, which might be characterized by terms exactly the reverse of those which Dr. Bowring has thought fit to use when speaking of the philosophy of Socrates.

"The summum bonum—the sovereign good—what is it? The philosopher's stone, the balm Hygieian that cures all manner of diseases. It is this thing, and the other thing,—it is any thing but pleasure—it is the Irishman's apple-pie made of nothing but quinces.

"While Xenophon was writing history, and Euclid giving instructions in geometry, Socrates

and Plato were talking nonsense, under pretence of teaching wisdom. This morality of their's consisted in words—this wisdom of their's was the denial of matters known to every man's experience, and the assertion of other matters opposed to every man's experience." etc. etc.

"While they were all of them chattering about the summum bonum, each was amusing himself with the gross enjoyments of sense." etc. etc.—*Bowring's Deontology*, vol. p. i. 40.

"A new ground is put forward here (i. e. in the 'Deontology'). The ground of approbation will be the tendency of an act to increase happiness." etc. etc.—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 140.

In page 24 of the same work, Dr. Bowring says,—

—"That the public sanction will, in as far as the subject is understood, be given to that line of conduct which most promotes the public happiness, is a corollary requiring no arguments for its establishment."

We will say a little on this subject when we examine the politics of Socrates; at present we will take leave to observe, that we are much more sure that the divine sanction is given to every thing useful, than that the public sanction will be so given. We prefer to confine our attention to another matter, and not to enter at present on a consideration of the politics of Socrates; but we shall have much to say on that subject presently.

Our space reminds us that for the remainder of our article we must be content to use analysis and not quotation.

The attentive reader of 'Memorabilia' will not fail to remark, that the virtues which are treated *each by itself* in the second and third books, (as submission to authority and obedience to parents, love of brothers and love of friends, useful employment and preservation of property, etc. etc., all of which virtues come under the head of private duty, and are treated of principally in the second book—and in like manner, the several virtues, military and civil, which together constitute public duty, and are treated of principally in the third book—all these separate virtues, private and public, being set forth as authorized by expediency or usefulness to man, and sanctioned by religion or duty to God) are all summed up in the third book, under the one common title Justice. Nor will he fail to remark that this great comprehensive virtue, Justice, is placed in the fourth book of the 'Memorabilia,' immediately after Religion, whereas the separate virtues which together make up Justice are placed in the second book immediately after Self-command. The meaning of this change will be obvious to the intelligent reader of the

\* See the Edinburgh Review, No. 132, p. 74.



'Memorabilia.' Self-command is placed in the second book at the head of all the separate virtues, because not one of them can exist without the practice of that instrumental virtue. Justice is placed in the fourth book immediately after Religion, in order to intimate that Justice is the practice of religion, and that Religion without justice is theory without practice, not wisdom but folly, not virtue but vice, not religion but hypocrisy. As we have seen Self-command distinguished clearly from asceticism, here we see Religion distinguished as clearly from fanaticism. In the former case no value whatever was attached to corporeal mortifications; in the latter no worth is ascribed to spiritual ecstasies. In both the *mens sana in corpore sano* is the right view of this sound-minded philosopher.

It will also be observed that Socrates' definition of Justice proceeds *pari passu* with his definition of Religion, which adds another proof of the correctness of our estimate of his opinions on the greater of these two great questions. For Socrates commences by identifying Justice with Law, seeing that there is no hope of justice, but peril of anarchy, violence and wrong, if laws are not obeyed. Secondly, Socrates identifies Human Law, in so far as it is *communis sensus hominum*, the general agreement of mankind (not for the few nor yet of the many, not of the selfish nor yet of the violent, but the unanimous voice of all sound-minded men) with Divine law; so that what is useful, expedient and just manward, is holy, pious and religious Godward. In agreement with the above view, it was the practice of Socrates, whilst he set an example of hearty and conscientious obedience to human laws, to use his utmost endeavors to correct and perfect them; using for this purpose all rational arguments and constitutional powers, in order that Human Law may be more and more identified with that usefulness which is in itself an expression of Divine Law. For Socrates argued that laws enacted by king, nobles or people, when passed by force or fraud contrary to usefulness or expediency, want the highest characteristic of justice, God's approval, and usurp the second characteristic, man's approval; but that nevertheless they must be obeyed until they are repealed, in order to avoid greater evils—utter ruin of Law and utter hopelessness of Justice.

Socrates held that Politics must be founded on justice, and that as it is no easy matter to decide what is just in every case, Politics are not the slight thing which

many make them; that knowledge of what is true must precede practice of what is right; that the first step towards a knowledge of justice is self-knowledge—knowledge of ourselves, knowledge of human nature, in order that we may understand what is good and useful and beautiful, for that these qualities are always relative and proportionate to the nature of man; that the second step towards a knowledge of justice is to attend to the *communis sensus hominum*, for that when really ascertained it indicates to us the divine command that the third step towards a knowledge of justice is to attend to the consequences of actions, whether useful or mischievous, as the former are just and the latter unjust; that in order to obtain knowledge of justice and skill as a politician, there must be learning from a master of this great science, and free discussion with him and in his presence, or that mere empirical dexterity will be picked up at the expense of the community by means of foolish and mischievous and wicked experiments; that as justice is the means by which the real politician produces happiness, so rulers are appointed for the good of the community, not to gratify their own passions and desires; that men who are fit for this high and noble service should undertake it, whilst those who are unfit for it should decline it, that not the vote of the many or the few can confer just authority when the party is incapable of using power for a good purpose. In a word, that politics are the carrying out on a large scale of the wisdom and virtue of private life, and that he who is a foolish or bad man cannot be a wise and good citizen.

The above analysis of Socrates' view of justice or usefulness, collected from the "Memorabilia," has been made with as conscientious an accuracy in comparing passage with passage as we could employ in such a service. It has left upon our minds a conviction that Socrates' views of practical virtue, private and public, were as full and clear as his views of religious principle, and that both are worthy of that noble Self-command which he insists on as the foundation of intellectual and moral and political excellence.

Should any one affect to make no distinction between pleasure and happiness, expediency and duty, he may see that the facts which have been set forth somewhat pompously as modern discoveries were known long ago,\* and that the nomenclature

\* "But although this was the manner, in which Socrates lived, yet could he not be persuaded that

ture he desires to introduce was long ago deliberately rejected\* on the ground, that practically it was more dangerous to virtue, than theoretically valuable for science. Socrates was well acquainted with all the leading facts on which such theories and nomenclature have been founded by the utilitarian schools of Aristippus, Epicurus and Aristotle; but whilst he states or admits his knowledge of these facts to Aristippus and to others, he insists upon a nomenclature which shall more clearly distinguish virtuous happiness from vicious pleasure. And he was right, right as a practical moralist, to insist upon reforming the phraseology of a corrupt and sophistical generation, as the first step towards teaching them sound principles and a virtuous practice. Aristippus had neither the prudence of Aristotle nor the sentiment of Epicurus, and so could not fight the battle of utilitarianism, as they could and did; but such armor, however forged and wielded, could not resist the divine temper of the weapons of Socrates. He contended that there must be a consciousness of duty to God in order that there may be man's reasonable service and appropriate virtue; for that no prudent choice of the more pleasurable pleasure in preference to the less pleasurable pleasure *can* constitute the service which the Deity requires from man, the service which a rational and conscientious, yet passion-tempted creature owes to an Intelligent Creator. A virtue useful to nobody was no virtue at all in the opinion of Socrates; but he did not therefore infer that the *utile quidlibet* (not even the eternal utility of Paley) is the ultimate end of man. If we might borrow for an instant the bold humor of Rowland Hill, in a matter which calls for his strong good-sense, we would say that Socrates did not

he enjoyed less of the pleasures of life than the voluptuous man, who employed all his thoughts in the pursuit of them."—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 3.

"If I am observed to be not over-delicate in my diet, if I sleep little, nor once taste of those infamous delights which others indulge in, assign no other cause than my being possessed of pleasures in themselves far more eligible, which delight not alone for the moment in which they are enjoyed, but gladden with the hope of yielding perpetual satisfaction."—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 6.

\* "Nor do my votaries (Virtue is supposed to be speaking) fail to find pleasure in their repasts, though small cost is wanted to furnish out their table; for hunger, not art, prepares it for them; while their sleep, which follows the labors of the day, is far more sweet than whatever expense can procure for idleness; yet, sweet as it is, they quit it unreluctant when called by their duty, whether to the gods or men."—*Memorabilia*, book ii. chap. 1.—See all the quotations about the religion of Socrates.

make the Deity so merely a *chip in porridge*, as to consider pleasure, happiness, or expediency, word it how you will, the ultimate end and aim of man's actions and desires. He saw indeed that human happiness (thoroughly, not partially understood,) affords the true measure of God's will to his rational creatures; yet *per hoc*, *non propter hoc*, was his fixed estimate of utility, or in other words, that usefulness is the rule or measure of action, but not the end or motive of action. Let me, he argued, be only sure that I have discovered what promotes human happiness, and I am sure that I have discovered what is God's will; but then, he contended, it immediately becomes our duty,\* and not merely our interest, to do that will. Duty to God, man's reasonable service, has also this superiority, that it carries his moral capabilities to their highest point, giving him the consciousness of God's approval. Socrates did not begin by assuming, whether from prejudice or fanaticism, that a certain mode of conduct had the divine sanction, and then infer that such conduct *must* promote human happiness; but he first ascertained what *will* promote human happiness, and then inferred that this conduct has the sanction of God's approval. That this is a fair estimate of the usefulness, the temperance and the religion of Socrates, has already been proved by numerous quotations, and might be proved by many more. In a word, the great principles of conduct, as set forth by his philosophy, are—piety as the motive, usefulness as the measure, and self-command as the means. The order and connection of these principles, as they are exhibited in the "*Memorabilia*" of Xenophon, might be likened to the parts of a Doric column, and so presented to the sight. The base of the pedestal should be reverence for God. The die, or body of the pedestal, squared to a line, should be self-command. On this pedestal the shaft of the column should be usefulness to man, in all the relations of human life; and the capital, of perfect Doric Simplicity, should be moral beauty.

In the visible metaphor by which we

\* Dr. Bowring tells us that "it is in fact very idle to talk about *duties*; the word itself has in it something *disagreeable and repulsive*; and talk about it as we may, the word will not become a rule of conduct." But will the more agreeable word *pleasure* become a rule of conduct? Can we cheat men into a discharging of their duties, by telling them they are pleasures? In the first place it is not possible; in the second place it is not desirable. Socrates took other means to prepare his pupils for the steep ascent; yet he told them also of the pleasures of a noble energy.



have illustrated the philosophy of Socrates, beauty, it will be observed, is made the capital. As we shall have a much better opportunity of treating this most sound, as it is most Grecian, principle, when we come to speak of the Socrates of Plato as compared with the Socrates of Xenophon, we will only add a picture of moral beauty, which must command admiration, respect and love for the character and philosophy of Socrates, from every man that studies them *intelligently and fairly*, to the end of time; requiring that irreverent hands be withdrawn from that divine head, on which Xenophon has placed this simple and graceful wreath of a well-earned praise.

"As to myself, knowing him of a truth to be such a man as I have described; so pious towards the gods, as never to undertake any thing without first consulting them; so just towards men, as never to do an injury, even the very slightest, to any one, whilst many and great were the benefits he conferred on all with whom he had any dealings; so temperate and chaste, as not to indulge any appetite or inclination at the expense of whatever was modest and becoming; so prudent, as never to err in judging of good and evil, nor wanting the assistance of others to discriminate rightly concerning them; so able to discourse upon, and define with the greatest accuracy, not only those points of which we have been speaking, but likewise every other, and, looking as it were, into the minds of men, discover the very moment for reprehending vice, or stimulating to the love of virtue: experiencing, as I have done, all these excellencies in Socrates, I can never cease considering him as the most virtuous and the most happy of all mankind. But if there is any one who is disposed to think otherwise, let him go and compare Socrates with any other, and afterwards let him determine."—*Memorabilia*, book iv. chap. 7.

There is something revolting to our sense of moral beauty, in turning from this picture of the philosopher of ancient times to the picture of the man of science, with which the reviewer of Bacon ends his work. We do not wish to dwell upon the contrast. That Bacon *was a man of science*, not, we think, *the man of science*, Socrates would have been the last person to dispute; nay, he would have been the first to yield him a title to which he had the fullest claim. Why then did Bacon condescend to deny, or even to dispute, Socrates' claim to the title of *philosopher*? May we not say that Socrates is *the philosopher*, not of antiquity only, but of all time? As a moral philosopher, estimated by the difficulties he had to encounter, the means he possessed and the effects he produced, we do not consider ourselves presumptuous in claiming the highest place for him. For his philosophy

was a philosophy, not of flowers only, nor even of flowers and fruits, but it was a philosophy of seeds and plants, of buds, of flowers and of fruits; yea, of future harvests.

We are sure that the reviewer of Bacon will not take an unfair advantage over us by replying that the philosophy of Socrates blossomed and fruited indeed in his own principles and conduct, and in the wisdom and goodness of many of his friends and followers, but that it has had little practical effect on the world at large, and so may be called a philosophy of flowers. Such an assertion may be made by thousands with perfect sincerity, but assuredly not by any sound scholar; and by whomsoever it is made, and with whatever degree of sincerity, it certainly is not true. Socrates did *not* live in vain, neither did he die in vain, in so far as the world's principles and practices are concerned. That his philosophy did not bear and has not borne *all* the fruit that might have been expected from the blossoms, are faults or defects for which neither he nor his philosophy is answerable.

Is it urged that these lessons were not found sufficient for the world? Of course they were not sufficient, if they were not sufficiently applied. If the statesmen and the priests of Greece would not do what was necessary to bring the lessons of Socrates and his school home to the minds of the people, of course the teaching of Socrates was insufficient,—insufficient, that is, to arrest religious, moral and political anarchy,—insufficient, that is, to establish in men's minds the religious, the moral and the political obligations, which alone could have saved Greece. If the statesman and the priest did not apply the remedy, of course the disease was not cured. It was contended by Aristophanes, and doubtless by Melitus, that the established religion and the established discipline were sufficient to correct the evils of the times, or, at least, if they were insufficient, it was only because they had been relaxed, and all that was required was to urge them on the public mind more intensely. So Aristophanes and Melitus contended, when they accused Socrates of impiety, innovation and anarchy. But the true question was, (and the answer is plain in the present time,) whether the religion of Greece could continue to be a sufficient foundation for principles and conduct, under any other mode of reception than that which Socrates has suggested in his explanation of the myths of Homer, and of which he has given so beautiful an example in his version of the

'Choice of Hercules.' His views tend indeed to the reformation of all religions; but it is by a method very different from that of the iconoclast. The reformation he proposed would break down nothing with which piety and obligation are associated. All he requires is to give a sounder interpretation to the letter, and not to persist too long, and till it is too late, in giving a real sense to that which ought to be received as mystic. We leave to phrenologists to explain the action of the brain, but we believe that it becomes *physically impossible* at advanced periods to believe what at earlier periods is perfectly credible. Statesmen may keep men's heads as cool as they can by fetters for the body and dogmas for the mind; but the progress of events, accelerating intellectual development with a velocity at once fearful and hopeful, must convince *the real statesman* (O that he would arise!) that one mode of conduct is alone safe, as it alone is reasonable and conscientious, at least in a man of sound knowledge; in a man, for example, who knows all that may be known and will be known of the religion and philosophy of Greece. That philosophy, the philosophy of Socrates, we further contend, has not been in vain, in so far as the world at large has received it in various forms; though, alas! it was not allowed by her priests and statesmen to save Greece.

Shall we be told that now at least the philosophy of Socrates has done all its allotted work, and therefore is cast aside by scholars and universities, religionists, philosophers and statesmen? Shall we be told this in an age which still echoes the fearful words—"Mortels! cessez de trembler devant les foudres impuissans d'un Dieu créé par vos terreurs,"\*—in an age which has seen the certain commentary on such a text, "Ce ne sont pas seulement les sciences, les arts consolateurs, les arts utiles qui vont périr; ce sont les premiers liens de la société, les plus saintes affections qui sont rompus avec fureur. L'imagination ne peut concevoir une plus affreuse pensée qu'un tel peuple exerçant ses fureurs au centres de l'Europe!"

In an age which *re-echoes* those fearful words, and which has its own debt, deficit and droits de Seigneur, even if it had no other resemblance to the *age of reason*, are we to be told that the philosophy of Socrates has done its work? We look for

some great statesman to arise who may be aware that *all* our powers for good are wanted to resist evil. We Protestants censure the Church of Rome for silencing, or attempting to silence Galileo, being ourselves convinced that all physical truth ought to be known. Is moral truth then so unimportant, that Protestants may silence the testimony of Socrates, hide the facts of his life, and neglect his convincing reasonings?—nay, may misrepresent them at their pleasure? Does the history of the world so abound in unquestionable and irresistible evidence and testimony of the great truths which are demonstrated and testified, both in his life and by his death, that we may neglect his testimony?

Bacon may be a good witness of physical usefulness, and Bentham a still better witness of political usefulness; we would neither dispute their claim, nor derogate from its value; but we ask, where shall we find such a witness as Socrates of moral including religious principle? Has the world's history three such connected witnesses, such a body of evidence, as Socrates, Plato and Aristotle supply? Why are they hidden, or made known to comparatively a few; and even that with no deeper sincerity, no larger truth, than some of the criticisms of our fatherland supply? If Dr. Arnold thought rightly, that the history of Thucydides is of the deepest importance and closest applicability to our own times and interests and circumstances, is there no sound parallelism in the reasoning which would prove that the philosophy of Socrates comes home to our business and bosoms?

The claim of Socrates to our admiration, respect and love forms a great body of evidence in itself, and is perfectly compatible with other evidence, in whatever form it be received; but certainly is most compatible with the acceptance of other evidence in the form in which it is most true, and in which ultimately it can be received with most sincerity. Here is something sounder in principle, feeling and conduct, than that cry of weakness and despair—"La nation reconnait l'existence de l'Etre Suprême et l'immortalité de l'âme"—that cry which came too late.\*

We turn to the philosophy of Bacon, as set forth by his reviewer, and we ask whether *the fruits* of Bacon's physical science,

\* See Lacretelle's History of the Revolution. But see, above all, Carlyle's masterly History. We speak not of its style, which is not to our taste, but of its large grasp of the subject?

\* On what view of Christianity taken by the French church *can* such a system of Education, Piety and Policy be founded, as may be a guarantee for the peace of Europe and the world against the passions of that most excitable people?



which we would in no wise deny or undervalue, are fitted to be the moral and the spiritual food of man? Man does not live by bread alone. We admit, or rather we contend, that the Creator of man wills that he be fed better physically than he has been or now is: and towards this end Bacon did much, and Bentham did more, though not all; for, we repeat, man does not live by bread alone. He not only has higher and nobler desires, but these higher and nobler desires must be gratified, before he can eat his daily bread in peace and safety,—ay, before he can have a full and assured supply of daily bread to eat. For what is more obvious than that the moral principles on which Bacon acted would, if they prevailed, render of no effect the physical principles he desired to establish?

Not so with Socrates. In his life, and by his death, he exemplified the principles which he taught; principles which make individuals, families and states most happy; principles not to be taken upon trust, but requiring God's rational creatures to examine them, whether they are useful, pure and holy; and when this has been ascertained, requiring God's moral creatures to practise them, conscientiously, sincerely, truly. For Socrates points out distinctly that knowledge without practice is not knowledge\*; and that the philosopher is, not he who knows, but he who *knows and does*.

#### BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Be kind to each other!  
The night's coming on,  
When friend and when brother  
Perchance may be gone!  
Then 'midst our dejection,  
How sweet to have earned  
The blest recollection  
Of kindness—returned!  
When day hath departed,  
And Memory keeps  
Her watch, broken hearted,  
Where all she loved sleeps!

Let falsehood assail not,  
Nor envy disprove—  
Let trifles prevail not  
Against those ye love!  
Nor change with to-morrow,  
Should fortune take wing,  
But the deeper the sorrow,  
The closer still cling!  
Oh, be kind to each other,  
The night's coming on,  
When friend and when brother  
Perchance may be gone!  
*North of England Magazine.*

\* See Memorabilia, book iv. chap. 6.

#### LADY SALE'S JOURNAL.

*A Journal of the Disasters in Affghanistan,*  
1841-2. By Lady Sale. Murray.

From the Court Journal.

THE excitement which has been caused by the announcement of this book, has been very great. The certainty felt by all who know any thing of the character of the writer, that she would speak out, has occasioned a singular sensation. The heroine, for such Lady Sale (despite her disclaimer of the title) has proved herself to be, *has spoken out*, and the demand for this volume will be proportioned to the freedom of her revelations and comments. The courtesy of Mr. Murray has put us in possession of the journal at a period, late indeed for perusal,—and too late for remark, were it desirable—but early enough to enable us to lay before our readers a series of extracts which will stimulate rather than satiate their curiosity.

Lady Sale writes (we speak *ex cathedra*, for we have read the volume from beginning to end) with simplicity and spirit. Had sound vigorous sense like hers been found in other heads, this journal would never have been written. She details the fight, the watch, the storm, the skirmish, the massacre, and the march, without a word of affectation, and, indeed, without a word to shew that she thinks she is telling any thing out of the common way. She narrates the energetic executions, and the melancholy fate of her gallant son-in-law, Captain Sturt, in a tone of admiring affection, but without a word of undue praise. The horrors of the dreadful retreat, told in Lady Sale's straightforward, unaffected style, exceed all ideas which have been formed from other recitals. But it is to the melancholy vacillation, the disgraceful ignorance, which led to all these scenes, that the attention of the English public—of English statesmen, will be drawn.

We will not, by further remark, detain the reader from our extracts. Lady Sale states, in the "introduction" to her "Journal,"

\* \* \* I have not only daily noted down events as they occurred, but often have done so hourly. I have also given the reports of the day, the only information we possessed; also such news\* as was telegraphed from the Bala Hissar, or sent in by the King or by Capt. Connolly to the Envoy; and many other reports brought by Affghan gentlemen of Capt. Sturt's acquaintance, and by others of lower degree, who having had dealings with him in the engineer department and public works, and having received kindness from him, gave him such in-

telligence and warning as was in their power; all of which he communicated [to his superior officers] at different times; but the warnings were not attended to; and as when he gave his advice it was seldom adhered to, he became disgusted, and contented himself with zealously performing his duties and making himself generally useful, acting the part of an artillery officer as well as that of an engineer. Had poor Sturt's life been spared, it was his intention to have worked up my Rough Notes, and to have added much valuable information; he was too much overworked to afford leisure to give me assistance at the time. His plans, drawings, &c., with his public and private papers, were lost, except a note or two that were, just a few days before we left Cabul, put with my Journal. I believe several people kept an account of these proceedings, but all except myself lost all they had written; and had recourse to memory afterwards. I lost every thing except the clothes I wore; and therefore it may appear strange that I should have saved these papers. The mystery is, however, easily solved. After every thing was packed on the night before we left Cabul, I sat up to add a few lines to the events of the day, and the next morning, I put them in a small bag and tied them round my waist.

This is her account of the commencement of the revolt:—

In former times, under the feudal system, when the sovereign of Cabul required troops, each bold chieftain came forward with his retainers; but these vassals had been taken from them, and were embodied in corps commanded by British officers, to whom they owed no affection, and only paid a forced obedience, whilst their hearts were with their national religion; their chief's power was now greatly limited, and the chook guaranteed to them was withheld on the plea that the Company had commanded retrenchments. But the saving required by Government was a curtailment of those expenses which were defrayed by its own rupees, whereas the 40,000 rupees now the subject of dispute were, in fact, no saving at all to us, as that money was never paid by the Company, but was the chook or money excused to the chiefs out of the revenue or dues owing to the King, on condition of their enforcing the submission of the petty chiefs, and the payment of their rents. This sum, whether paid to Shah Shoojah or not, would never have replenished the Hon. Company's coffers; and by upholding the Shah in such an act of aggression we compromised our faith, and caused pretty general insurrection, said to be headed by Meer Musjude.

The Envoy is thus spoken of:—

Last year, when Sir Willoughby Cotton commanded, and during the disturbances in the Kohistan, every despatch from Sale, who commanded the troops there, was promulgated in orders, and the present system of keeping information close is disgusting; there can be no secrets regarding what passes in action in the field. The general impression is that the Envoy is trying to deceive himself into an assurance that the country is in a quiescent state. He has a diffi-

cult part to play, without sufficient moral courage to stem the current singly. About two months since, Sir William wrote to Lord Auckland, explaining to him the present state of Afghanistan, and requesting that five additional regiments should be sent to this country, two of them to be European. To these statements a written war succeeded between the Envoy and the Supreme Government of Bengal. Letter after letter came, calling for retrenchment. Sir William had been appointed from home Governor of Bombay, and was particularly chosen for the office from his being a moderator, and a man unlikely to push any violent measures. He hoped affairs might take a turn for the better, and was evidently anxious to leave Cabul, and assume his new appointment. In an evil hour, he acceded to the entreaties of Sir Alexander Burnes, (who appears to have been blinded on the subject,) and wrote to Lord Auckland to nullify his former request for additional troops, and to say that part of those now in the country might be withdrawn. The 1st brigade, under Sale, was accordingly ordered to be in readiness to move down; and it was generally understood that all would be withdrawn as soon as the Shah had raised five more regiments of his own. The letter of recall, as we may term Sir William's, was sent off only two days before the breaking out of the Zoomut affair.

Again—

The state of supineness and fancied security of those in power in cantonments is the result of deference to the opinions of Lord Auckland, whose sovereign will and pleasure it is that tranquillity do reign in Afghanistan; in fact, it is reported at Government House, Calcutta, that the lawless Afghans are as peaceable as London citizens; and this being decided by the powers that be, why should we be on the alert?

Most dutifully do we appear to shut our eyes on our probable fate. The Shah is, however, to be protected, whatever may be the fate of the English in the city; and Brig. Shelton is sent with the Shah's 6th, some of the 44th Queen's, and three horse artillery guns, under Capt. Nicholl, to the Bala Hissar. The King, as he well may be, is in great consternation.

More to the same effect:—

No military steps have been taken to suppress the insurrection, nor even to protect our only means of subsistence (the Godowns), in the event of a siege. The King, Envoy, and General, appear perfectly paralyzed by this sudden outbreak: the former is deserted by all his courtiers, and by even his most confidential servants, except the Wuzer, who is strongly suspected of having instigated the conspiracy; and suspicion attaches to his majesty again. It is here necessary to observe, that several months ago letters calling on all true Mussulmans to rise against the Kaffirs (English unbelievers) were widely disseminated: they bore the King's signature; but Sir William Macnaghten always insisted that they were forgeries of a very peculiar description, that papers bearing the veracious signature had had their contents washed out, and these seditious writings inserted. The



Shah of course said—"An enemy has done this;" and as dead men tell no tales, much of the obloquy was allowed to rest on Moollah Shekoor, who had paid the penalty of other state crimes.

In Affghanistan, the English act as they do in all other countries, they visit—keep to themselves, and even (generally) employ only servants brought with them. The envoy kept but few Affghans in his employ. He had a news-reporter, at 150 rupees a month, who had the credit of concocting splendid untruths; an old moolah, picked up at Kandahar, who, I believe, receives 200—a man greatly in Sir William's confidence; there is also an old cossid. These people adhere to the Envoy, and flatter him into the belief that the tumult is *bash* (nothing), and will shortly subside.

#### A word too late—

It is more than shocking, it is shameful, to hear the way that officers go on croaking before the men; it is sufficient to dispirit them, and prevent their fighting for us.

#### And—

There is much reprehensible croaking going on; talk of retreat, and consequent desertion of our Mussulman troops, and the confusion likely to take place consequent thereon. All this makes a bad impression on the men. Our soldiery like to see the officers bear their part in privation; it makes them more cheerful; but in going the rounds at night, officers are seldom found with the men. There are those that always stay at their posts on the ramparts, and the men appreciate them as they deserve. To particularize them would be too openly marking the rest; but their names will, I trust, be remembered to their honor and advantage hereafter.

#### The great carnage—

The troops continued their fearful march; the remnant of the camp followers, with several wounded officers, went ahead: for five miles they saw no enemy; all who could not walk were necessarily left behind. They descended a long steep descent to the bed of the Têzeen Nullah. At this dip, the scene was horrible; the ground was covered with dead and dying, amongst whom were several officers; they had been suddenly attacked and overpowered. The enemy here crowded from the tops of the hills in all directions down the bed of the Nullah, through which the route lay for three miles; and our men continued their progress through an incessant fire from the heights on both sides, until their arrival in the Têzeen valley, at about half-past four p. m.

The descent from the Huft Kohtul was about 2000 feet; and here they lost the snow.

About 12,000 persons have perished.

Her Ladyship shows that she has good soldierly feeling:—

The Mirza has returned; he and the Nazir promise to send a box, which I have no means of carrying, as also our servants, who are unable to go with us, to Jellallabad, to Sale; however,

as they crammed the box into their own go-down, I strongly suspect they mean to keep it themselves. My chest of drawers they took possession of with great glee—I left some rubbish in them, and some small bottles, that were useless to me. I hope the Affghans will try their contents as medicine, and find them efficacious; one bottle contained nitric acid, another a strong solution of lunar caustic?

#### And, better still—

The citizens are ruined by the perfect stagnation of trade, and would probably side with us were we to show in force. Now is the time to strike the blow, but I much dread dilly-dallying just because a handful of us are in Akbar's power. What are our lives when compared with the honour of our country? Not that I am at all inclined to have my throat cut; on the contrary, I hope that I shall live to see the British flag once more triumphant in Affghanistan; and then I have no objection to the Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan being reinstated: only let us first show them that we can conquer them, and humble their treacherous chiefs in the dust.

This is the last for which we can find room:

The late newspapers have not a little amused me. They show that the editors catch at every expression used in any letters they have read, or on any comments they hear on news from Affghanistan. A regular controversy has arisen between one, who asserts that Lady Sale in her letters evinces a strong prepossession in favor of Mahommed Akbar Khan, and another, who thinks Lady Sale wrote, as she did, because she was a prisoner: to which the first rejoins, that he does not think Lady S. would, under any circumstances, write that which was false.—*There he is right: but I would not have written on the subject at all, unless I wrote as I thought: if people misunderstand, it is their fault and not mine.* Again, they say it were better I had never written at all. Perhaps so: but it seems that details were wanting; my letters to Sale gave those; and he thought them of sufficient consequence to send them to the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief. They were afterwards sent to England by the former; and, if the papers tell truth, excited some attention in the highest circles. As to my "great prepossession" in favor of Akbar, my greatest wish is, that Gen. Nott's force should march up to Ghuznee; release the prisoners there; and then that a simultaneous movement should take place of Nott's and Pollock's forces upon Cabul. Once again in power, here, I would place Akbar Mahomed Shah, and Sultan Jan *hors de combat*; befriend those who befriended us, and let the Affghans have the Ameer Dost Mahommed Khan back, if they like. He and his family are only an expense to us in India; we can restore them, and make friends with him. Let us first show the Affghans that we can both conquer them and revenge the foul murder of our troops; but do not let us dishonor the British name by sneaking out of the country like whipped Pariah dogs. Affghanistan will become a byword amongst the nations. Had we retreated, as

poor Sturt proposed, without baggage, with celerity, (forced marches to get through the snow,) and had the men stood by us, (a doubtful point, they were so worn out and dispirited,) we might have figured in history, and have cut out Xenophon's account of the retreat of the ten thousand.

As to the justice of dethroning the Ameer Dost Mahommed, and setting up Shah Shoojah, I have nothing to say regarding it, nor regarding our policy in attempting to keep possession of a country of uncivilized people, so far from our own, whence all supplies of ammunition, money, &c., must be obtained. Let our Governors-General and Commanders-in-Chief look to that, whilst I knit socks for my grandchildren.

We shall endeavor to give a second notice of this journal; in the meantime, we think we have earned the thanks of our readers.

### THE PLAGUE AND THE FIRE.

SUGGESTED BY THE ROMANCE OF "OLD ST. PAUL'S."

BY MISS SKELTON.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

A MIGHTY city lay in sleep, 'neath the dusk of a moonless night,  
But the starlight touch'd its thousand spires each with a gleaming light;  
The starlight show'd its countless homes, its halls of pomp and pride,  
And its marble, peopled terraces, and its river rolling wide.

And I saw, betwixt the heavens and earth, two ghastly shapes arise,  
Shadowing the city's silent depths, clouding the starry skies—  
Angels of death, denouncing doom—visions of wrath, they came;  
One, formless in its utter gloom—one, bright with blinding flame.

The Spirits of the Plague and Fire!—I knew them as they rose,  
And I listen'd for the awful words that would tell of coming woes.  
No eye save mine that sight might see, no ear save mine might hear,  
As o'er the guilty city pass'd that sound of grief and fear.

First, from the darker phantom broke a loud and wailing cry,  
"I summon ye,—oh! fated ones,—I summon ye to die!  
Long have your crimes for vengeance call'd—the word is given on high,  
And vengeance comes—to-night is yours, to-morrow ye shall die!

"Death is already at your gates, his dart is raised to strike,  
And young and old, and rich and poor, I summon ye alike;  
And fair, and proud, and great, and brave, as autumn leaves ye fall—  
The grave is dug, the pit is deep—I summon one and all.

"Nought shall avail; virtue and truth shall die, with lust and pride;  
I claim the parent from the child, the bridegroom from the bride;

I claim the old man's snow-white hairs—the babe's unsullied breath,  
And the love whose passionate excess might conquer all—save death.

"I summon all—all these are mine!"—thus the dark phantom cried,  
While peals like thunder growling round in sullen echoes died.  
Then spoke the Angel, bright with flame—"Oh, city proud and gay,  
My brother claims your guilty sons, and you shall be my prey!

"I your polluted streets and halls will cleanse with living fires—  
I will scorch your temples into dust, I will strike your stately spires;  
Thy mighty ones shall bite the earth, thy lofty shall lie low—  
We bring the mandate from on high—we doom thee wrath and wo!"

I saw the signs—I heard the words—then day was slowly born,  
And the bright Angel, girt with flame, fled from the light of morn;  
But in thick mist the dark shape sank, o'er streets and river down,  
And with the morrow came the Plague to that devoted town.

POLAND AND SERVIA.—We have to record another act of insulting oppression perpetrated upon unhappy Poland by the "Northern Condor." We find, from the official gazette of the kingdom of Poland, that the administrative council of the kingdom has determined that the existing district in the Government of Kielce (formerly a circuit), named Krakowski, deriving its name from the city of Cracow, shall henceforth be called Proszowicki, from its chief town, Proszowice. Comment upon this ordinance may well be spared; it speaks plainly enough to all Europe that Russia adheres, with stern purpose, to her plan for extinguishing whatever remains of nationality may yet linger among the beaten-down Sarmatians. The name of Cracow is to be blotted out from history. To this system of brutal tyranny, England, the Smiter of Tyrants, has been content to hand over a nation of brave men, whom, in ordinary policy, she should have upheld as the deadliest enemies of her own deadliest enemy. In Serbia, Russian intrigues and Russian despotism are again at work, and, with the Protean dexterity which belongs to the wily savage, the autocrat has taken up the cause of democracy. Russia demands of the Porte that Serbia be allowed to exercise the right of popular election. But Austria is awakened and alarmed, and has thrown her weight into the opposite scale. The Sultan, assured of the support of the European powers against Russia, will most probably resist the mandate, and adhere to the line he has taken, *this time fearing*

"No Russian cannon's heavy hail,  
In vengeance smiting the Serail."

This perpetual interference on the part of Russia in the affairs of other nations must, ere long, bring on an indignant rebuke from one or other of the powers whose threats are not a mere *brutum fulmen*. France forgets much, but forgives nothing; and England must, by this time, have learned the folly of her practice of forgetting nothing and forgiving every thing.—*Court Journal*.



## THE BRITISH AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

From the London Examiner.

Mr. H. Fretwell, the captain of the *Barbadoes* brig, which some months ago left the port of London with emigrants for Prince Edward's Island, and Mr. D. Campbell, the owner of the vessel, were summoned before the lord Mayor to answer the complaints of several of the unfortunate persons who had broken up their establishments in this country and engaged to go to that remote region in the *Barbadoes*, under the sanction of the British North American Association. Captain Fretwell said that he had been engaged at Gravesend to take the command of the vessel to Prince Edward's Island, and he sailed from the Downs on the 1st of November, 1842, with 50 passengers (men, women, and children). When the vessel reached 42° west longitude she encountered heavy winds and seas, and was so dreadfully battered as to be obliged to put back to the nearest eligible port, which was Cork, a distance of about 1,300 miles. On the 22nd of December she reached Cork, where she remained until the 9th of April, when she sailed for London, leaving behind her in Cork some of the emigrants, but bringing to London about 30 of them, who were at the present moment boarding and lodging in her in the London Docks. He had not received a farthing from any passenger, nor had he received a farthing of pay since he had joined the vessel. He had caused all the repairs to be done to her in Cork. No reasonable complaint could be made as to the provisions, which were abundant and unexceptionable. The repairs, however, went on very slowly, for the agents in Cork began to suspect that they would not easily procure remuneration for their outlay. The British American Association, in the mean time, sent to him to state that the vessel must sail on the 20th of March, and he made every preparation in his power, when he received an intimation that she was not to proceed. The emigrants felt and expressed bitter disappointment at the manner in which they had been treated by the association and those who acted for that body.—Mr. Campbell stated, in answer to his Lordship, that he was sole owner of the *Barbadoes*, subject to a mortgage.—The Lord Mayor: Who were the persons who engaged to take out the emigrants?—Mr. Campbell: The principal managers of the British American Association, Sir R. Brown, Sir W. Ogilvie, and Dr. Rolfe. The ship was chartered by me to these three commissioners to take out emigrants to Prince Edward's Island—all most respectable men, but not very rich, of course. (A laugh.) They engaged him to provide the emigrants at £8 per man, and half price for children, with food and passage out. He provided the ship by a contract with Messrs. Leslie and Smith, the extensive provision merchants, with meat, bread, flour, &c., at £2. 10s. per head. Every thing that was requisite for the voyage was, accordingly to the act of Parliament, most abundantly supplied. The cargo, which was very valuable, was bought upon credit; but now the association is broken up altogether, and I have never received a

farthing. I have lost the ship and every thing else.—The Lord Mayor: I find in this printed paper a number of great names, the appearance of which was calculated to induce people to believe that the association was a *bona fide* one. There are attached the names of a duke, 15 lords, and nearly 40 baronets.—Mr. Campbell: The association is completely broken up. There have been several executions put into the house in Bridge street. There are actions at this moment going on against the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Downshire, and Sir James Colborne.—The Lord Mayor: This paper contains a list of first-rate names. Are all these shareholders?—No: they are only the vice-president and consulting council.—How much of the million capital has been paid up?—None at all. Nobody paid up at all.—Let me know what the plan was with respect to those emigrants if you had got them out to Prince Edward's Island? How were they to be subsisted?—There was a month's extra provision going out, so that they would be provided for a month after landing.—And then take their chance of starvation.—Mr. George Henley and Mr. Taylor, two of the emigrants, and very intelligent men, here stood forward.—Mr. Taylor said that he had paid £50 for himself and his family of eight children to Mr. Buckenfield, the secretary of the association.—Mr. Henley stated that he was introduced by the British Association to Mr. Halden, whom they acknowledged as their agent, and he engaged to pay 30 guineas for his passage, &c., by instalments in the island.—The Lord Mayor: What dreadful mischief arises from the use of high names in cases of this kind!—It was here stated that the duke of Argyll took the lead at all the public meetings, and made no secret of attaching his high name to the acts of the association, and that his Grace's correspondence with the late Lord Mayor clearly proved that fact. The Duke of Argyll and Sir James Colborne were the only two out of the whole list who signed their names for shares. They signed for shares to the amount of £500 each.—The Lord Mayor: And with this £1,000 you start the association.—Mr. Henley requested that the Lord Mayor would postpone the case for a few days.—The Lord Mayor: I shall postpone the case certainly, and I hope that some satisfaction may be obtained. I am decidedly of opinion that you have a claim upon the ship, and that she is bound to leave you at the place of your original destination. I suppose you would still go to Prince Edward's Island, Mr. Taylor?—Mr. Taylor: I should not wish to go without coming to a more clear understanding as to the power of the association. I understand they have not an acre of land in Prince Edward's Island.—The Lord Mayor: What, no land there?—Mr. Campbell: Not a single acre, my Lord. (Laughter.)—Mr. Henley: They bargained to sell me 150 acres.—The Lord Mayor: It is a most decided and heartless fraud. I would send the concoctors of it to Prince Edward's Island with a month's provisions. I consider the emigrants the dupes of a double conspiracy.—He then directed that all the parties should appear in a few days.

## THE PLEA OF INSANITY IN CRIMINAL CASES.

From the British and Foreign Review.

1. *The Plea of Insanity in Criminal Cases.* By Forbes Winslow, Esq., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London: 1843.
2. *On the different forms of Insanity in relation to Jurisprudence, designed for the use of persons concerned in legal questions regarding unsoundness of mind.* By Jas. Cowles Prichard, M. D. Baillière: London, 1842.

THE author of the first of these little books was examined as a medical witness on M'Naughten's trial, and if his evidence had any weight at all with the Jury, it could only derive that influence from the circumstance of his being the man who had written a book on the subject. It is to be regretted that the jury had not some opportunity of forming an opinion of the inaccuracies and fallacies with which this very book abounds, in common with most of the leading works on medical jurisprudence, especially those written by medical men, though Dr. Prichard's Essay forms a very honorable exception to this remark. Of all the imperfections which the late trial disclosed in the mode of treating in our courts the intricate questions of insane criminality, none strike us as more gross, or more contrary to the cautious spirit of English procedure, than the wholesale and indiscriminating admission of medical evidence; and in the case of the author before us, this was particularly remarkable. We quote from the report of the trial:—

"Mr. Forbes Winslow, examined by Mr. Clarkson:—'I am a surgeon, residing in Guildford street. I am the author of a work called 'The Plea of Insanity in Criminal Cases considered.' I have heard all the evidence in this case; but I have not been summoned on either side. My opinion is, that the prisoner is laboring under a morbid delusion, and was incapable, at the time of committing the act in question, of controlling his actions.'"

It is undoubtedly true, that in cases where medical men have not seen the patient, but have heard the symptoms and particulars of his state detailed by other witnesses at the trial, their opinion on the nature of such symptoms is admissible.\* But although they may be admitted to give their opinion whether certain symptoms are symptoms of insanity, it seems they are not competent to give an opinion whether an act for which a prisoner is tried was an act of insanity.†

\* Amos and Phillips on Evidence, p. 899.

† Wright's case. Russ. and Ry. Cr. Ca. 456.

Yet Mr. Winslow's evidence did go to that length. If Mr. Winslow's evidence was to be received, the Solicitor-general ought at least to have been allowed to call one or more reviewers (the humblest of the craft might have sufficed) to prove what the authority of such a witness was worth. Those reviewers might have shown that great confidence was not to be placed in the accuracy of a writer who supposes that Lord Mansfield tried Bellingham, whereas it was Sir James Mansfield who at that time filled the office of Chief-justice of the Common Pleas, and delivered the very excellent charge which led to the conviction of Bellingham. Nor would they attribute any great knowledge of medical jurisprudence to a man who asserts (p. 74) that "the law draws a most absurd distinction between civil and criminal insanity. A person who exhibits the slightest aberration of mind is considered to be incapable of discharging his duties as a citizen, is not allowed to have the management of his affairs, cannot make a will, and is safely shut up in a mad-house; but should the same individual, pronounced by the Commissioners of Lunacy to be of unsound mind, commit in a moment of frenzy a criminal act, he is considered amenable to the law."

It is quite true that the law does draw a distinction between civil and criminal insanity, which we shall shortly examine; but the effect of that distinction is precisely the opposite of the result pointed out by Mr. Winslow. A slight aberration of mind is not unfrequently admitted as a plea in criminal proceedings, when it is duly commented upon by mad doctors and crude psychologists; but we defy Mr. Winslow or his authority to produce a single instance of an individual, pronounced by the Commissioners of Lunacy to be of unsound mind, and safely shut up in a mad-house, who was ever made amenable to the law, or even put upon his trial for a criminal act committed in a moment of frenzy under such circumstances.

The question of insanity may be raised in three different forms of proceeding under the laws of this country:

I. Upon an inquisition under a commission out of Chancery as to the alleged idiocy or lunacy of the party. The question is always tried by a jury, and the effect of their verdict is to pronounce the lunatic generally incompetent to manage his affairs.

II. Questions arising as to the validity of any particular instrument, and especially of testamentary instruments, which are tried by the Ecclesiastical Courts, according to



the rules and principles of their own jurisdiction.

III. Upon criminal charges, in which the plea of insanity is submitted to the appreciation of a jury.

It is notorious that the difficulty of proving insanity is very great in the first of these cases; less by the second; and least of all under the third. Many are the lunatics whose state has long been a cause of painful apprehension to those about them—whose habits are irregular—whose delusions are intense—whose will is infirm, but on whose state no jury would return a general verdict of unsound mind or incompetency; yet if the same party terminate his own life by his own hand, the same jury will forthwith adopt the least scintilla of evidence which can be construed into a suggestion of insanity.

Or if he leave behind him a will so absurd and unjust in its provisions, that it furnishes indisputable evidence of the hold which his morbid aversions or insane predilections had gained upon his mind, in such a case the Court of Probate will take into its consideration the character of the testator at various periods of his life, and will set aside such a will, although the state of mind of the testator was not such as to enable his relations to pray for a commission of lunacy. Almost all the wills which are set aside upon this ground are exemplifications of this fact. If it were as easy to make a person a lunatic during his life as it is to set aside wills after death, it is clear that heirs-at-law and next of kin would be inclined to interpose at an earlier period to place their expectations under the protection of the Court of Chancery.

Lastly, when a crime has been committed, and insanity is pleaded on behalf of the prisoner, the proofs of insanity are submitted to a jury, who decide upon them, or ought to decide upon them, not as affecting the general sanity of the person, (as in the case of an inquisition of lunacy,) but in relation to the particular act with which he is charged.

The most obvious reason which renders it less easy to obtain a verdict of lunacy in the first of these cases than to set aside a will or to obtain the acquittal of a murderer, is that the absurdity of the will or the enormity of the murder act very powerfully on the minds of the court or the jury in support of the alleged insanity. It cannot be otherwise. A presumption of insanity may of course be drawn from the previous eccentricities, aberrations or delusions of the criminal's life. But the facts which will

always have most weight with a jury are those connected with the act for which he is tried. A man who had given unequivocal symptoms of lunacy on various occasions might commit a murder under such circumstances of provocation and deliberation, that no jury would hesitate to decide that he was perfectly conscious of the nature and consequences of the act he was committing, and therefore responsible for them. Again, another man who had given no previous indications of insanity might commit a crime, accompanied by such evident marks of frenzy and unconsciousness, that no jury would convict him of a heinous moral offence. Hence the jury are drawn into a position of extreme difficulty. The more monstrous the offence, the less probability is there that it will be punished. If M'Naughten had received from his amiable and unfortunate victim the most cruel injuries and affronts, he would infallibly have been hung, for no man would then have doubted that in committing the murder he was obeying the dictates of an atrocious but not insane or incoherent revenge; but the circumstance of his having murdered a man whom he had never seen or heard of, and who was known only by his virtues, furnished in itself a strong ground of presumption that he was insane. That is to say, it furnished in itself conclusive evidence of the delusion of the motive: and in our view of this case, and of the delicate shades of legal and psychological analysis connected with it, the main error is in confounding this delusion as to the motive, with delusion as to the act. We find this confusion running through all the medical evidence on the subject; we trace it in the observations of counsel on either side; and even in the luminous observations which the late deplorable occurrence has elicited from the highest legal authorities in the House of Lords, we do not find that this distinction has been taken.

Dr. Prichard differs from the majority of writers on insane criminality by admitting and exemplifying in a very striking manner the distinction between hallucinations of the mental faculties and unsoundness of the active powers. Georget, one of the most able French writers on disorders of the brain, had already observed, "*Il est des malades qui ne déraisonnent point du tout, et chez lesquels on n'observe qu'une perversion plus ou moins, profonde des sentimens et des affections, sans agitation marquée ni fureur, ou bien un état habituel d'agitation, de colère, d'emportement et quelquefois même de fureur mais sans*

*lésion du jugement, sans déraison.*" Dr. Hitch, superintendent of the County Asylum at Gloucester, speaks of some of his patients as "insane in conduct but not in ideas." In short, the more the phenomena of madness have been studied, the less does it appear that the definition and test laid down by Locke, and adopted by many great lawyers and medical writers, will hold good in all cases. According to that proposition, mental delusion, or the belief of some unreal and merely imaginary fact, is the invariable concomitant and criterion of insanity. "Delusion," said Lord Erskine, "is the true character of insanity." "The belief of facts which no rational person would have believed," said Sir John Nicholl, "is insane delusion, and where there is delusion of mind there is insanity." Thus mental delusions have been made the necessary test of moral madness. We may refer the reader to Dr. Prichard's excellent work for a large collection of cases and very ingenious and acute argument by which he demonstrates the fallacy of this notion, and establishes the fact that what he terms moral insanity may exist without any indications of mental aberration at all, either because those aberrations are very deeply concealed, or because the logical powers of the understanding are not affected by the disease. But although some writers have taken this view of the case, and have held that mental delusion is not invariably necessary to prove moral insanity (thus admitting the distinction which we have adopted between the *motive* and the *act*), yet even Georget appears disposed to assume, as we think too easily, that "partial insanity or monomania excludes the idea of criminality or culpability, and takes away from the patient all responsibility of his actions, whatever may be the nature and extent of the illusions under which he may labor." To a proposition thus broadly stated we presume that no lawyer would yield an unqualified assent. But it is not a little remarkable that this sweeping assertion proceeds from a writer who has distinctly admitted in a former part of his work that errors of the will do not invariably imply errors of the judgment. This was precisely the language of the medical witnesses on M'Naughten's trial. Dr. Prichard observes with more caution, that "partial illusion of the understanding or monomania is *generally* accompanied by the state which constitutes moral insanity." Such is undoubtedly the case; but in order to rely implicitly on the rule which has been so peremptorily laid down, it

must be shown that it is necessarily and invariably so; otherwise such delusions as existed in the mind of M'Naughten, accompanied as they were by no symptoms of moral insanity, anterior to the offence for which he was tried, are not more conclusive proofs of irresponsible insanity than the visions of Swedenborg, or the apparitions which have haunted men of unquestionable sanity. Dr. Prichard adds, and we fully concur in the remark, that "all that has been said upon this subject will tend to confirm the general observation, that the attention of those who have hitherto investigated cases of insanity has been too much directed to the particular error which clouds the understanding, or to the disordered state of the intellect or judging and reasoning powers, whereas in reality it is of the moral state, the disposition, and habits of the individual concerned that the principal account ought to be taken . . . . The existence of hallucination or illusion is a very important part of legal investigation in cases of insanity; but is chiefly important in indicating a *great probability* that with such a phenomenon moral perversion co-exists."

We contend that it is a fatal and a very mischievous fallacy to expand delusion of motive into unconscious and irresponsible insanity. In the first place, the motives of crime are not admissible at all, under any other circumstances, as a palliation of an offence. Our feelings may be very different towards a man who has lain in wait to assassinate his benefactor, or another man who has lain in wait to take a sanguinary revenge for the most cruel wrongs; but the act is the same. We loathe the former criminal; we may possibly pity the latter; for the one has given way to the worst passions of our nature, and the other to an impulse which the best might share: but both have yielded to the suggestions of crime and to the shedding of blood; both have violated the fundamental law of God and society; both have incurred the law's severest penalty. No jury of Englishmen would so elude the dictates of their own consciences as to acquit a murderer, because they could not but feel that he had received extreme provocation. If the provocation was extreme, the greater was the patience and resistance required of him. But the same jury will acquit him, it is supposed, if the criminal has acted under the influence of imaginary provocation; if he has been so deluded by aberration of mind as to suppose that an innocent individual whom he never saw before was the



head of a conspiracy against him; if, in short, the motive of the crime be an insane delusion.

Into the appreciation of such motives it is most dangerous for juries to enter. No real evidence can be given on the subject. Vague surmises must take the place of facts; and if deluded motives or insane objects are to be received as grounds of acquittal, there is scarcely one crime in ten which is not committed with such a strange neglect of all ordinary precautions and such an absence of motives as might suggest the incoherence of lunacy. In most cases crimes (confining our remark to crimes against the person) are the effect of criminal impulse. That such impulses exist in the heart of man is in itself sufficiently strange, when we remember how contrary they are to all the happier and higher emotions and sympathies of his heart. But they do exist; and not in the insane alone. Nay, it cannot be contended that their presence amounts even to an indication of insanity, until they have assumed some very monstrous and extravagant character, implying a total unconsciousness of or disbelief in the most palpable physical truths. At that point only should we be disposed to admit that morbid delusions imply moral irresponsibility. The medical witnesses on the late trial appear unanimously to have given it as their opinion, that as it was proved without difficulty that M'Naughten was a prey to certain delusions, *therefore* "any act growing out of these delusions was quite irresistible;" for that "whatever act the delusion compels him to is quite beyond his moral control." We might fill a page with repetitions of this proposition uttered by numerous witnesses in nearly the same words; but we do not the less contest the logic, the law, and indeed the common sense of their concurrent assertion. So also Mr. Winslow, in speaking of what is termed moral insanity:—

"With reference to the moral culpability and responsibility of persons affected by this form of insanity, much, *pro* and *con*, has been said. Many have questioned the existence of a state of derangement, confined solely to the moral perceptions and powers. There is no doubt of the occurrence of this form of insanity, and when its presence is clearly established, the person so unhappily afflicted might not to be considered as a responsible agent. In most cases, he has no power over the train of thought; his will is diseased; he has no motive for the crime; he struggles for a considerable time against the diseased impulse, till at last it overpowers him, and he rushes upon a fellow creature and takes away his life. When such an exculpatory plea

is urged, the causes should be particularly inquired into; the evidence in support of the presence of moral insanity ought to be clear and convincing."

Yet in this passage no attempt is made to show what necessary relation (if any) subsists between the delusions of the mind and the perversity or infirmity of the will; nor was any such attempt made by any one of the witnesses on M'Naughten's trial. It was shown that he entertained certain morbid notions that things existed which had no real existence at all; but not a single attempt was made to prove that he labored under any infirmity of the will whatsoever. The medical men contend that the presence of these morbid notions in the mind places all the actions of the unfortunate person who entertains them "quite beyond his moral control." In other words, every crime that was ever committed *suadente diabolo* is to go unpunished, provided the devil has but made himself sufficiently heard. And upon this mere assertion of the prevailing doctrine in the Scotch medical schools, it was admitted that this delusion was at once irresistible, and with equal cogency of reasoning, that it impelled M'Naughten, because he conceived himself to be persecuted by somebody, to take some other body's life.

The whole point at issue was thus assumed. The real question was, whether, entertaining as he did this delusion, M'Naughten was so incapable of exercising discrimination and self-restraint, that this murder was committed by him under a fatal impulse, without even the consciousness that he was violating the law and doing what exposed him to its severest penalties. Be it observed, that the act for which he was tried had no necessary or even apparent connexion whatever with the alleged delusion. There is no conceivable act of folly or wickedness which he might not have committed with impunity on the same ground. Did then this delusion impel him to any or every act indiscriminately? Was he equally unable to resist every temptation? Was his moral control gone? Far from it: on all other matters he showed a great deal more prudence and discretion than we are wont to find south of the Tweed; and it would be ridiculous to suppose, from the evidence produced at the Old Bailey, that any jury, empanelled under a commission *de lunatico*, would have deprived him of the management of his affairs.

Whether men yield to the temptations of ordinary life, the delusions of a disordered mind, or the frenzy of criminal pas-

sion, it is clear that the acts which ensue are the result of a certain infirmity of the will, unless it be supposed that they are committed in total ignorance or forgetfulness, not only of the laws of duty and conscience, but of the positive laws of this and all other countries. But even in cases of sanguinary monomania, several of which are collected in the volumes before us, nothing is more common or more affecting than the efforts of the enfeebled will to resist the suggestions of the distempered mind.

"Dr. Zimmerman relates the case of a peasant born at Krumbach, in Swabia, who was often attacked with an irresistible inclination to commit murder. He felt the approach of the fit many hours, and sometimes a whole day, before its invasion, and, from the commencement of this presentiment, he begged to be secured and chained, that he might not commit some dreadful crime. 'When the fit comes on,' he says, 'I feel under the necessity to kill, even were it a child.' His parent, whom he tenderly loved, he declared would be the first victim of this murderous propensity. 'My mother,' he cried out, with a frightful voice, 'save yourself, or I must kill you.' Before the fit he complains of being exceedingly sleepy; without being able to sleep, he feels depressed, and experiences slight twitchings in the limbs. During the fit he preserves his consciousness, and knows perfectly well, that in committing a murder, he would be guilty of an atrocious crime. When he is disabled from doing injury, he makes the most frightful contortions and grimaces, singing or talking in rhyme. The fits last from one to two days. When they are over, he cries out, 'Now unbind me. Alas! I have suffered cruelly, but I rejoice that I have killed nobody.'"

"The narrative is published of a lady, who, on returning home one afternoon, found her favorite female servant in tears. On questioning her, she flung herself upon her knees, and begged her mistress with earnestness to dismiss her from her service, in order to prevent the commission of a horrid deed. On being pressed to explain what she meant, she said that for some weeks back, every night as she undressed her mistress's child, the whiteness of its skin inspired her with an almost overwhelming impulse to deprive it of life. She suffered unutterable torture in resisting the tendency, and every day she found her resolution growing weaker. Andral relates the case of a man of considerable scientific reputation, who became the subject of these horrid impulses. He was seized with an intense desire to deprive some human being of life. Frightened by a consciousness of his state, he voluntarily deprived himself of liberty. He prayed incessantly before the altar, that God would assist him in his struggle. When he felt the inclination arising (for it assumed an intermittent character) he had his thumbs tied together, and this slight physical obstacle for a time prevented him from gratifying the horrid propensity. Notwithstanding all his exertions, his malady increased, and he at length made an attempt at homicide; after which the monomania

verged into general insanity, still marked with this predominant character. He eventually died raving-mad.

"Dr. Michu knew a country-woman of a bilious, sanguine temperament, of simple and regular habits, but reserved and sullen in her manners. She had been ten days confined with her first child, when suddenly, having fixed her eyes upon it, she was seized with a desire of strangling it. The idea made her shudder; she carried the infant to the cradle, and went out, in order to get rid of so horrid a thought. The cries of the baby, who required nourishment, recalled her to the house, when she experienced a still more ardent impulse to destroy it. She hastened away again, haunted by the idea of committing so horrible a crime. She raised her eyes to heaven, went to church, and offered up a fervent prayer for divine assistance. The whole day was passed by this unhappy mother in a constant struggle between the desire of taking away the life of her infant, and the dread of yielding to the impulse. She concealed her agitation until evening, when her confessor, a respectable old man, was the first to receive her confidence. He soothed her feelings and recommended her to take medical advice. 'When we arrived at her house,' adds Dr. Michu, 'she appeared gloomy and depressed, and ashamed of her situation. Being reminded of the tenderness due by a mother to her child, she replied, 'I know how much a mother ought to love her child; but if I do not love mine it does not depend upon me.' She soon after recovered, the infant having, in the mean time, been removed from her sight.'"

"Gall states, that he knew a woman who experienced, especially at certain periods, inexpressible torture, and the fearful temptation to destroy herself, and to kill her husband and children, who were exceedingly dear to her. She shuddered with terror as she described the struggle that took place within her, between her sense of duty and religion, and the impulse that urged her to this atrocious act. For a long time she dared not bathe her youngest child, because an internal voice said to her constantly, 'Drop him in;' 'let him slip.' Frequently she had hardly the strength and time to throw away a knife, which she was tempted to plunge in her own and in her children's breasts. Whenever she entered the chamber of her children or husband, and found them asleep, she was instantly possessed of the desire of killing them. Sometimes she precipitately shut behind her the door of their chamber, and threw away the key, to remove the possibility of returning to them during the night, if she should fail to resist the infernal temptation."

The commission of any given act is determined by motives, whether sound or unsound, passionate or rational, real or imaginary, which influence the will; but it is impossible to affirm that in any particular case one motive predominates exclusively over all others. On the contrary, in almost every imaginable human action there is a conflict of motives; and the supreme will,



the energy which has been finely termed "the great inmate" of man, is not a passive instrument, but an active power. It does not imply insanity if the better motive is set aside by the worst, or if the stronger sense of duty is impaired by the solicitations of crime. The conflict, whatever be its result, is the proof of sanity. But if no such struggle takes place, if the conscience is altogether dark and duty-dumb, if the unfortunate man goes about his work of blood with as much confidence in his own rectitude of purpose as if he were engaging in a deed of mercy—if he neglects all precautions, discards all apprehensions, and glories in the murder he has committed, then, indeed, it may be affirmed that the controlling power itself is gone, and that he has ceased to be a moral agent. The guilt of Adam and Eve was shown by their hiding themselves in the garden; for from the moment they had committed their offence, they knew what was good and what was evil. The same test of discernment was admitted not long ago on the continent upon the trial of a very young offender, who hid himself after he had perpetrated some heinous action. But the real question of moral responsibility consists, not in the presence or absence of certain motives, but in the presence or absence of the power of controlling them.

Those even who, with Lord Erskine in his defence of Hadfield, are inclined to give the largest extension to the influence which mental delusions exert upon the will, are compelled to reason upon the question as if some necessary connexion existed between the delusion and the act. The madman of Athens, who thought that all the ships which entered the Piræus were his own, was perfectly capable of reasoning and acting like other men. Nor would a judge have acquitted as an irresponsible lunatic that pleasant visionary described by Horace, who was ever smiling at a fancy stage or excited by the terrors of imaginary tragedy. Even such extravagances as these are not altogether incompatible with the rule quoted by d'Aguesseau in his admirable remarks on the subject, that it is a sufficient test of sanity "*Mediocritatem officiorum tueri, et vitæ cultum communem et usitatum.*"

This brings us to the more practical part of the whole discussion—that, namely, which concerns the impunity of persons of unsound mind. Nobody would venture to contend in terms, that because A was possessed by an insane delusion, therefore A was not punishable for having yielded

to it. In order to give an air of reason and coherency to these two propositions, they are united by a third proposition to the effect that A being possessed by an insane delusion, had no moral control over his actions, and therefore was no fit object of punishment."

"In the instance of instinctive insanity or insane impulse to commit acts of violence and atrocity, to play the incendiary, or to violate the good order and decency of social life, it is obvious that the only thing requiring much consideration is the real existence of the disease, and its distinction from ordinary and real criminality. So soon as it is proved to exist, there can be no doubt that the person who is visited by this deplorable misfortune ought to be effectually separated from society, to prevent mischief to himself and others. Whether he ought in any case to undergo other punishment than this is a question which I do not feel disposed to discuss. As we have seen that a struggle often has taken place between the desire to commit any violent act, and the conscientious feelings of the unfortunate person who is thus tempted, it is probable that some have yielded to temptation, though convinced that they ought to have resisted it. Such persons must be admitted to be morally guilty and to deserve to suffer."—*Prichard, p. 177.*

Criminal acts, whether in the insane or the sane, may proceed either from error of judgment or of the will; nor is a consciousness that an act ought not to be committed an infallible test of moral guilt. The murderer of Cardinal Beaton—the assassins of Cæsar—or the republican fanatics who attempted the lives of Napoleon and Louis Philippe, would acknowledge no moral consciousness which ought to have restrained them. Though sane, their judgment of right and wrong was altogether confused, because they failed to bring it to the test of the law.

But for one crime which is dictated by an error of the judgment, a thousand are committed from depravity of the will. Yet here again the law interposes a salutary moral influence. If a man possessed with an insane delusion, or (to take a more common case of the same import) animated by some violent passion for any given act or object, is at the same time so infirm in will that he is likely to yield to temptation, what is to check him? What does check a large portion of mankind from committing acts of a criminal nature? The answer is obvious—it is the fear of punishment. Punishment supplies a motive sufficiently strong to counteract a vast variety of motives which would otherwise make incessant inroads in society; and the sanction of punishment cannot be omitted or re-

moved even in relation to the most obvious moral duties in the most civilized and rational communities in the world. If, then, the idea of punishment and penal consequences is indispensably necessary to check the aberrations of the will, even in those of sound mind, can it be admitted that impunity is to be secured to the aberrations of those who have least the power of self-control—the insane?

The fact is perfectly well known to all those who have paid attention to the treatment of the insane, that those unfortunate persons are quite as accessible to the fear of punishment as any other men. No lunatic asylum could be conducted, no lunatic could be restored to health, without salutary rules of discipline based on some kind of penal sanction. We do not, of course, mean those harsh corporal punishments which were the inhuman expedients of a less enlightened age, but certain privations or restraints, or even the application of heavy douches of cold water, have been employed as punishments in some of the French mad-houses with great effect. In France, too, we have seen sanguinary monomaniacs who were perpetually handcuffed, as a mark of criminal degradation.

The fear of punishment acts with sufficient intensity on the insane, except of course idiots or maniacs, who are incapable of any fears, and not susceptible of any moral influence at all. The acquittal of certain criminals, on more than one recent occasion, on the ground of insanity, has unquestionably encouraged other persons to attempt similar crimes under the shelter of the same plea. Each verdict has been followed by a recrudescence of such offences. This striking fact is in itself a sufficient proof, that however such delinquents may be affected in their minds, they are sufficiently sane to reason, and to act upon the state of the law and the decisions of juries, by which they conceive it to be demonstrated that they are exempt from the operation of the law. How, then, can it be maintained that the same persons would have been incapable of reasoning upon the effect of the law, if it had been applied in all its rigor, or of conforming to its injunctions, if they had no hope of eluding its penalties? The assurance of impunity not only acts upon insane minds as a direct incentive to crime, since they know themselves to be legally relieved from the consequences of their actions, but it acts upon minds in a state of incipient unsoundness as an encouragement of the disease by which they are affected.

The will is itself the guardian of the will. In very many cases of mental disease, we have no doubt that the necessity of adhering to a stricter discipline, aided by the fear of penal consequences, might check the progress of the complaint. A mind is seldom overthrown until it is relaxed.

The great progress which has been made of late years in the treatment of insanity arises mainly from judicious endeavors to rouse the voluntary powers of the patient. In former times the mad were regarded as passive victims of insurmountable disorders. They are now treated, in spite of the delusions which haunt them, as men, still preserving some share at least of the responsibilities of men.

Inclined as we are to uphold the necessity of punishing even the insane for such criminal acts as may have been committed by them, unless their state was such as to exclude all consciousness of the nature of what they were doing, we confess that it is neither probable nor desirable that capital punishment should be applied in such cases. But we see no reason whatever for not subjecting men like Oxford or M'Naughten to the hardships, labors, and privations of a penal colony, and the infamy of a felon's banishment, though perhaps a more satisfactory mode of treatment would be a strict system of prison discipline in this country.

We have already observed, that the discipline of those establishments which are devoted to the reception and cure of the insane could not be maintained if the principle of irresponsibility was rigorously adhered to. Punishments adapted to the condition of the unhappy inmates of those asylums are habitually and very properly employed in them. Favors or privations, an increase of liberty or of restraint, praise or humiliation, are found to be scarcely less effectual means of encouragement or repression amongst the insane than amongst any other class of human beings. But it needs no demonstration to show that such rewards and punishments must be circumscribed within certain limits; and those limits are determined by the state of the patient. It is clear that where insanity exists, the common feeling of humanity and justice, of which the law is and ought to be the expression and the instrument, will recoil from the application of that fearful mode of punishment which leaves no room for mitigation or change. No one will contend that dangerous madmen deserve no more clemency at the hands of the officers of justice than any of the lower animals in a state of mischievous fury; but



neither is it strictly correct to assert, that as dogs which have worried sheep are not beaten or hung as an example to dogs, so neither can madmen be punished as an example to madmen. Nothing can be more opposed to all experience in the treatment of mental diseases, than the supposition that they are impervious to the force of example, or the fear of consequences, except indeed in the most advanced stages of furious mania.

The great evil and danger which would appear to result from the present state of the law, as it was applied at the late trial, consist in the extension to cases where the absence of moral control is by no means fully established, of all the precautions and immunities which the humanity of our criminal jurisprudence has invented or allowed. That absence of control was not established, as we have already seen, but assumed as the certain and inevitable consequence of that amount of mental delusion under which a man like M'Naughten apparently labored.

To borrow the motto of our northern contemporary, "*Judex damnatur, cum nocens absolvitur.*" In this case, the eminent judge who decided the cause and stopped the trial before it had reached its natural termination, stands fortunately above all animadversion. Nor can we refrain from paying our humble tribute of respect to that exalted and unbending dignity of our principal ministers of justice which raises them in such questions above the reach of the censures and influences of the day. But the obvious fact that "*nocens absolvitur,*"—the felon is acquitted,—provokes some sort of inquiry into the state of the law which has led to such a result.

Nothing is more embarrassing than to suggest even an experimental remedy in a case of difficulty arising out of the most mysterious and complicated symptoms which can distract the mind of man, and one which is so closely connected with the deepest springs of human infirmity. The subject is tangled and abstruse, but in the course of the administration of justice in this country, it is brought before a tribunal which has less of legal acuteness and severity than of human sympathy. Hence arises the discrepancy we have already pointed out between the verdict of a jury on a question of insanity, in a civil and in a criminal case. In the former, it seems charitable to the subject of the inquiry to defend his liberty of action, and to give him credit for sanity, until absolute demonstration of his malady is produced. In the

latter, the compassion of the jury, enlisted with equal or greater intensity on behalf of the prisoner, accepts and adopts the plea of insanity on very slender grounds. In either case a jury is called upon to examine facts of the most perplexing kind, and to weigh evidence frequently of the loosest character which can be tendered in a court of justice; the singular diversity of the result at which a jury so placed will arrive, in the one case or in the other, is a sufficient proof of the absence of fixed rules or principles to guide its decision.

By the old law of France, great care was taken that the plea of insanity should be tried as a distinct question from the main question of the guilt of the prisoner, and always before other Judges. By the penal code of modern France it is laid down as a general principle, that where there is insanity (*démence*) there is no crime or delinquency; consequently, whenever insanity can be successfully pleaded, the imputed criminality of the prisoner falls at once to the ground. To a certain extent this may be said to be the case in England; at least the more celebrated cases of insane criminality are of such a nature that the whole defence and acquittal of the culprit turned upon the unsoundness of his mind. The criminal act itself was patent and overt; and the more openly it was committed, the greater reason is there to believe that such an act was insanely committed. Perhaps there would be some advantage in separating the two questions which are thus simultaneously brought before the jury, instead of allowing the main interest of the trial to turn at once upon the circumstances and evidence indicative of insanity. This might be effected by allowing insanity to be pleaded at a later period of the proceedings, as in arrest of judgment; and the inquiry arising upon this plea might then be conducted without so direct, and especial a reference to the crime set forth in the indictment, and it might be brought before a special jury better qualified to enter into an investigation of so peculiar a character.

With regard to the test of insanity, or to speak more accurately, the test of moral responsibility, it does not appear to us that the mere proof of the presence or absence of the faculty of distinguishing right from wrong, is the safest that can be adopted. The number of persons of insane mind who are utterly unconscious of what is right and what is wrong, is comparatively small, yet they are not fit objects of punishment, at least not of capital punishment,

when their impulses are so extravagant, and their power of self-control so enfeebled that they are the victims of merciless and absurd delusions which they obey though they believe them not. On the other hand, where every circumstance in his life tends to warrant the inference that a man does habitually exercise the control of free volition over all his ordinary actions, we should be most unwilling to exempt him from punishment on the ground of a mere mental delusion, because the fear of punishment is quite as likely to restrain such a man from a crime as the delusion, under which he labors, is calculated to impel him to commit it. In a word, the only test which a court of criminal justice can safely allow itself to adopt, and the only inquiry upon which it ought to enter, is, whether the criminal had sufficient intelligence to know that the act he has committed, is punishable by law, and sufficient control over his actions not to be the mere victim of blind impulse or frenzy.

#### THE ISLAND OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

An island lay upon the placid sea,  
Calm, in its glowing beauty, as the dream  
Of a fair child, who sees in ecstasy  
Some heavenly vision on its slumbers beam;  
Where all that's beautiful in hue and form,  
Bright flowers, and birds whose plumage seems of  
gems,  
And golden fruits, and regions ever warm  
With life and joy; and plants, whose giant stems  
Are crown'd with blossoms like the amethyst;  
And silver streams making sweet melody,  
As with the air they keep their gentle tryst;  
And all things fair seem blent harmoniously.  
Thus calm and beautiful that Island lay,  
And many the soft silent morn did bless,  
Who, at the fading of the star of day,  
Were hopeless, wretched, homeless, fatherless!  
One moment, and a low convulsive moan  
Came from the heaving bosom of the earth;  
It trembled—palm-groves, cities, towers, are gone—  
Yon mass of ruins tell where they had birth!  
A weeping mother came to seek her child,  
Now cradled in its grave; reproachfully  
A beauteous boy besought, in accents wild,  
The hollow earth to set his parents free—  
Alas! his only answer was the sigh  
Of the night-wind, the frown of the dark sky.  
Yet there were some who knelt in grateful prayer—  
The loved beyond all other earthly prize,  
Heaven, in its pitying love, did gently spare;  
Still in that Island songs of praise arise,  
Echoed by angel-voices in the skies!

M. E. M. G.

*Roman Antiquities.*—Beneath an ancient cairn, on the hill of Knockie in Glentanner, has been found a very interesting treasure of bronze vessels, celts, spear-heads, bracelets, armlets, rings, and other relics of remote antiquity.

#### TROJAN, THE SERVIAN KING.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN OXENFORD.

[Servian legends are not, I believe, commonly known. The following, which is a very curious one, is taken from the introduction to a collection of Polish traditions, by M. Woycicki. The poetical prose in which it is written, and the dash of puerility, seem to me very effective. —J. O.]

#### I.

"QUICKLY give me my horse! quickly bring it hither! The sun has long vanished. The moon and stars are already shining, and the dew already glistens on the meadows. The south wind blows no more, and if it does, 'tis no more heating, but cooling. So quickly to horse! Every moment's delay is time lost. With beating heart has the black-eyed virgin already long awaited me. With the speed of the hurricane or of the eagle do I fly on my swift-footed steed, because the night is so short and the day is so long, and I can only live at night-time."

Thus spake Trojan, king of the valiant Servians, who could not endure the rays of the sun. Never had he seen the light of beaming day. For if a single ray had shone on the head of Trojan, he would have passed away as a cloud, and his corpse would have been dew.

#### II.

The obedient squire brings the horse from the stable. Trojan flings himself on it, and will away. His faithful servant follows him.

"So fresh and cool! 'Tis the right time for me!" cries Trojan, joyfully. "The stars, indeed, are shining, and so is the moon; yet their pale beams are without warmth. The pearly dew, like white coral, covers the green meadow, and in every drop can I see the form of the stars and the face of the moon. What a stillness prevails! Nothing disturbs my mind, scarcely when the hoarse voice of the owl sounds from the dark wood."

"Oh! my sovereign," replied the squire, "I prefer the sun and the hot day, even though its beams do glow and give warmth, to the gloomy shades of night. Then am I quite blind, and the most lovely colors become black—the violet, the rose, and the scented elder-blossom. And at night every thing slumbers—the birds, the beasts, and man. Only to the wanderer does a solitary light beam from the village by the roadside; only the faithful guardian of the house awakens the echo with his barking, when he sees a wolf or something strange. As the billows of the sea, as the waving corn-field when stirred by the wind, so does the echo move and incline itself on all sides. No bird interrupts the silence of night, for the minstrel of the spring—the lark, flies merrily over the green meadow, when awakened by the beams of morning, and greets the shining day with the sun. At night she sleeps, like every other creature, to refresh her strength. But we, O king, pursue our way in the shades of night."

#### III.

A fair mansion was shining in the distance—a light glistened in every window. There did the beloved of Trojan await his embrace. Tro-



jan lashed his steed with increased severity, and flew along with the swiftness of a dart. Quickly does he go over the bridge of lindenwood, and over the paved court. Now he springs from his horse, and enters the well-known halls.

Long stood the squire, holding his horse by the bridle, till sleep oppressed his eyelids. At last he sprang up, and said, "The cock is already crowing! I must awake my king. Far is the way to the castle, and the day will soon dawn."

He approaches the door of the chamber, and knocks with all his strength: "Awake, my lord! Awake, my king! It will soon be day. Let us quickly mount our steeds, and return to the castle."

"Disturb me not in my sleep," cried Trojan, angrily; "I know better when the day dawns—when the signal of my death—when the sun sends down its first beams. Wait without with the horses."

The obedient squire answered not a word, but waited a long time. He gazed before him, and with horror he saw the first breaking of the dawn. He again ran in hastily, and still more loudly knocked at the door of the dark chamber.

"Awake, my sovereign!" cried he, in despair. "I have already seen the dawn of morning. If thou stayest a moment longer, the rays of the sun will kill thee."

"Yet wait a moment; I will at once hasten hence. If I can but mount my steed before the dawn is awake, and the clear sun shines, I shall be soon in my castle."

The obedient squire waited long. At last Trojan came; he mounted his steed, and fled with the speed of an arrow.

#### IV.

He had scarcely crossed the paved court and the bridge of lindenwood, when the clear light came towards him from beyond the mountain.

"That is the sun!" cried the squire, with terror.

"Then the moment of my death is near!" replied Trojan, with suppressed rage. "I will alight from my horse, and press my poor body close to the damp earth. Do thou cast thy mantle over me, and about sunset fetch me with my courser." And he sprang trembling from his horse, and sunk exhausted on the damp earth, while the faithful squire carefully spread the mantle over the poor king. He then hastened to the castle, and knocked at the iron gates.

"Open, porters—open, quickly!" cried he, trembling with alarm. Down fell the drawbridge, the squire entered the gate, and summoned all the servants. "Where is the king? Where is Trojan?" they all ask; and he points with tears to the courser. "The king lies in the field, on the damp earth; his body is covered with a mantle, and at sunset I shall fetch him with the courser."

#### V.

It was a sultry day; not a breeze was stirring, and the sun scorched like fire. Trojan trembled beneath his mantle with heat and fear, and he swore, that if he escaped, he would never again wait the approach of dawn.

The shepherds went to tend their flocks, and

they came up to Trojan. They looked, and they saw a mantle; they raised it, and they saw a man; and then they pulled it away entirely. Trojan shrieked, and entreated them by all that was dear to them—"Cover me again with the mantle; let me not burn in fire!"

In vain does he entreat them, for the sun is shining brightly, and its rays fall straight upon Trojan's face. Suddenly he is silent; his eyes are turned to two drops of liquid; head, neck, and breast have flowed away, and soon the whole body appears changed to tears. The corpse of Trojan shines for a moment like dew, but even these drops are soon dried up by the melting beams of the day.

#### VI.

At sunset the faithful squire hastens into the field, with the servants of the castle; but Trojan is not there. He only sees the mantle, and he wrings his hands, and weeps bitterly. Vain are thy tears! They will not awaken the king.

Of Trojan's castle nought is now left but ruins, and in his dark hall, where the sun once never shone, it now beams brightly on the nests of the swallows, and dries the damp walls.

#### TO THE SPRING.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Welcome, gentle Stripling,  
Nature's darling, thou—  
With thy basket full of blossoms,  
A happy welcome now!  
Aha!—and thou returnest,  
Heartily we greet thee—  
The loving and the fair one,  
Merrily we meet thee!  
Think'st thou of my Maiden  
In thy heart of glee?  
I love her yet the Maiden—  
And the Maiden yet loves me!  
For the Maiden, many a blossom  
I begg'd—and not in vain;  
I came again, a-begging,  
And thou—thou giv'st again:  
Welcome, gentle Stripling,  
Nature's darling thou—  
With thy basket full of blossoms,  
A happy welcome, now!

AERIAL NAVIGATION.—The first attempt at flying in the air occurred early in the 16th century, when an Italian adventurer paid a visit to Scotland. He was very favorably received by King James IV., who presented him with the abbacy of Tungland; and, having promised to gratify the court with the exhibition of a plan which could enable any person to reach the most elevated region in a few hours, he had an apparatus made, consisting of huge wings, to be propelled by cords. Thus equipped, he leaped from the battlements of Stirling Castle, and, as might be expected, speedily reached the ground. His reasoning on this unlucky event is worthy of being preserved. "My wings," said the Italian, "were composed of various feathers of a dunghill fowl, and they, by sympathy, were attracted to the dunghill on which I fell; whereas, had my wings been composed of eagle's feathers alone, as I proposed, the same sympathy would have attracted my machine to the highest regions of the air."

## REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS,

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

From Fraser's Magazine.

DE LAMARTINE.

WHEN first I saw the kind-hearted and gentlemanly De Lamartine, he had returned from his travels in the East, oppressed by grief, and weighed down with domestic calamity. He had lost his *only* daughter. Far, far away from the scenes of her infancy and childhood, from her father's own beautiful dwelling, from the trees and the moss, the vineyards and the fields, she loved so well; beneath another sky, and surrounded with many faces unfamiliar to her heart, she breathed her last sigh in the arms of her parents in the Holy Land, and her soul winged its happy flight to the heaven of her Saviour and her God. At the Chateau de St. Point, near Macon, in the centre of France, she had received her earliest and dearest impressions; and its solitary and romantic scenery was not forgotten by her, even when her light foot pressed the sward of holier and lovelier lands. "*La terre natale*" was beautifully sung by her father, in one of his delicious "harmonies;" and her young heart expanded under the genial influence of the kindly and noble sentiments which he possessed. With a passion for all that was beautiful, good, just, and wise, that father had impregnated her character: and she was the reflected image of himself. But Julia died! She had traversed with him the regions of the East. She had beheld his fine heart bound with joy at the pious traditions of the scenes of our salvation. She had visited the shores of Malta, the coasts of Greece, the ruins of Athens, the plains and the mountains of Syria, and that Palestine so dear to the heart of every Christian. But Gethsemane was doubly hallowed to his soul,—for death snatched from him the being in whose existence and happiness the dearest hopes of himself and his wife were centered; so that he sang in pathetic and mournful strains the following deep and precious thoughts, descriptive of the state of his mind:—

"Maintenant tout est mort dans ma maison aride,  
Deux yeux toujours pleurant sont toujours devant moi ;

Je vais sans savoir ou, j'attends sans savoir quoi,  
Mes bras s'ouvrent à rien, et se ferment à vide,  
Tous mes jours and mes nuits sont de même couleur,

La prière en mon sein avec l'espoir este morte,  
Mais c'est Dieu qui t'écrase, ô mon âme soit forte,  
Baise sa main sous la douleur !"

Nothing could better describe the feelings of De Lamartine when I first saw him than those stanzas of his own; and those

who knew him best often predicted that the occupations of his future life would be simply

"Aimer, prier, et chanter !"

De Lamartine had returned to Paris, but his travels had preceded him. His grief had excited the love and the sympathy of multitudes of beings in all quarters of the globe. His tale of woe had been told, if not in every cottage, at least in many a dwelling of the poor, as well as of the rich; and the fact that he was a royalist, and opposed to the new order of things in France, was wholly lost sight of, and he was regarded as the travelled Thane and the Christian poet. His fine active mind had been subdued by the loss he had sustained to a degree of humility and submission which was truly sublime; and those who are not well acquainted with the power of a cultivated and moral nature to throw off its grief and to gird itself with strength and decision, would have imagined that De Lamartine could never again sing of beauty, of nature, and of love, but would become in principle a recluse. His wife, an English lady of good family, of benevolent and gentle disposition, and of well-informed and highly cultivated mind, had shared with him in the East all his sorrows, as well as all his enjoyments, and had returned to Paris bereft of the idol of their heart's affection. To them the world had no charms. Tears and sighs, remembrances clad in mourning, and grief which knew of no mitigation, were their constant companions; and their friends looked on them as we are wont to do on objects blasted by lightning, and on trees riven by the storm. The sun appeared to shine in vain for them,—for she who loved the first golden rays of the morning now slept in her grave. True, her remains had been brought to France, but they were *only* the remains—the body without the spirit. The moon, that faithful companion of the night, disclosed in vain her charms for them; since she who delighted to wander in sylvan scenery, or on the bare and cold mountain, with her father as her guide and her teacher, could no longer ask his aid, or his counsels, and no longer applaud with her smiles or her tears the sweetest efforts of his muse. The landscape, with its varied scenery and multiplied attractions; society, with its excitement and its distractions; solitude, with its pensive thoughts and its self-examination; all appeared before them monotonous and sad,—for she was no longer the admirer of the landscape, the charm of society, or the companion of the lonely hour. Books had



no delights for them. Pictures, the representations of the past, the present and the future, were without beauty in their eyes; statues and marbles were but dull and lifeless blocks to them, since she who admired and appreciated them all, was now silent and cold as the marbles themselves. Public affairs they would not or could not converse about. They had scarcely a tear to spare for others—they had so many to shed for themselves; and though dynasties had been changed, old institutions of the first revolution revived, and a new state of things both moral, political, and religious, had come to life, De Lamartine and his admirable wife were evidently unaffected by the changes, and viewed them all as events with which they had nothing to do—and to which they were indeed bound to remain strangers. He had still in his absence been elected a deputy, and he hoped to perform the duties of his office, but with sorrow and with tears.

How unearthly is the human mind, how pure its breathings, and how bright, or rather, spiritual, are its soarings, when thus brought by calamity, disappointment, and the ravages which death has made on those the soul loves, to view this world as a mere sojourn, life as a rapid journey, a fitful dream, and a day of sunshine and of cloud too speedy in its flight to be remembered; and when God alone seems capable of filling the vast desires of the soul, and the demands of a care-worn, a bereaved, and an empty heart! Then it is that life's chequered day is viewed in its true coloring; that the cavils and the reproaches, the calumnies and the misrepresentations of the world, excite only pity and commiseration—not amounting to scorn or to anger; and the pursuits of life are estimated by their real, not by their imagined worth. Then it is that the high destinies of our future being press themselves upon us in all their vastness and grandeur; and that we feel all the truthfulness of the declaration, "So God created man in his *own image*, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them." This is not the period of false sensibility, of affected sentiment, of artificial or of feigned emotion. But such moments as those I have thus referred to in the life of De Lamartine are, when not indulged to such an extent as to become prejudicial to our mind's vigor, usefulness, and future efforts for the good of society, the great halting places in our lives; the summits from which we take a large and expansive view of the world about and around us, and they are the

epochs most favorable to our moral, intellectual, and religious improvement. It is undoubtedly true that some thought the grief of De Lamartine excessive, whilst the vulgar and the worldly-minded stigmatized it as affected. But his friends only feared that its sincerity and intensity might have such an effect on his future efforts, as to render his poetry morbid or fretful, his character repining and discontented, and thus to withdraw him from those busy scenes of daily life where the force of his eloquence, the strength of his judgment, and the excellence of his example, might improve and bless mankind.

The publication of the *Travels of De Lamartine in the East*, was a sort of epoch in French modern literature. It seemed like the restoration of Christianity after years of reproach, calumny, and persecution. For the Revolution of 1830 proclaimed "war against the priests;" and that, also, meant "war against the altar," at which they ministered. The palace of the archbishop had been pillaged; the literature of centuries was thrown into the waters of the Seine as too bad to be preserved, because it was the literature of the church, multitudes of priests had been attacked, insulted, and beaten. The remnant of the old republican party of the last century now hoped to wreak its vengeance on the men and the clergy of the restoration. And, in one word, the goddess of Reason was again spoken of by the followers of Voltaire and Rousseau. But the book of De Lamartine came as a voice from the tomb; like fresh waters rushing to an arid desert; like the overflowing of the Nile; like flowers on graves; and beauty, fertility, and verdure, where rankness, poison, and death had prevailed. Some read his book from a love for the wonderful, some for its poetry, others for its apparent romance, and multitudes became enamored once more with a religion, with which were connected the glowing recollections of the Holy Land.

I know it will be replied that these were not the stern and strong characteristics of a truly religious state of public mind and feeling, and that there was much of poetry and imagination bound up with these emotions. This I grant very readily; but it was surely something to give a new direction to minds which were unoccupied with good, and which were busily set on doing evil. It was surely something to assist in checking the blind and mad fury of many for attacking churches, for destroying the ornaments and paintings of the cathedrals, and for razing to the ground all that re-

mained of pious recollections of past ages. I feel certain that all the dragoons of Louis Philippe, and all the national guards of Lafayette, and all the active police force of Casimir Perier or M. Thiers, and all the reproaches of enlightened foreigners against the rioting and pillaging propensities of the modern plunderers of the Romish churches in France, would never even combinedly have effected so much of restraining and beneficial influence as did the work of De Lamartine on the East. The clergy once more showed themselves in the streets. The churches were re-opened, many of which had been closed; the Christian temples were, as it were, re-adorned and re-consecrated; and every one said, "Why we, also, are believers in this same Jesus, and we know and love these scenes of Bethany and Jerusalem."

The success of the work of De Lamartine in France may be partly ascribed to his previous reputation as a poet, to his noble and generous nature, to his ardent and imaginative spirit, and to the depth and intensity of his sorrows. All this I am prepared to admit; but it was an act of courage as well as of virtue, and of patriotism as well as of religion, to come forth with a book full of prayer and praise, of Christianity and of piety, when those to whom he addressed it were either joining the Abbé de la Mennais in his republican Romanist system, or the Père Enfantin and Michel Chevalier in their restoration of St. Simonianism; or were rushing to the "*Eglise Française*," where French was substituted for Latin and where orations were delivered on all descriptions of subjects, similar to those which now form the matter of debate at Fox's Finsbury chapel, London. The voice of the poet, the traveller, the historian, was at this time apparently too musical, too soft, too gentle to be heard. Oh, no! it penetrated the hearts of the obdurate; it descended like gentle dew; it fructified, vivified, subdued; and a better state of mind followed, which ended not, indeed, in such a religious movement as we who are of the Church of England could have desired, but in one of freedom from hostility to Christianity, of respect for its authorized teachers, and of toleration to all who professed it.

It has been objected to these travels of De Lamartine that they entered into the minute details of an individual life, which could only be interesting to the immediate circle of the author's friends and acquaintances. But in this I do not concur. It was not his friends and acquaintances only who,

day by day, and week after week, carried off edition after edition, until almost every library in Europe as well as every cottage library in France, was supplied with a copy. I was present at the period. I witnessed the effect it produced,—pure, calming, holy; and how it, at least for a time, changed the politically hostile character of all private society, and gave a wholly new topic for conversation and reflection. The mass of mankind take a deeper interest in the personal adventures of an individual, in his private thoughts, feelings, and attachments, in his diet, his walks, his thoughts, his family, his associations, than some men are willing to concede. And the reason for this is obvious. There are but few minds capable of comprehending the vast, the mysterious, the awful, whilst all can sympathize with the every-day scenery of ordinary being. This is the great secret of the success of Miss Mitford in her delineations of the veriest every-day occupations and doings of a work-a-day world. And, indeed, the happiest efforts of our greatest writers are not those which describe a tyrant, a despot, a slave, a conqueror, or a reformer, but those which depict man, as he is in his mingled character of good and evil, as we meet him at our own doors and by our own firesides.

That which is personal, individual, and minute, is always more interesting to the mass of mankind than ideal personages, heroes, and goddesses; and the rapid sale of some of the earlier efforts of Charles Dickens also confirms the accuracy of my statement.

But De Lamartine was a DEPUTY! A small though fortified town, named BERGUES, quite in the north of France, had during his absence in the Holy Land, elected him their representative. It was at the period that all men were mad in France respecting what was quaintly called "ELECTORAL CAPACITIES." Talent, not property; mind, not wealth, rank, or influence, were to take the lead in the new Chamber of Deputies; and actors, physicians, poets, historians, newspaper editors, and "*Feuilletonists*," too, were to contribute of their intellectual riches, to the repository of national talent, and of popular declamation. The electors of Bergues were determined not to be outdone; and, ignorant that though De Lamartine was a poet and an author, he was also a landed proprietor and a wine-grower, they determined that they would not be outstripped on the score of "intellectual capacity" in their representative.

The next time I saw De Lamartine he was pleading for the abolition of the pur-



ishment of death at the tribune of the Chamber. "I am aware," he said, "that you are not prepared to abolish the punishment of death by a prompt and decisive resolution; but this supplies no argument against my pleading for its abrogation. It is the duty of those who plead for great principles to originate, as well as to conduct, a discussion. The real philosophical legislator is patient. He neither deceives himself nor others. He does not expect, that because he sees with clearness a principle, which all mankind have hitherto rejected, that his convictions are to be followed by the instantaneous conversion of others to his views. He knows, also, that although a principle may be good in itself, its application to large masses of society will not always be equally desirable. A nation might be sacrificed by the enforcement of abstract principles. In bringing forward, then, this question of the abolition of capital punishment, I am not about to set at nought the usages, customs, or even prejudices of a great nation. Society itself is a traditional work, and we must not touch the edifice with other feelings than those of respect and deference. We must think of the millions of lives, of properties, of rights, which repose in the shade of this vast and this secular edifice; and we must remember that even one stone rashly and inopportunely removed may crush whole generations by the fall which will ensue. Our duty is not to curse, but to enlighten society. He who curses what he does not approve, does not feel what is his real duty, and shews that he does not comprehend society. The sublimest of all social theories which should teach insubordination, or revolt against the laws, would be, in the end, far less beneficial to the world than that respect and obedience which the citizen owes even to that which the philosopher condemns." These were hard and difficult sayings for a chamber of deputies principally composed of the men of the Revolution. Those men were for deciding the excellence of a system, and the morality of a theory, by the test of how many white and how many black balls were placed for it in the balloting-box! and would test truth, not by truth, but by numbers!

The next time I saw De Lamartine he had received from his own native town an invitation to represent it in the new parliament. This was indeed flattering; not that the electors of Macon were more enlightened, or royalist, or patriotic than those of Bergues, but as it is true that, generally speaking, a prophet hath no honor amongst

his own people, it was complimentary to him, that those who knew him best were most anxious to be represented by him.—The family of De Lamartine, indeed, is one of noble and honorable antiquity. In the *memorial* of the states of Burgundy his family was registered. The old château and estate of Monceaux have descended from generation to generation. At the very Macon which now De Lamartine represents, his relations were imprisoned for their faithful adherence to the cause of Louis XVI.; and the mother of the subject of this sketch, hired a house near the prison that she might, from a window which looked over its gate, shew daily to his father their beloved child Alphonso through the bars of the gaol. Faithful to the old Bourbon race, the De Lamartines would have all suffered for that fidelity at the close of the last century had not Robespierre expired. How true it is that *time* is the great revealer of mysteries, the mighty magician which reconciles all contradictions, clears up all doubts, and removes all obstacles; for here is De Lamartine, once the puling infant smiling at its imprisoned father through the prison gates of Macon gaol, now representing, in the French Chamber of Deputies, the very same principles for which his father was incarcerated, and returned by the electors of that self-same Macon!

When, for the second time, the little old town of Bergues, so cold and so uninteresting, entreated De Lamartine to represent it in the Chamber of Deputies, he caused not only its electors, but the whole of France to resound with his political profession of faith; and to this document I invite attention, because the very same line of conduct he therein condemned with so much of truth and eloquence, he has unhappily pursued himself; and has of late, attacked with vehemence the government of M. Guizot, not with distinct and precise charges, but with vague and most uncertain invendoes. Such creatures we are, the very best of us, of momentary influences and of transient impressions; so exposed, by our passions or our follies, to do that to-day which our reason has beforehand condemned!

"I am no party man. I am neither an out-and-out ministerialist on the one hand, nor a systematic oppositionist on the other hand. Parties rise, have their little day of life, vehemence, and strife, and then expire. Cabinets are called into being, perpetuate vast errors, and are systematically opposed. The opposition ceases to be regarded with respect because it is systematic, and it dies with the ministry it opposes."

How singular it is that this self-same De Lamartine has declared, within the last month, against the ministry of M. Guizot, a systematic and untiring opposition, and in terms so precisely opposite to those which he formerly made use of, that it would be easy to believe that he had taken the speech which I am now referring to, as a model, not to imitate, but to deny and oppose. When he addressed the electors of Burgues, he said,—

"I endeavor to act on higher principles, I seek to rise to the elevation of truth, of impartiality, of political morality. I look above and beyond party, to the *social* good of my fellow-citizens. I know that the party men who care for themselves and their faction, and not for the whole commonwealth, will inquire, 'And pray what is a *social* man?' Is he a man of the *droit*, or is he one of the *gauche*? What is his journal? What his coterie? Does he vote with one of the four great parties in the Chamber; and if so, with what party does he act? And what is the answer to these, and to like inquiries?—It is this:—A man of the Social party knows political parties too well to serve them; refuses to degrade himself to their trivial personalities, leaves to egotistical men the rivalry of name, and will not consent to become the mere partisan of the hour, but seeks to be the man of his age."

This was noble language, and its philosophy was high and attractive. But this same De Lamartine, whose eloquent and patriotic language I love to transcribe, and whose bright example at the time it was uttered produced so beneficial an effect on the whole of France, has recently joined the ranks of a democratic faction against M. Guizot; and, forgetting all his previous declarations, has become a party man to the extent of entirely setting aside the rules he had himself so well defined, for the conduct of an honest and well-principled opposition. Alas! from such facts as these we learn to distrust all men, and finally to distrust ourselves. How is it, we ask, that the De Lamartine of January 1832 to 1842, should renounce his oft repeated declarations, and join the general yell against M. Guizot, for his "Protestantism," for his "English prejudices," and for his attachment to the cause "of peace without dishonor," and of "liberty without licentiousness?"

"A man of the Social party," exclaimed De Lamartine, "is one who takes for the basis of his policy, not a shifting and changeable sort of passion, of hate, of prejudice, of affection for dynasties and for princes, but the prominent soil of justice,

of truth, and of the real and solid interests of the country. This man does not attach undue importance to forms of government. He values them for their true merit; he looks upon the race of man not by isolated examples, but as a race, and he sees every where improvement and progression. The real Social man believes that true liberty can be enjoyed under opposing forms of government; that all governments may fall; and that we should regard them as instruments of civilization, of which it is necessary to make use, that the happiness of society may be forwarded. Such a man seeks to bend, not to break governments; and whilst he loves liberty, it is the liberty of the law, and social power, because that power is the mighty lever which God hath given man to enable human associations to act upon themselves, and to raise them eventually to Him."

How happens it, then, that this self-same De Lamartine, within the last month, has seceded not only from the royalist party, for that he did long ago, but now from the conservative party of the present dynasty, and has vowed perpetual hostility to all ministries and parties which shall have for their policy that system of peace, order, and rational liberty, which Louis Philippe has so long sought to found, and to perpetuate in France? This is one of those enigmas which the biography of otherwise great men sometimes presents for the consideration of philosophers, statesmen, and sages; but generally so presents in vain. There is something not merely contradictory, but almost chaotic, in these opposing systems in the same character and man; and we shall seek in vain, in secondary causes, for their explanation.

De Lamartine is one of the most zealous supporters of *La Société de la Morale Chrétienne* at Paris. It professes to amend the condition of the human species by the influence of Christian morals; and to reduce the number and character of the evils which spring out of the present condition of human society. This institution is one of the glories of France, and it has contributed more to her moral regeneration than all other associations combined. To its energetic and patriotic efforts France is indebted for the abolition of lotteries. The evils which lotteries engendered were as countless as they were demoralizing. The smallness of the sums which could be deposited, and the large and tempting bribes which were held out by the government to the working classes as temptations to gambling, were of the most enticing character. In



England lotteries were bad enough, and the cause of public morals demanded their abrogation; but in France the evils were quite of another class. In England the price of sixteenths was not low enough to be reached by the lowest of the working classes. There must have been some saving up, and no small portion of care and providence, even in war times, on the part of the working man in England, to spare the sum necessary for one-sixteenth in a lottery prize at Cornhill or in Lombard Street. But at Paris, so great were the temptations offered to the working classes to put into the government lotteries, that they might purchase a "*simple extrait*" on four out of ninety numbers for as low a sum as twopence-halfpenny; and the ticket for two francs, an "*extrait*," yielding (if only one number came up) fifteen times the sum deposited. Then if an *ambe*, or two of the numbers, came up, on which they staked their money, they received several thousand times more than their little investment. A "*terme*," or three lucky numbers offered them 37,500 times more than the sum they risked; and if the whole four numbers made their appearance, 75,000 times more than the amount paid in, was given to the fortunate winner. But how rare was such an occurrence when contrasted with the millions of failures? Persons might deposite on one, two, three, four, five, or any number from one to ninety, and small sums of one penny or twopence on each; and the lotteries at Bordeaux, Lyons, Lille, Strasbourg, Paris, followed with such rapidity, that the working classes had no sooner got over the excitement, success, or defeat of one lottery, than others in the very same week attracted new attention, and raised new curiosity, anxiety, and sorrow, or joy. It was at once curious and painful to watch the physiognomies of the parties surrounding the almost innumerable small lottery-offices at Paris, on the days of the various drawings of the provincial lotteries. When the weather was clear, and the telegraphs could work with effect and rapidity, the gamblers in lotteries knew full well within a few minutes when the news would arrive, and they waited round the offices in question in the respective districts of the metropolis in which they might happen to be for the moment, watching with the most breathless anxiety for the arrival of the messenger from the central office, with the numbers which had been just drawn. There they would stand with their tickets in their hands, and as the numbers appeared, their countenances would become dejected and

mournful, or lighted up and joyous. When it is remembered that these lotteries were a source of the most positive and certain revenue to the government, it may well be imagined how seldom were the features of the wretched and uncertain watchers for good luck to be seen beaming with joy. But how many tens of thousands of disappointed, dejected, wretched countenances were to be beheld on the mornings of these lottery drawings, calculating one moment how they would expend their anticipated prizes; and a few seconds afterwards wholly ignorant where they should procure even their next meal of bread!

This is no ideal case, or one of but rare occurrence. Hundreds—nay, thousands—of such occurred every week, and so great was the infatuation of the provincial as well as the Parisian working classes for this species of excitement, that they would pawn all their smaller articles of finery and jewelery in order "to try their luck once more," in the Strasbourg or some other lottery. The dearest heir-loom of a poor man's family, the jewel round which were centered a thousand dear and interesting associations; the new dress, or the new coat, which was purchased out of the savings arising from hour after hour of extra work and bondage; all—all would be taken to some *commissionarie* of the "*mont de piété*," or the great national pawning bank, in order to raise money enough to purchase "*one more ticket*," which could be effected at as low a price as one shilling and eight pence!! Oh! the families that were ruined, and the hearts that were broken, and the peace that was disturbed, by these wretched lotteries! They led to family quarrels, to domestic misery, to separation of man and wife, to want of providence in family expenditure, to inattention to the comforts of husband, wife, and children; to intoxication, desertion of family, and very often, indeed, to assassination and suicide. It would be impossible to record the number of SUICIDES to which the fatal loss of the last TWO OR THREE FRANCS by lotteries led to in France! The working classes in that country, easily and cheaply excited by the "*vin ordinaire*," deteriorated by intoxicating drugs, having no principles to guide or to restrain them, and soon affected by the loss of their idol—money, had no object to pursue, no real and rational hope to sustain them, and having no religion to influence them, they resorted to suicide as to their *only* resource, and terminated (as they thought) with a pistol, or in the *Seine*, their sorrows and forebod-

ings. I have witnessed some of these scenes of cheap gambling, of cruel disappointments, and of heartless and wretched suicide, or I should not dwell upon them.

When considering abroad, and when reflecting at home, on these evils and their causes, men like De Lamartine turned their attention to the best means of putting a stop to the vices which were generally admitted and deplored. Was it to be endured that a positive and regular portion of the revenue of the French Government should be dependent on the success of such lotteries as these? Was the government of France to be allowed to be permanently dependent, even for one centime, (the fifth part of a halfpenny) for its stated income on such sources of revenue as these? Then what was to be done? Some said, "Tax the gambling-houses to a greater amount." Others said, "Make the amount to be deposited for each separate lottery-ticket higher!" And, finally, the mass of those who loved gambling, urged that this "innocent game of the people" should not be taken away from them. Not so reasoned De Lamartine, and it is not because I blame his recent conduct with regard to M. Guizot, that, therefore, I am to refuse to the great Christian poet and legislator of France the merit of having most powerfully contributed to put an end to the gambling lotteries of his native land.

But De Lamartine addressed the powers of his mind and the energies of his heart to the removal of another evil;—it was to the overthrow of Parisian GAMBLING HOUSES! It is quite impossible for any one who has not witnessed in all the length and the breadth of its hideousness the demoralizing character of this national evil, to judge of the immense—nay, even incomprehensible good effected by De Lamartine and his friends, when they likewise procured the closing of the Paris gambling-houses. They were the scenes of such awful woes, of such certain and extensive ruin, of such excitement to the display of the very worst passions, and of so many and such awful deaths, that the closing of the Paris gambling-houses was an immense national good. I have visited expressly those receptacles of needy and unprincipled gamblers, that I might watch the effects of the lowest and most degrading of passions upon them, viz. that of the love of wealth. I have seen the boy, sent on his errand of business, enter with the five-franc piece of his master, risk two francs of the same; double, treble, and more than decuple the amount; but not satisfied with his successes, he has remain-

ed behind in the hope of further multiplying his gains. What has been the result? All his first gains have been lost, all his hopes extinguished, his small and stolen capital has vanished, and he has rushed from the Palais Royal so incompetent to decide what should be his fate, that very—very often the next few minutes have found such an one a wretched and a miserable suicide. I have always watched, when I have entered these dungeons of misery for that purpose, with the most intense interest, alarm, and concern, my own countrymen, and especially those whose youth and inexperience rendered them doubly the objects of vigilance and anxiety. Many of them were medical students. They were sent to Paris with limited means to complete their anatomical studies. With prudence and good conduct, those means were ample; but extravagance or gambling was quite out of the question. The first time they entered these establishments of "*rouge et noir*," they themselves often became "*rouge*" enough as they placed their first five-franc piece on the fatal board. But, as success attended their exploits, they became flushed with victory, and looked bold and daring. If, perchance, good luck crowned their efforts during the first portion of the sitting, they sometimes retired with their booty, in order to convince others as well as themselves "that *they* knew when to leave off." But the first visit was soon followed by the second, and the second by the third, until not only all their money had been consumed, but until all their books, anatomical instruments, watches, and every disposable article, had been sacrificed to gratify that appetite which grows on what it feeds. Then anxiety, misery, debt, disgrace, have followed, and arrest for rent or board and lodging has ensued. It is useless to follow up the subject. Thank God, these GAMBLING-HOUSES have been forever closed, and the municipality of Paris, and the government, no longer derive a portion of their revenues from the vices and disorders of society! But it must not be forgotten that it was greatly to the untiring efforts of De Lamartine, and his noble coadjutors, that this result is to be ascribed.

The position which De Lamartine first took on his entrance into public life he has not been able to maintain. He set out with the resolution not to become a party man, *i. e.*, in the ordinary acceptation of the word party; and to be the chief of those who looked to the social evils of France, and sought to remedy them. Education, the condition of the poor, "agiotage," and its



influence on society, the foundling asylums, illegitimate children, the condition of unfortunate females; these, and a variety of other subjects, together with the penal code, slavery, and the slave-trade, were to engross his time, and absorb his energies. But this is the case no longer. I do not find fault with the change which has taken place, because in France it is really very difficult, if not impossible, to steer clear of party politics, and of political partizanship. But yet the fact is the same. De Lamartine has become in his turn a colleague of Berryer, a supporter of Guizot, an approver of Count Mole politics, and, finally, ("tell it not in Gath, and publish it not in the streets of Ascalon,") the most forward, bold, decisive opponent of that Conservative policy which himself and his party often pronounced to be the only one compatible with peace on the one hand, and with the honor and happiness of France on the other. Is De Lamartine no longer satisfied that England and France may be good allies, and yet honorable and enlightened rivals? Or has he also joined the "Anglo-phobia" faction, which sees in Great Britain an immense obstacle to French aggrandizement, and to French power? I fear the latter is the case; and that he is now pledged to oppose all governments which are not constructed on the basis of "ultra French politics and views. Now, what is meant by this expression is this:—that France shall refuse the right of search; that France shall claim to take precedence in regulating, at all times, the affairs of the East; that France shall exercise authority in the affairs of Spain; that France shall extend her frontiers to the limits claimed by the republican party of the last century; that France shall be permitted to dictate to the rest of Europe on the fate of smaller states; that France shall become the most formidable military and naval power in the west of Europe; that France shall extend her conquests in the north of Africa, establish settlements in the continent of America, especially of South America, and form colonies and governments in the Pacific Ocean. And, I regret to state, that the Legitimist party in France will lend itself to these demands, not because it regards them as politically sound or wise, but in order to extend the influence of the Romish church throughout the nations of the earth. This is the policy of Abbé de Genoude, the able and eloquent proprietor and editor of the *Gazette de France*. This is the policy of all who are under the influence of the court of Rome, and none are more so than

De Lamartine. It is Protestantism they oppose. It is Protestantism they abhor. I have watched with attention their proceedings with reference to Polynesia, and I know that they are more anxious to expel from those islands the Protestant missionaries of Great Britain, Germany, and America, than they are to convert the heathen to the Christian faith. Alas! alas! they believe, and they act on that belief, that it would be better, spiritually speaking, for the Pagans to remain so, than to be converted to Christianity by Protestant missionaries, and to remain Protestants.

De Lamartine, as a poet, is the boast and admiration of his country; and he most unquestionably merits all the fame and popularity he enjoys. But his poetical attributes render him a fluctuating and indifferent statesman. To-day, he pleads the cause of Poland with fire and energy. To-morrow, he proclaims at the tribune the advantages of a close alliance between France and Russia. To-day, he pleads for the abolition of slavery, and, as the magical words drop from his lips, he rivets the attention and secures the suffrages of even an unwilling audience. To-morrow, he indignantly rejects the right of search, and tells the best and most honest minister France has known for a century, "You are unfit to govern. You are repugnant to the glory, interests, and nationality of France!" And why? Because that minister, M. Guizot, will not violate the treaties which were deliberately signed with Great Britain for putting an end to that very slavery of which he complains. He would arrive at the end without making use of the means. He would put down the slave-trade by visiting other vessels, and by seizing the lawless pirates; but he would not allow of similar searches being made on board French vessels.

Again: to-day he pleads with incomparable eloquence on the subject of the affairs of the East, and places before you "Turkey," a mere corpse, a body without a soul, a form without animation. He tells you that this is as it ought to be, that prophecy requires it, that the march of events will have it so, that Mahomedanism must be supplanted by Christianity, and the Crescent by the Cross; and then, in his own poetic strain, he presents before you that cross, triumphing over all prejudices, and subduing eventually all things to itself. But, to-morrow, he pleads for French influence in Turkey, for French influence at Constantinople; and talks of the advantages of the Turkish alliance and the

revival of olden times; and is angry with Sir Stratford Canning because he does not consent to be outwitted by the French ambassador; and the corpse of yesterday has been suddenly transformed into a valuable, living, acting, formidable ally.

Louis Philippe said, some few months ago, when De Lamartine still remained faithful to the moderate Conservative party of the new dynasty, and when threatened by the chiefs of the Anglo-phobia factions with a union against his government, "I suppose, then, I shall be compelled to apply to M. De Lamartine to become my minister; and I may reckon myself very fortunate to have so honest and able a man to apply to." But Louis Philippe can say this no longer. After the late harangue of the poet in the Chamber of Deputies, he can no longer be regarded as a Conservative, but as one of the chiefs of a systematic opposition. Louis Philippe cannot confide in such a man. He might do well enough to run in the same political vehicle, neck by neck, along-side of M. Thiers, and they might together hurl the national car with themselves over some fearful precipice; but De Lamartine has demonstrated that he is no statesman, and that he is without a clear, distinct, and accomplishable political system. He either knows not, or does not feel, that politics cannot be made a matter of imagination and feeling, but that the *great* interest of a *great* nation must be treated without passion, prejudice, or poetry. Louis Philippe has very naturally some sentiments of affection for De Lamartine. Mademoiselle des Roys was the mother of the poet, and she was as good as she was charming. Her mother was governess to the royal princes, and brought up her daughter with the now King of the French, and with Madame Adelaide, his sister. The King of the French never forgets the associates of his earlier years, and the family of De Lamartine, at least on the maternal side, is regarded by him with respect and interest. Yet De Lamartine can never now become his minister.

Whoever desires to see this extraordinary man to advantage, should make a journey to Macon with a letter of introduction. There, in the neighboring *Château de St. Point*, the author of the *Harmonies*, the *Meditations*, and the *Souvenirs*, will be seen as the man who has never made a personal enemy and never lost a friend. Gentle, noble, pure, serene, generous, kind, he will welcome the stranger to his interesting and antique dwelling, and amuse, delight, and improve him. His

visitor will find him a glorious host, and an inimitable companion. His large heart admits within it all who are entitled to esteem and admiration, and he is ever ready to sympathise with human suffering, and to seek to provide a remedy for every wo. As a man and a friend he cannot be surpassed; as a poet he is unrivalled in France; as a statesman and politician he is most defective. Some would style him a "*girouette*."

And thus it is with the best of men! They mistake so often their own qualifications, and are in favor of their weaker points. For myself I can only admire and love De Lamartine, and wish him years of happiness and a life of delight, for his happiness is virtue, and his delight is to do good, and render others joyful.

#### MARBLES OF XANTHUS.

From the London Literary Gazette.

Acts of public interest are often attended by circumstances of private sorrow: thus the removal of these memorials of ancient art has been marked by the loss of a young, promising, and dear relative, whose premature death is the subject of the following lines from the pen of a sweet and gifted female poet:—

Marbles of Xanthus! vanish'd from that shore,  
Rich in remembrance of heart-stirring lore,  
Scene of heroic deeds, of arts refined,  
Proofs indestructible of mightier mind,  
Would Heaven ye still, from artist's gaze conceal'd,  
Stood in your deep retirement unreveal'd!  
Treasures of ancient glory though ye be,  
Records of death ye only are to me!

Marbles of Xanthus! why, with poisonous toil,  
Have ye been dragg'd to grace a stranger soil?  
Why scorn'd the passionate appeal of love,  
The curse denounced on him who dared remove  
Tombs to departed spirits consecrate,  
Making the grieved heart yet more desolate? \*  
The curse *has* fallen—speak, Marbles, for the dead,  
Not on th' offending, but the innocent head.

Marbles of Xanthus! on the Lycian strand  
Better had ye been spoil'd by Moslem hand!  
Could ye not scape the traveller's hungry eye,  
Dooming the loving and the loved to die?  
Could ye not spare the sapling, when the oak  
Had fall'n, all verdant, by the lightning's stroke?  
Was it for you a widow'd mother gave  
Her dear first-born to fill a Grecian grave?

Marbles of Xanthus! monuments of fame,  
Henceforth ye bear indelible his name! †  
Nor his alone—others there are who fell  
In the same reckless toil, whose doom ye tell.  
Can kindred hearts abjure fond nature's tie,  
And feel no anguish when their loved ones die?  
Ask the reft father and the sorrowing wife,  
Are ye not bought with waste of human life?

\* Vide Mr. Fellowes' work.

† Lieut. Alfred Burton (son of the lamented Captain A. B.), Major Much (leaving an aged father), and eight privates of the Royal Marines of the crew of H.M.S. *Monarch*, fell victims to the malaria in this ill-fated expedition.



## STEPHENS'S INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN YUCATAN.

From the Spectator.

It may be remembered, that on the return of Mr. Stephens from his mission to Central America, he passed through Yucatan, visiting some of the ruined cities of the aboriginal inhabitants, and hearing of many more. Circumstances prevented him from then pursuing his researches, or bringing away any considerable relics; but he left Yucatan with the full intention of returning to make a more thorough exploration, and to form an American museum: a purpose which he carried into effect in about a year after his first visit; and these volumes contain a narrative of his travels, and the result of his researches.

Mr. Stephens was accompanied on this, as on the former occasion, by Mr. Catherwood, an artist, to survey the sites and copy the ruins. Dr. Cabot, a physician and ornithologist, also volunteered to accompany the present expedition; but his presence contributes little to the story beyond an occasional account of the effects produced by his medical skill. With a few trifling exceptions, the explorations of the party were limited to two degrees of longitude (88-90), and little more than one of latitude, (20-21): further progress was checked by the scantily-inhabited and primeval condition of the country; and Mr. Stephens, as it seems to us, was not amply provided in funds or appliances proportioned to the object, but trusted, American-like, to the chance of good-natured help. A further difficulty was the nature of the climate, which induced fever and ague when exposed at certain places in certain seasons. In despite of all such drawbacks, Mr. Stephens visited upwards of forty ruins of cities, nearly forty of which are within the limits before mentioned. The most perfect displayed remains of extensive and elaborate buildings erected on artificial mounds, and for the most part rising above each other in a succession of triple terraces; the others exhibited ruins more analogous to those of Babylon, the ground being thickly strewn with fragments, but no building remaining sufficiently perfect to enable the spectator to determine its character from that particular ruin. Startling as these results are, Mr. Stephens thinks that a more accurate survey, or, properly speaking, a thorough clearing of the Tropical forest, would discover greater wonders; for some of his most successful feats were the result of accident—a haphazard line through a

forest which happened to strike a building, or the local knowledge elicited from some particular Indian, after the man had seen, with wonder, the interest the foreigners attached to what the natives term "old walls." In the use of the word cities, however, some limitation should perhaps be placed upon the modern European notions of the term. It seems probable that the greater number of these buildings were devoted to religious purposes, the mass of the people remaining in a state of abject slavery or degradation of caste. The mere power of erecting them would augur considerable scientific knowledge in the superintendents, a high degree of mechanical dexterity in the workmen, and a thickly-peopled country. It would, however, be going too far to conclude that the cities or sites of these buildings were inhabited by an active and industrious population, bearing a proportion, as in modern Europe, to the character of the public buildings of the place. They were the works of superstition: it is probable that such knowledge as existed was confined to the priestly caste, and that while these gorgeous but barbaric piles were erected for them, the builders were in a state of abject ignorance and poverty, differing little from that in which they are now found. The religious piles erected by the same people under the arts and influence of the Romish missionaries, afford an analogous example of what we mean,—a splendid church and convent; a congregation of Indians in the lowest condition both material and mental.

These researches more than confirm the assertion, as to the *number* of ruins to be found within a small space, hazarded by Mr. Norman in his touch-and-go tour, from the information of the natives, or probably from Mr. Stephens himself. The descriptions also exhibit considerable diversity of style in the details, amidst a considerable uniformity of building. In other respects, no new discoveries have been made respecting the advancement or the character of this mysterious people; perhaps they are rather lowered than raised. If they equal in mechanical execution the builders of Palenque, and approach them in design for (perhaps symbolical) ornaments, they fall far below them in imitation of the human figure. To us, who profess no minute knowledge of American antiquities, the points of novelty which Mr. Stephens has elicited appear to be these. The arch was known to this people. The mounds and terraces which support the upper buildings appear at first sight to be solid masses

of heaped-up earth ; but on exploring what was traditionally said to be a cave, it was discovered, and a systematic examination confirmed the fact, that in many cases these mounds contained chambers, sometimes square, sometimes in the shape of a small hay-rick, and once connected by passages. They were all, however, empty, and their uses could not be ascertained. Both pillars and columns have been discovered ; the latter, in their most perfect form, approaching a bald Greek Doric. At Kabah, one of the cities till now unvisited, greater variety in the arrangement of the apartments was seen : in one city an internal staircase was found leading to the top of the building ; in another, the interior rooms were built up with solid masonry, evidently as the work proceeded, the ceiling being finished last. At the ruins of Tuloom, on the sea-coast, the entire wall of a city was traceable, the perpendicular cliff forming the defence on the sea-side : and we may remark that the remains on the coast and the island of Cosumel often appear to be of a superior character to those in the interior—less elaborate in ornament, but more simple and useful-looking in design. The only exception to this opinion is a gateway and connected ruins at Labna, which Mr. Stephens pronounces equal to any Egyptian remains ; and the plate confirms this opinion. It may be observed that the serpent is constantly found among the ornaments ; and there is a representation of a Death's head and cross-bones which would do honor to any English church-yard. Mr. Stephens attaches great importance to some carved wooden lintels ; but carving on wood is by no means rare—the paddle of the veriest savage is often carved. A paved causeway, perfect for a short space, has been discovered ; and it is said by Indian tradition to have led from one of the principal ruins to the present capital.

The zeal, energy, and perseverance of Mr. Stephens in exploring these ruins, is worthy of high praise ; and, with the exception of Uxmal, whither Waldeck had been before him, all that he has done is clear accession, and which no one else seems likely to have attempted. Allowance must also be made for the difficulties Mr. Stephens had to contend with, in limited means, listless laborers, indifference, and ignorance in the native whites, (except here and there a padre,) as well as the labor of clearing in a tropical country, and the effects of fever, which sometimes prostrated the travellers amid the ruins they

were exploring. The discoveries, however, might have been presented in a more specific and satisfactory form. Aiming at a popular narrative, the author's plan of composition is too particular for a general view and yet not sufficiently detailed for an antiquarian exposition. Large and elaborate drawings, with the drily technical account of a mere surveyor, were not desirable : but we think a better effect would have been produced and a more distinct impression left of the ruins of Yucatan, had he entirely separated the architectural accounts from the narrative of his travels, presented each ruin successively, and accompanied the more important ones with fuller details. The story might have been shorter, but its effects would have been more telling.

In such parts of the work as belong more immediately to travels, Mr. Stephens exhibits his wonted spirits and animation. In the account of his contrivances at the ruins, there is often a Robinson Crusoe-like character ; and in their exploration of the caves and subterranean wells, from which in the dry season the inhabitants laboriously draw their supplies of water, there is often considerable interest. Wandering in the remoter parts of the country, the author saw the people—Indians, Whites, and mixed breeds—in their genuine and undisguised character ; and his pictures of this primitive society have a curious novelty. But as a whole, there is something of the tediousness of a twice-told tale about these mere "incidents of travel." The probability of this Mr. Stephens seems to have felt ; but, instead of shortening his book, he has labored his descriptions.

It is the confirmed opinion of Mr. Stephens, that the cities whose ruins he has investigated were not the work of an extinct people, but of the race which Cortes found in Mexico, and which still inhabits the country. His arguments for this view are entitled to attention ; and one of the most cogent is the general destruction of the Indian priesthood and nobility by the policy and religion of the Spaniards. But if the people were the same, they were in their decline : they might have the mechanical skill to practise arts which had descended to them, just as the Roman warlike machines in the decline of the Empire were equal or superior to those of their ancestors ; but the spirit of their ancestors was gone. To the mere argument of their antiquity Mr. Stephens opposes the effects of tropical vegetation and rains in hastening ruin ; and this not altogether as a mat-



ter of reasoning, but of experience. On his first arrival he saw

THE EFFECT OF A YEAR'S VEGETATION IN THE TROPICS.

On the fifteenth at eleven o'clock, we reached the hacienda of Uxmal. It stood in its suit of sombre gray, with cattle-yard, large trees, and tanks, the same as when we left it; but there were no friends of old to welcome us: the Delmonico major domo had gone to Tobasco, and the other had been obliged to leave on account of illness. The Mayoral remembered us, but we did not know him; and we determined to pass on and take up our abode immediately in the ruins. Stopping but a few minutes to give directions about the luggage, we mounted again, and in ten minutes, emerging from the woods, came out upon the open field; in which, grand and lofty as when we saw it before, stood the House of the Dwarf: but the first glance showed us that a year had made great changes. The sides of the lofty structure, then bare and naked, were now covered with high grass, bushes, and weeds, and on the top were bushes and young trees twenty feet high. The House of the Nuns was almost smothered; and the whole field was covered with a rank growth of grass and weeds, over which we could barely look as we rode through. The foundations, terraces, and tops of the buildings, were overgrown; weeds and vines were rioting and creeping on the façades; and mounds, terraces, and ruins, were a mass of destroying verdure. A strong and vigorous nature was struggling for mastery over art, wrapping the city in its suffocating embraces, and burying it from sight. It seemed as if the grave was closing over a friend, and we had arrived barely in time to take our farewell.

Amid this mass of desolation, grand and stately as when we left it, stood the Casa del Gobernador, but with all its terraces covered, and separated from us by a mass of impenetrable verdure.

On the left of the field was an overgrown milpa, along the edge of which a path led in front of this building. Following this path, we turned the corner of the terrace, and on the farthest side dismounted, and tied our horses. The grass and weeds were above our heads, and we could see nothing. The Mayoral broke a way through them, and we reached the foot of the terrace. Working our way over the stones with much toil, we reached the top of the highest terrace. Here, too, the grass and weeds were of the same rank growth. We moved directly to the wall at the East end, and entered the first open door. Here the Mayoral wished us to take up our abode; but we knew the localities better than he did, and, creeping along the front as close to the wall as possible, cutting some of the bushes and tearing apart and trampling down others, we reached the centre apartment. Here we stopped. Swarms of bats, roused by our approach, fluttered and flew through the long chamber, and passed out at the doors.

The want of Yucatan is water. On the large plantations it is preserved in immense

cisterns; and the neighboring Indians, though nominally free, are in reality slaves of the tank. In the remoter villages, when the natural or artificial ponds are exhausted in the dry season, they have to draw a supply from subterranean wells, which, if water were expended in the English manner, would occupy the whole time of everybody in procuring this necessary fluid. Before the civilization of the country had declined, this natural want was supplied by a great number of ponds, with wells or immense jars at the bottom, artificially paved by two layers of stones, the upper covering the joints of the lower layer, and the interstices carefully closed with cement. Neglected, and half filled with mud, the discovery of these artificial reservoirs, like most discoveries in Yucatan, was only made by the accident of some speculative Spaniard clearing out his pond. Still Mr. Stephens thinks the country could not have watered the population it formerly contained, according to English modes of drinking; and he offers this ingenious solution.

"Among the wonders unfolded by the discovery of these ruined cities, what made the strongest impression on our minds was the fact that their immense population existed in a region so scantily supplied with water. Throughout the whole country there is no stream, or spring, or living fountain; and, but for the extraordinary caves and hollows in the rocks from which the inhabitants at this day drink, they must have been entirely dependent upon artificial fountains, and literally upon the rain that came down from heaven. But on this point there is one important consideration. The aborigines of this country had no horses or cattle or large domestic animals, and the supply required for the use of man only was comparatively small. Perhaps at this day, with different wants and habits, the same country would not support the same amount of population. And besides, the Indian now inhabiting that dry and thirsty region illustrates the effect of continual scarcity, habit, and training, in subduing the appetites. Water is to him as to the Arab of the desert, a scarce and precious commodity. When he puts down the load from his back, his body streaming with perspiration, a few sips of water dipped up in the palm of his hand from a hollow rock suffice to quench his thirst. Still, under any circumstances, the sources of supply present one of the most interesting features connected with the discovery of these ruined cities, and go to confirm belief in the vast numbers and power as well as the laborious industry of the ancient inhabitants."

From the nature of the subject, and the necessity of plans and engravings to illustrate it with effect, we must refer to the volumes for any specific account of the discoveries of Mr. Stephens; but an extract will convey a notion of the difficul-

ties he had to encounter from the character of his laborers, and give a specimen of his style.

#### INGLESES AT KABAH.

Late in the afternoon we returned to the village, and in the evening had a levee of visitors. The sensation we had created in the village had gone on increasing, and the Indians were really indisposed to work for us at all. The arrival of a stranger even from Merida or Campeachy was an extraordinary event, and no Ingleses had ever been seen there before. The circumstance that we had come to work among the ruins was wonderful, incomprehensible. Within the memory of the oldest Indians these remains had never been disturbed. The account of the digging up of the bones in San Francisco had reached them, and they had much conversation with each other and with the *padrecito* about us. It was a strange thing, they said, that men with strange faces, and a language they could not understand, had come among them to disinter their ruined cities; and, simple as their ancestors when the Spaniards first came among them, they said that the end of the world was nigh.

It was late the next day when we reached the ruins. We could not set out before the Indians, for they might disappoint us altogether, and we could do nothing until they came; but, once on the ground, we soon had them at work. On both sides we watched each other closely, though from somewhat different motives; they from utter inability to comprehend our plans and purposes, and we from the fear that we should get no work out of them. If one of us spoke, they all stopped to listen; if we moved, they stopped to gaze upon us. Mr. Catherwood's drawing-materials, tripod, sextant, and compass, were very suspicious; and occasionally Doctor Cabot filled up the measure of their astonishment by bringing down a bird as it flew through the air. By the time they were fairly broken in to know what they had to do, it was necessary to return to the village.

The same labor was repeated the next day with a new set of men; but, by continual supervision, and urging, we managed to get considerable work done. Albino was a valuable auxiliary; indeed, without him I could hardly have got on at all. We had not fairly discovered his intelligence until we left Uxmal. There all had a beaten track to move in: but on the road little things were constantly occurring in which he showed an ingenuity and a fertility of resource that saved us from many annoyances. He had been a soldier; and at the siege of Campeachy had received a sabre-cut in a fleshy part of the body, which rather intimated that he was moving in an opposite direction when the sabre overtook him. Having received neither pay for his services nor pension for his wound, he was a little disgusted with patriotism and fighting for his country. He was by trade a blacksmith; which business, on the recommendation of Donna Joaquina Peon, he had given up to enter our service. His usefulness and capacity were first clearly brought out at Kabah. Knowing the character of the Indians, speaking their language, and being but a few degrees remov-

ed from them by blood, he could get out of them twice as much work as I could. Him, too, they could ask questions about us, and lighten labor by the indulgence of social humor; and very soon I had only to give instructions as to what work was to be done, and leave the whole management of it to him.

Turning from the past to the present, here is a lively sketch of

#### ELECTIONS IN YUCATAN.

Though practically enduring, in some respects, the appendage of an aristocratic government, the Indians, who carried us on their shoulders and our loads on their backs, have as good votes as their masters; and it was painful to have lost the opportunity of seeing the Democratic principle in operation among the only true and real native American party; the spectacle being, as we were told, in the case of the hacienda Indians, one of exceeding impressiveness, not to say sublimity. These, being *criados*, or servants, in debt to their masters and their bodies mortgaged, go up to the village unanimous in opinion and purpose, without partiality or prejudice either in favor of or against particular men or measures: they have no bank questions, nor questions of internal improvement, to consider; no angry discussions about the talents, private characters, or public services of candidates; and, above all, they are free from the degrading imputation of man-worship, for in general they have not the least idea for whom they are voting. All they have to do is to put into a box a little piece of paper given to them by the master or major-domo, for which they are to have a holyday. The only danger is, that, in the confusion of greeting acquaintances, they may get their papers changed; and when this happens, they are almost invariably found soon after committing some offence against hacienda discipline, for which these independent electors are pretty sure to get flogged by the major-domo.

In the villages, the indifference to political distinctions, and the discrimination of the public in rewarding unobtrusive merit, are no less worthy of admiration; for Indian *alcaldes* are frequently elected without being aware that they have been held up for the suffrages of their fellow-citizens; they pass the day of election on the ground, and go home without knowing any thing about it. The night before their term is to commence, the retiring functionaries go round the village and catch these unconscious favorites of the people, put them into the *cabildo*, and keep them together all night, that they may be at hand in the morning to receive the staves and take the oath of office.

These little peculiarities were told to us as facts; and of such a population I can believe them to be true. At all events, the term of the incumbent officers was just expiring: the next morning the grand ceremony of the inauguration was to take place; and the Indians going out of office were actively engaged in hunting up their successors and bringing them together in the *cabildo*. Before retiring, we went in with the *Padrecito* to look at them. Most of them had been brought in, but some were still wanting.



They were sitting round a large table, on which lay the record of their election; and, to beguile the tediousness of their honorable imprisonment, they had instruments by them, called musical, which kept up a terrible noise all night. Whatever were the circumstances of their election, their confinement for the night was, no doubt, a wise precaution, to insure their being sober in the morning.

The Mestiza ball will give an idea of Yucatan society in the interior. It must be understood that it is altogether the fancy-ball of a sort of saturnalia; the supposed Mestizas being White ladies in masquerade dress, but without a mask.

#### THE BALL.

The *bàyle de dia* was intended to give a picture of life at a hacienda: and there were two prominent personages, who did not appear the evening before, called *fiscales*, being the officers attendant upon the ancient *caciques*, and representing them in their authority over the Indians. \* \* \* These were the managers and masters of ceremonies, with absolute and unlimited authority over the whole company; and, as they boasted, they had a right to whip the Mestizas if they pleased.

As each Mestiza arrived, they quietly put aside the gentleman escorting her and conducted the lady to her seat. If the gentleman did not give way readily, they took him by the shoulders and walked him to the other end of the floor. A crowd followed wherever they moved; and all the time the company was assembling, they threw every thing into laughter and confusion by their whimsical efforts to preserve order.

At length they undertook to clear a space for dancing; backing the company in a summary way as far as they could go, and then taking the men and boys by the shoulder and jamming them down upon the floor. While they were thus engaged, a stout gentleman, of respectable appearance, holding some high office in the village, appeared in the doorway, quietly lighting another straw cigar; and as soon as they saw him they desisted from the work they had in hand, and in the capricious and wanton exercise of their arbitrary power, rushed across, seized him, dragged him to the centre of the floor, hoisted him upon the shoulders of a *vaquero* and pulling apart the skirts of his coat, belabored him with a mock vigor and earnestness that convulsed the whole company with laughter. The sides of the elevated dignitary shook, the *vaquero* shook under him, and they were near coming down together.

This over, the rogues came directly upon me. El *Ingles* had not long escaped their eye. I had with difficulty avoided a scene, and my time seemed now to have come. The one with the *cacique's* mantle led the way with long strides, lash raised in the air, a loud voice, and his eyes, sparkling with frolic and mischief, fastened upon mine. The crowd followed, and I was a little afraid of an attempt to hoist me too on the shoulders of a *vaquero*; but all at once he stopped short, and, unexpectedly changing his language, opened upon me with a loud harangue in Maya.

All knew that I did not understand a word he said, and the laugh was strong against me. I was a little annoyed at being made such a mark; but, recollecting the achievement of our vernacular at Nohcacab, I answered him with an English oration. The effect was instantaneous. He had never before heard a language that he could not understand; bent his ear earnestly, as if by close attention he could catch the meaning; and looked up with an air of real perplexity, that turned the laugh completely against him. He began again; and I answered with a stanza of Greek poetry, which had hung by me in some unaccountable way. This again completely silenced him; and he dropped the title *Ingles*, put his arms around my neck, called me "*amigo*," and made a covenant not to speak in any language but Castilian.

This over, he ordered the music to commence, planted a *vaquero* on the floor, and led out a Mestiza to dance, again threw all the bystanders into confusion, and sat down quietly on the floor at my feet. All the Mestizas were again called out in order, presenting the same pretty spectacle I had seen the evening before. And there was one whom I had noticed then, not more than fifteen, delicate and fragile, with eyes so soft and dovelike that it was impossible to look upon them without a feeling of tenderness. She seemed sent into the world to be cherished and cared for, and closeted like the finest china, the very emblem of purity, innocence and loveliness; and, as I had learned, she was the child of shame, being the *crianza* or natural daughter of a gentleman of the village. Perhaps it was that she seemed so ill fitted to buffet with contumely and reproach that gave such an indescribable interest to her appearance; but fortunately brought up in her father's house, she may go through life without meeting an averted face or feeling that a stain rests upon her name.

As may be supposed, the presence of this *senorita* on the floor did not escape the keen eyes of the mercurial *fiscal*. All at once he became excited and restless; and, starting to his feet, gazed at her for a moment as if entranced by a vision; and then, as if carried away by his excitement, and utterly unconscious of what he was about, he pushed aside the *vaquero* who was dancing with her, and flinging his *sombrero* on the ground, cried out in a tone of ecstasy, "*Voy baylâr con vd, mi corazon.*" I am going to dance with you, my heart." As he danced, his excitement seemed to increase: forgetting every thing around him, the expression of his face became rapt, fixed, intense; he tore off his *cacique's* mantle, and, dancing toward her, spread it at the lady's feet. This seemed only to excite him more; and, as if forgetful of every thing else, he seized the collar of his *camisa*, and dancing violently all the time, with a nervous grasp, tugged as if he meant to pull it over his head, and throw all that he was worth at her feet. Failing in this, for a moment he seemed to give up in despair; but all at once, he thrust his hands under the long garment, seized the sash around his waist, and, still dancing with all his might, unwound it, and, moving up to her with mingled grace, gallantry, and desperation, dropped it at her feet, and danced back to his place. By this time his *calzoncillos*, kept up by the sash, were giving way. Grasping them furiously, and hold

ing them up with both hands as if by a great effort, he went on dancing with a desperate expression of face that was irresistibly ludicrous.

During all this time, the company was convulsed with laughter; and I could not help remarking the extreme modesty and propriety of the young lady, who never even smiled or looked at him, but when the dance was ended, bowed and returned to her seat. The poor fiscal stood gazing at the vacant place where she had stood, as if the sun of his existence had set. At length he turned his head, and calling out "amigo," asked if there were any such Mestizas in my country? if I would like to take her home with me? then said that he could not spare this one, but I might take my choice of the others; insisting loudly upon my making a selection, and promising to deliver any one I liked to me at the convent.

At first I supposed that these fiscales were, like the vaqueros, the principal young men of the village, who for that day gave themselves up to frolic and fun; but I learned that these were not willing to assume such a character, but employed others known to them for wit and humor, and at the same time for propriety and respectability of behavior. This was a matador de cochinos, or pig-butcher, of excellent character, and *muy vivo*—by which may be understood "a fellow of infinite wit and humor." The people of the village seemed to think that the power given him to whip the Mestizas was the extremity of license; but they did not consider that, even for the day, they put him on equal terms with those who, in his daily walks, were to him as beings of another sphere: for the time he might pour out his tribute of feeling to beauty and attraction; but it was all to be regarded as a piece of extravagance, to be forgotten by all who heard it, and particularly by her to whom it was addressed. Alas, poor matador de cochinos!

It may be desirable to add, that many specimens of these ancient cities were brought safely to the States by Mr. STEPHENS, but a considerable portion of them were lost in the great fire at New-York.

### SONNET,

*By the Author of the Life of Burke, of Goldsmith, &c.,*

#### ON VIEWING MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

How warms the heart when dwelling on that face,  
Those lips that mine a thousand times have prest,  
The swelling source that nurture gav'st her race,  
Where found my infant head its downiest rest!  
How in those features aim to trace my own,  
Cast in a softer mould my being see;  
Recall the voice that sooth'd my helpless moan,  
The thoughts that sprang for scarcely aught save me;  
That shaped and formed me; gave me to the day,  
Bade in her breast absorbing love arise;  
O'er me a ceaseless tender care display,  
For weak all else to thee maternal ties!  
This debt of love but One may claim; no other  
Such self-devotion boasts, save thee, my Mother!

### FATHER OSWALD.

*Father Oswald; a Genuine Catholic Story.*  
8vo. London: 1843.

From the Edinburgh Review.

It was anciently usual, when opinions differed upon any point of importance, to discuss the question according to the forms of logic—each party stating his own argument, and refuting that of his opponent with all the dexterity in his power. But this custom, however rational in itself, has proved so inconvenient to many controversial writers, that it is now very sparingly resorted to. It has been found that unskilful combatants in these intellectual conflicts cannot always escape serious injury to their vanity and their reputation; and therefore a new mode of discussion has been adopted, in which victory, if not quite so honorable, is far more secure. The challenger now excludes the party assailed from all share in the dispute. He takes both sides of the argument under his own management, and arranges the attack, defence, and victory, with the secure precision of a general directing a mock fight at a review. Political and theological controversies are now decided by fictitious narrations, in which the various characters discuss the question; and the conversion of the hero or heroine to the author's own opinion forms the catastrophe. We have abandoned the ancient judicial combat, in which arms and horses, sun and wind, were divided with scrupulous impartiality; and we have begun to imitate the adroit duelists of Brantôme, who not only exerted their own skill to the utmost, but took care to supply their antagonists with un-serviceable weapons.

We have selected the Novel\* before us

\* The number of Novels of a far different, and far more eligible description, daily issued from the Press—two or three sometimes appearing in one day—makes it impossible for any Quarterly Journal to overtake even those that rise greatly above mediocrity. It is with some regret, certainly, that we have felt ourselves obliged to omit all notice of such publications as "The Last of the Barons"—a work of great power and brilliancy; the charming tales of Swedish Life by Frederika Bremer, lately translated; "Widows and Widowers," the *chef d'œuvre*, in fictitious narrative, of its highly respectable authoress; and the "Adventures of Susan Hopley,"—published previously to the other works just named, but now again brought under our observation by its reappearance in the unusual form of weekly Numbers. With some blemishes, it has merits altogether peculiar, and well-fitted to recommend it to readers of all classes, were it not for an impression which has somehow arisen that it is addressed chiefly, if not solely, to maid-servants—than which no supposition can be more wide of the fact, or more likely to circumscribe the attraction, and limit the utility, of what we feel it to be a duty



as the occasion, rather than the principal subject, of a few observations upon this point, for these reasons: It is the latest controversial novel with which we have happened to meet; it combines in itself many of the most unpleasing peculiarities of its class: and it proposes to decide a question of the utmost importance—the authority of the Church of Rome as opposed to the doctrines of the Reformation, and the Right of Private Judgment.

We need scarcely stop to point out to our readers how useless in all respects, and how much worse than useless in many, such a work upon such a subject must always be. It is obviously impossible to make it at once conclusive and impartial. The author's grand object is of course to give a decisive victory to his own side of the question. But he cannot be sure of doing this to the satisfaction of his readers, if he argues as real Protestants would argue with real Catholics. If he conducts the dispute by fairly matching the arguments of Luther and Chillingworth against those of Erasmus and Bossuet, he will have their comparative force as undivided in fiction as in reality. He must therefore either run the risk of making converts the wrong way, or betray, by a pious fraud, the cause which he thinks in error. However skilfully his article is performed, it can seldom escape detection. The simplest reader, when he observes that the writer never allows an attack which he cannot parry, and never notices an objection which he cannot solve, will ask himself whether questions, upon which the wisest men have differed for centuries, could, if they were fairly stated, be unanswerably solved by an indifferent novel. The more skilful critic will at once contrast the feeble sophisms of the mock disputant, set up merely to be defeated, with the forcible reasoning of those advocates who have elsewhere espoused the same cause in truth and sincerity. Those who already agree with the work will not be benefited by it. Those who think otherwise, will throw it aside with the incredulous contempt of a Frenchman witnessing a puppet-show of the battle of Waterloo: or of an Englishman reading, in Mr. Fenimore Cooper's Romances, the defeat of the British regiments by Captain Lawton, and the capture of British cruisers by Tom Coffin.

Where the deception is successful, the case is much worse. It is certainly possible, by artful misrepresentation, to per-  
to pronounce a highly meritorious and widely-interesting story.

suade an ignorant Catholic that all Protestants are skeptics, or an ignorant Protestant that all Catholics are idolaters; but it is impossible to prevent such an opinion from being dispelled by correct information on the subject; and thus a delusion, which certainly will not promote Christian charity while it lasts, may bring on a dangerous reaction when it is removed. Intolerance is no security whatever for consistency. The poise of the mind, like that of the body, is safest when it stands upright—not when it exerts its force in one particular direction. And we see by experience that no man is in general so ready to abandon the substance of his opinions, as the bigot who has become ashamed of their superfluous bitterness.

Some of our readers may recollect that a little tale, entitled "Father Clement, a Roman Catholic Story," was published about twenty years ago. Though intended to present a contrast between the Roman Catholic and Calvinistic creeds, to the decided advantage of the latter, it was preserved, by the good taste of its author, from many of the worst faults common in controversial novels. But in spite of this, and in spite of much that is both striking and pleasing in the fictitious part of the story, it is a work whose spirit, we think, no liberal-minded Protestant can approve. The author, though not expressly denying the possible existence of a truly religious Roman Catholic, has taken care to represent every member of that Church but one, in whom the reader takes any interest, as a knave, a fool, or a Protestant convert. The single exception is the character of an interesting Jesuit, who, after a life of religious doubt and distress, is worn out by mental suffering and corporeal austerities, and dies in peace, unconsciously abandoning, though not openly abjuring, the opinions of his church. A sincere Catholic must strongly resent the injustice of such a picture of his creed; but this is the very reason why, if he were a man of sense and feeling, he would scorn to retaliate by a similar attack upon Protestantism. "Father Oswald" is intended as "an antidote to the baneful production of 'Father Clement.'" It is the history of an English Protestant whose wife has become a convert to the Church of Rome. The husband, after treating the unfortunate proselyte with the most inhuman harshness, goes to the Continent to escape from her society. At every stage of his tour he is silenced by the reasoning, or edified by the piety, of saintly priests, simple peasants, and blue-eyed sisters of

charity. He receives a severe wound during the Revolution of 1830—which is represented as the causeless persecution of a pious Catholic by fanatical Deists—and is shocked by the neglect of all his liberal friends. At length, after resisting proofs of Catholic virtue and Protestant depravity which might have converted John Knox himself, he visits Italy, when his apparently insane incredulity is finally dispelled by witnessing the miracle of the blood of St. Januarius.

The spirit of the work is as uncharitable as its plan is unskillful. The author of "Father Clement," though frequently displaying the gloomy prejudices sometimes attributed to extreme Calvinism, has at least the sense to refrain from coarse abuse and pointless ridicule. But the present writer, though in his dedication he expresses great anxiety for the welfare of the "many noble and generous individuals in the British isles" who have the misfortune to be Protestants, is perfectly unable to keep his hatred of those whom he courteously styles "madcap biblicals" within decent bounds. It is not too much to say, that he does not appear to believe in the existence of a virtuous or rational Protestant. His hero, whom he represents as a strict and exemplary member of the Church of England, is a domestic tyrant, a political Jacobin, and, until he becomes a Roman Catholic, little better than a religious infidel. But it is upon the clergy of the Established Church that the full measure of the author's insolence is poured forth. He introduces the characters of several, and never without doing his utmost to ridicule and degrade them. They are all depicted in the coarsest strain of dull malignity—as ignorant, indolent, corpulent priests, encumbered with tawdry wives and innumerable children, and devoted to the sports of the field and the pleasures of the table. The Catholic divines, on the other hand, are all upon the model of Sterne's sentimental Friar, and are endowed with every imposing quality of mind and body which the author's imagination can furnish. We shall not allow such absurd misrepresentations to lead us into a discussion of the general character borne by the Protestant and Catholic clergy; but we must say that charges of pride, luxury and ambition, come but ungracefully from the advocates of a Church which placed Wolsey and Dubois among its Cardinals, and still retains Dunstan and Becket among its Saints.

After this, we need scarcely describe the plan on which the controversial part of the

work is carried on. A man who will not believe that Protestants can be decent members of society, is not likely to represent them as rational Christians. Accordingly, we find that the author of "Father Oswald" has carefully abstained from placing in the mouth of any of his Protestant characters a single sentence bearing even the semblance of an argument. Vague assertion and angry abuse are the sole weapons allowed to these devoted champions; and they are seldom permitted to employ even these, without being interrupted by the facetious remarks of the writer upon the absurdity of their manners and gestures. It is impossible to witness the author's complaisant triumph over the discomfiture of the senseless puppets whom he has conjured up, without being reminded of the duellist in the "Tatler," who practises the art of fence by making passes at figures chalked upon the wall, and boasts that he seldom fails to hit them in a mortal part.

"Father Oswald" caricatures the unfairness which may generally be detected in controversial tales. In a fictitious dispute upon such a controversy as that between the Catholic and Reformed Churches, a decisive victory is at best a suspicious event. But a rapid, easy, unresisted victory, is too much for the credulity of the most careless reader. Surely, he will reflect, there must be *some* plausible arguments for a creed which satisfied Newton and Locke. Surely there must be *some* excuse for doubts which did not shock Hooker or Tillotson. These eminent men may have been mistaken; but they must have had something to say in their defence. The triumph of "Father Oswald" resembles that of the English at Agincourt, or of the Americans at New Orleans—it loses its chief glory by the very ease and impunity with which it is achieved. Every one knows that no victory worth having is gained without hard fighting and severe loss; and therefore, when the conquerors are found to have sustained no injury at all, it is impossible to believe that the vanquished have had fair play.

The author of "Father Clement" does not escape. We have said that we cannot consider the plan of that work as at all satisfactory to a candid mind; and, therefore, we do not intend to undertake its defence. There is much in it which a well-instructed Catholic could no doubt refute. There is therefore the less excuse for an ignorant Catholic, who wilfully misrepresents its arguments. But the author of "Father Oswald" is perpetually misquoting passages



from his antagonist, in order the more effectually to refute them. We will give a single instance out of many. In "Father Clement," a Presbyterian clergyman is made to cite a text of scripture as opposed to the Roman Catholic custom of bestowing the paternal title on priests. This is perfectly consistent with the known doctrine and practice of the Scottish Church. But the author of "Father Oswald" has the folly to place the same sentence in the mouth of an Episcopalian Dean; purely in order that his Catholic opponent may triumphantly remind him, that the Bishops of the Anglican Church are styled "Right Reverend Fathers in God."

It is not, as may be supposed, our intention to discuss in this place the theological opinions of the Catholic church. If it were, we certainly should have taken the pains to select some more responsible opponent than the author of the slight and feeble work before us. There would be little credit, and less real utility, in exposing the blunders of a writer who believes that the Sovereign of Great Britain is head of the Scottish Church;\* who advocates the worship of Saints without an attempt to explain the express prohibition of Scripture;† who argues the question of clerical celibacy without noticing the advice of St. Paul, that a Bishop should be "the husband of one wife;"‡ and who endeavors to prove that St. Peter possessed supreme authority over the primitive Church, in apparent ignorance of the remarkable passage, in which another Apostle speaks of "having withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed."§

The only subject mentioned in the work before us, upon which we intend to permit ourselves a few remarks, is the doctrine of Ecclesiastical Infallibility—a doctrine which has caused an intolerant spirit, the shame and scandal of every other Christian sect, to become a necessary article of the Roman Catholic creed. It is on this account, and not merely because we think it a theological error, that we desire to notice it; and we shall discuss it in the character, not of polemical disputants, but of advocates for universal peace and goodwill—in the hope, not of making Protestant converts, but of making candid and charitable Catholics.

The strictest Catholic will scarcely maintain that the passages of Scripture which refer to an Infallible Church are either very numerous or wholly unequivocal. They

consist chiefly of general promises of Divine support and consolation, or of injunctions to obey the Church; most of which, as appears by the context, allude solely to the maintenance of the *moral* discipline, so necessary in a community of Christians living under a heathen government. There is only one text which we remember to have heard cited as absolutely decisive upon the point. This is the express promise made to St. Peter, that the gates of hell should not prevail against the Christian Church. To us these words appear a simple prediction of final triumph to the Christian religion. We are perfectly satisfied with their fulfilment, when we find that religion, after a lapse of eighteen centuries, still flourishing, and likely to flourish. We are unable to comprehend by what subtle process a Catholic can extract from them an assurance of the uninterrupted existence of a Church holding an entirely pure faith. Nor can we conceive how the gross practical abuses which are admitted to have abounded during the dark ages, can be thought consistent with a prophecy which excludes the most trifling and transitory theoretical error. A Pope might profess himself an Atheist—he might commit parricide, and incest, and sacrilege—he might encourage crime by the open sale of Indulgences—he might destroy the souls of unborn generations, by disgusting whole nations of good Catholics into incurable heresy. All these abominations gave no triumph to the powers of darkness. But that a Pope who hated and despised Christianity should misrepresent the least of its doctrines—that a Pope who had poisoned his father should consecrate an unworthy Saint—this was a scandal precluded by the express promise of Scripture. We certainly cannot understand why the bad advice of a Pope should be more pernicious to the Church, or more gratifying to its enemies, than his bad example; and we own, that a victory over the gates of hell, which was maintained by Alexander Borgia and would have been lost by Melancthon, appears to us very far from unequivocal.

Our limits will not permit us to discuss the evidence of the various modern miracles upon which most Catholics place such strong reliance. We shall but remark that the facts, supposing them proved, are mere exceptions from the ordinary laws of matter, occurring spontaneously, and without any perceptible cause or object. When S. Paul healed the sickness of a believer, or struck blind a blaspheming fanatic, it was easy to see the connexion between his

\* P. 261. † Col. ii. 18. ‡ 1 Tim. iii. 2.

§ Gal. ii. 11.

miraculous powers and the truth of the doctrines he preached. But we cannot perceive any such connexion between a supernatural phenomenon and the religious belief of the nation in whose country it appears. Take, for instance, the miracle which converts the hero of the present tale. Suppose that, fifteen hundred years ago, Providence was pleased, for some mysterious purpose, to endow a phial of blood with certain miraculous properties—can any one presume to say, that the relic must necessarily lose those qualities while in the custody of persons holding an erroneous faith? Can any one prove that it would not retain them, though transferred to Westminster Abbey or the mosque of St. Sophia? Every one has heard of the extraordinary stories which several intelligent travellers have related respecting the feats of certain Egyptian necromancers. They are as well attested, and appear as inexplicable, as any miracle of the Romish Church. But would it have been reasonable in Lord Prudhoe to turn Mahomedan, because he could neither doubt nor explain what he has told us? Or was a devout Jew bound to accept the miraculous qualities of the pool of Bethesda, as a Divine confirmation of all the absurd subtleties taught by the Rabbinical schools?

We have thought it necessary to touch upon these subjects, because we are unwilling to test the pretensions of the Roman Catholic Church by human rules of reason, without at least stating our opinion on her claims to the support of revelation. It is not for us to doubt the inspired writings on grounds of expedience or of probability. But if—as we think will be agreed by most persons who minutely examine the well-known arguments, at which we have merely hinted—it is more than doubtful whether this supreme authority interferes with the question, we have then less scruple in giving our own opinion. To us, indeed, the mere existence of a reasonable doubt upon the point we have noticed, appears almost conclusive. How strange that a book like the Bible, written for the express purpose of being expounded by an infallible human tribunal, and of a nature to prove most pernicious to those who reject that assistance, should not be full of references to the auxiliary guidance which can alone make it a blessing to mankind! How strange that it should nowhere inform the reader in what precise quarter all his doubts may be resolved! How strange that the Catholic should be unable to discover in its pages a single distinct recognition of the Church

as an infallible authority in matters of doctrine! And how much more strange that it should contain two or three passages, apparently, if not indisputably, recommending the inspired writings as a rule of Christian faith!

Before we proceed to mention a few of the most plausible arguments against the Right of Private Judgment,\* we must briefly notice a misapprehension which very commonly prevails on the subject. Catholics are accustomed to speak with astonishment of the presumption which Protestants display in rejecting the authority of the Church. They are apt to talk as if they could conceive no possible motive for doubting it, except a desire to exercise the intellect upon forbidden subjects. To us, we confess, implicit submission on such a subject appears no such safe or innocent measure. We can easily conceive the consolation which fancied relief from responsibility bestows on those minds which mistake indolence and indifference for faith and humility. But to a conscientious Christian we think that the admission of a guide pretending to infallibility, must appear a most serious and anxious step—a step to be taken with the calmest deliberation and the deepest solicitude. This is the feeling of a religious Protestant. He would gladly shelter himself under the authority of an infallible Church, if he could satisfy himself that any such Church existed. But he is unable to feel this conviction. He knows that Providence has given him faculties which enable him, in some measure, to weigh the evidences, and understand the nature of revelation; and he dares not abandon this security until he is confident that it will be replaced by a better. He may be wrong; but we are sure that his error is one which a candid mind would rather pity than blame. It is the error of over-scrupulous timidity rather than of presumptuous self-conceit.

We shall not meddle with the arguments, addressed rather to the imagination than the understanding, which Catholics found upon the venerable antiquity of their Church. We shall leave them to discuss their chronological priority with the Ghebir and the Brahmin; and their claims to primitive immutability with the Anglican high-churchman and the Greek schismatic. Nor shall we dispute their boasts of the affecting and consoling nature of their peculiar doctrines. We know that every

\* We have discussed this subject at sufficient length, and in a different fashion, in an article devoted to it, in our preceding Number.



thing is captivating to human weakness which tends to substitute the excitement of the imagination for the devotion of the heart. We have no doubt that the minds of the Israelites were deeply impressed by the sight of the golden calf, and by the rites of Moloch or Ashtaroah. The history of religion, in short, is but a series of divine revelations, each in its turn defaced and corrupted by the inveterate repugnance of mankind for the pure and rational worship of a spiritual being.

The great argument against the expediency of private judgment is, of course, the variety of dissensions and errors to which it leads. Catholics ask, whether it is not incredible that this should be the will of Providence—whether it is not certain that there must be somewhere a constantly accessible oracle, able to solve each new doubt, and detect each new heresy as it arises. We shall not pause to discuss the abstract question. We shall not decide whether an infallible Church, possessing such sanctions that no rational being could at once profess Christianity and doubt her authority, would have been a benefit to mankind. One thing is certain: the Church of Rome does not possess such sanctions. Thousands of the best and wisest men that ever existed, have lived happily, and died peacefully, in open dissent from her doctrines. Whether they were right or wrong, their example is amply sufficient to show that the most patient and unprejudiced inquirer will frequently be unable to convince himself of the existence of an infallible Church. Even if we go no further, the difficulty is clearly unresolved. Incredible as it may be, that Providence has appointed no certain guide to salvation, it is far more incredible that Providence has made the attempt and failed.

But we may go much further. What we have said of Ecclesiastical Infallibility is far from applying to those great doctrines which are common to Catholics and Protestants. It is certain that there are sectarians who profess to draw opinions from the Bible, which would reduce Christianity to the level of Deism. We do not wish to judge such persons harshly or hastily. But it cannot be denied that they form a very small minority; and that few eminent names are to be found among them. This is a distinction which no Catholic can deny. No Catholic can deny that, where one Christian has doubted the great truths of the Gospel, fifty have doubted the authority of the Church of Rome. Of those who have professed Christianity during the last three

centuries, a very large minority have refused to believe in the existence of an infallible Church. Of the same body, how many have denied the doctrines comprised in the Apostles' Creed? Probably not one in a hundred. And if we subtract the prejudiced, and the careless, from this comparatively small number, we shall really find reason to doubt whether the Bible ever leads a candid and sincere inquirer into dangerous error. But be this as it may, the facts are undeniable; and the conclusion, reason as we will, is irresistible. Difficult as it may be to interpret the Scriptures, to ascertain the existence of an inspired interpreter is more difficult still.

The weight of this consideration is increased tenfold when we find that, according to the Roman Catholic, Ecclesiastical Infallibility is, to many well-meaning men, not merely a doubtful support, but a new and formidable danger. The Church of Rome has determined, that submission to her authority is an essential, as well as an assistance, to happiness in a future state. It is thus that the most trifling misconception becomes a fatal heresy, by infusing distrust of the Church. It is thus the most faultless orthodoxy ceases to be a security, if it is not the consequence of implicit belief in her infallibility. Surely we must pause before we admit the monstrous conclusion, that an institution, which has narrowed and limited the path of safety, was intended by Divine goodness to smooth and secure it.

Even if we acknowledge the Church of Rome to be in theory an infallible guide, this does not make her so in practice. It is one thing to possess unerring means of discovering the truth, and another to possess unerring means of communicating it. Catholics indeed, are apt to speak as if their oracular Church were continually at their elbow. They seem to imagine that an Irish peasant, or a South American guacho, or a Paria convert at Goa, can put himself in communication with the Pope whenever he wants advice or consolation. But we know, and they know, that the truth is far otherwise. The uneducated Catholic is compelled to receive all the doctrines of his Church upon the bare word of his Confessor. It is not pretended that a Priest is supernaturally inspired in instructing his flock, or supernaturally restrained from betraying them. Instances of public scandal have proved that all Jesuits are not so learned or high-minded as "Father Oswald." Hence nine Catholics in ten must submit to have their faith dictated, not by an infallible

Church, but by a mortal like themselves—an instructor always fallible, often ignorant, and sometimes interested or malevolent. One such instance is enough to show that a Catholic is not safe from error merely because his church is infallible; for he can never be sure that he has received her true and genuine decisions.

Catholics, we are aware, will contend that, when a layman acts in good faith upon the advice of his Confessor, the guilt of his errors will rest upon the Priest who misleads him. We might retort, that when a Protestant does his best to understand his Bible, he cannot be held answerable for the weakness of his intellect. But this is not the point in dispute. In both cases mischief is done, let who will be answerable for it. The question is, which is the more common and the more probable mischief?

There is no doubt that an ignorant layman is as likely to blunder as an ignorant Confessor; but, if he is a conscientious man, he will at least do his best to be right. He will not go astray from indolence, or recklessness, or wilful obstinacy. Every motive which can mislead a sincere man in judging for himself, may mislead him in judging for another. But there are a thousand motives which might induce a man to deceive another, which would not influence him in deciding for himself. Our meaning will be best illustrated by examples. Neither Catholics nor Protestants can deny that many may be cited on both sides. If Cromwell thought it right to sack Drogheda because Joshua sacked Ai, did not Sixtus V. offer public thanksgivings for the massacre of St. Bartholomew? If Balfour justified the murder of an Archbishop because Samuel hewed Agag in pieces, did not Clement and Ravailiac commit regicide at the instigation of their spiritual advisers? Now, we leave it to any impartial reader to decide which error is the more natural, and the more consistent with sincerity—the blind credulity which follows evil counsel, or the impious sophistry which is its own deceiver? The ignorant bigotry of Charles IX. or Philip II. is surely a thousand times more likely to find imitators than the perverse fanaticism of Knipperdoling or Hugh Peters. We therefore think it clear that where one well-meaning Protestant is misled by his Bible, ten well-meaning Catholics are likely to be misled by a wicked Confessor. The inference is obvious.—The wiser system of discipline is that which guards against the more probable danger—which protects the simple Christian from being deluded by others, and

leaves Providence to protect him from deluding himself.

But even when the decrees of the Church are correctly received, we do not see why they are less liable to misconstruction than the Bible. The wisest Catholic, when he has ascertained what they are, must use his own understanding to expound and apply them. This is what Protestants do when they consult the Scriptures; and what Catholics think so absurd and so perilous. But, it will be replied, the Commentary of the Church gives us the meaning of the Bible in less ambiguous language. On points of real importance we deny that this is possible. No language can be less ambiguous than that in which the Bible states those religious truths which practically concern mankind. If there are men who persist in explaining away those truths when declared by an inspired book, we cannot see why they might not explain them away when declared by an infallible Church. If there are men who will not believe that St. Paul means what he says, we do not know what is to make them believe that the Council of Trent meant what they said. If a Socinian cannot understand the assertion, that the Author of Christianity "thought it no robbery to be equal with God," we know no language by which the Church could make him credit her belief in the Trinity. If the command "Do this in remembrance of me," is not explicit enough for the Quaker, we cannot perceive by what form of words the Church can convince him that she thinks it his duty to attend the sacrament. An angel from heaven could not persuade men who will not comprehend what is plainly told them; and we know that inspiration has declared, that when conscience and common sense are silenced, an angel from heaven would plead in vain.

The truth is, that Popes, Councils, and Confessors, are all insufficient to insure true, or detect erroneous belief. The more we examine their nature, the more convinced we shall be, that they are the expedients of human weakness, ever anxious to interpose some visible interpreter between itself and the spiritual world. The more we examine their effects, the more convinced we shall be, that they are the expedients are. There is a point at which language ceases to communicate the workings of the mind; and beyond that point there is an infinite field for wandering or for discovery. Let casuists define and distinguish as they will, the subtle infidelity of the human heart will extract doubt and



heresy from their most skilful definitions. Let Confessors probe the consciences of their penitents as they may, there are recesses which their penetration cannot explore, nor their counsels enlighten. It is, in short, impossible for one man to embrace another's belief in its full perfection, or comprehend another's error in its full peril.

But let us suppose these preliminary difficulties surmounted, and the authority of the Roman Catholic Church admitted: still it may well strike the proselyte as strange, that the difference in faith, or rather the additional articles of faith, which she teaches, should be thought to justify such high pretensions and such rigid intolerance. He will be surprised to find that the hopes and the duties of the true believer, and the heretic, are practically the same; and that the exclusive privileges of the Church consist in pronouncing upon mysteries which no human being is called on to explain, and in ordaining ceremonies which, whether beneficial or not, are certainly but of secondary importance. Catholic ingenuity has provided an answer, such as it is, to these complaints. It is not, we are told, because he is authorized to recognise a miracle in the Eucharist, or to worship saints, or to pray for the souls of the departed, that the Catholic is superior to the Protestant. It is from the nature of his belief. His faith is grounded upon the authority of an infallible Church, not upon his own uncertain views of Scripture, and therefore it is firm and undoubting to a degree which no other Christian can imagine. Catholics "deny entirely that Protestants have any *faith* at all; they have nothing but *opinion*."

... Opinion is the persuasion of man's mind grounded upon probable, though not certain motives. . . Divine faith, on the contrary, is founded on the certain and infallible word of God, which can never suffer change. Protestants often change their opinions, as they see more or less of probability in their interpretation of the Bible; hence they have opinion, not faith."—(Father Oswald, p. 225.)

We need not detain our readers by metaphysical definitions of opinion, faith, and certainty. Any man of common sense can perceive the situation of each party. The Protestant possesses a book which he believes to be the genuine work of inspiration. Much of it, as any reasonable student might expect, is obscure; but he finds there the great outlines of revealed religion defined with all the clearness of which language is capable. He knows that few per-

sons, not grossly ignorant or bitterly prejudiced, have ever denied the authority of the Bible; and that fewer still have doubted its obvious interpretation upon any material point. The Catholic, on the other hand, receives the same great truths from a Church which he believes infallible. Be it so, but why does he believe in her infallibility? Has he no better reason than that he happened to be born and educated within her pale? There is but one answer. He believes because his reason is satisfied. He believes because he has applied to the evidence of Papal authority the same test which the Protestant is so severely blamed for applying to the text of the Bible. His faith, like that of the Protestant, is more or less firm according to the strength of his rational conviction. Like the Protestant, he may be firm, or wavering, or lukewarm, in his religious opinions; and, like the Protestant, he may be betrayed into unbelief by fear, interest, or delusion.

Let us see how the attempted distinction looks when applied to the ordinary exercises of the understanding. One mathematical student believes that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the squares of the sides inclosing the right angle, because he has read Euclid's forty-seventh proposition. Another, wholly ignorant of geometry, believes the same upon the statement of his tutor. Both are perfectly reasonable, and may be equally firm, in their conviction. But how absurd to say, that one believes by opinion and the other by faith! Nothing can be clearer than that the same effect takes place in the mind of each, though produced by different processes. One has mastered a demonstration in Euclid, the other has been instructed by a skilful mathematician who has no motive for deceiving him. In both cases, reason may undo what reason has done. The geometrician will abandon his conclusions if he is shown a flaw in his theorem. The tyro is of course inaccessible to such reasoning as this; but prove that his informant knows nothing of geometry, or has an interest in misleading his pupils, and his belief is shaken at once.

So far we have reasoned as if Catholics and Protestants stood on the same ground. But we might easily insist upon giving the superiority to the latter. We might easily argue that a chain of historical evidence, almost every link of which has been questioned by learned and disinterested judges, cannot produce the same effect upon the understanding with a few plain words, written in a Book which almost

every man of worth and sense, during eighteen centuries, has admitted to possess divine authority. A reasonable man may be brought to believe that he has given too much weight to the testimony of such a Father, or too little to the arguments of such a Reformer; but he can scarcely be persuaded that he does not comprehend his own native language.

Still there is no great and undoubted difference between the belief of the Protestant and that of the Catholic; The former holds fast such doctrines as are distinctly and uniformly laid down in Scripture; but does not think himself bound to explain all obscurities or reconcile all conflicting passages. The latter clings as scrupulously to the use of holy water, and the sign of the cross, as to the most solemn truths of religion. But we cannot see the merit or the advantage of this. Suppose that Protestants cannot agree about Church government, or that they differ in interpreting the Book of Revelation—what have such doubts to do with the religious or moral duties of a Christian? To us, we acknowledge, nothing appears more irrational than the anxious craving after *certainity*, upon all religious subjects alike, which Catholics appear to encourage. We are wholly unable to comprehend their compassion for the miserable vacillation of persons who are content to hold different opinions, or no opinion at all, upon the expediency of liturgies, and surplices, or the mysteries of election, assurance, and final perseverance. They seem utter strangers to a state of contented doubt upon speculative questions—to that disposition of mind, which, even when musing, with the deepest interest upon the secrets of religion, resigns the hope of completely resolving them. But this is what a Protestant feels—and feels without a touch of uneasiness or repining—upon most of the points so dogmatically decided by the Church of Rome.

Catholics are accustomed to interpret the assertion of the Right of Private Judgment into a refusal to believe any doctrine which appears mysterious or unintelligible. No error can be more unreasonable. Evidence may establish a fact, without explaining its nature. It would be easy to multiply cases in which no man of sense would hesitate to believe the truth of a proposition which he is unable to comprehend. May not a third man be convinced of the existence of light? May not a man believe, upon the assurance of Sir John Herschel, that the earth describes an ellipse round the sun, though he does not know what an ellipse

is? This is peculiarly the case in religion. A rational mind will expect, and even require, some obscurity in a revelation of the secrets of a future state. There is nothing which more distinctly exposes the human origin of false faiths, than their clumsy attempts to influence the imagination by attributing corporal pains and pleasures to spiritual beings. The whips and chains of Tartarus, the *houris* of Mahomet, and the inexhaustible ale-cups of Valhalla, are rejected by men of sense, principally because they are *too* familiar and intelligible. And, therefore, religious Protestants do not think themselves justified in denying doctrines otherwise well supported, because they cannot pretend fully to understand them.

If Catholics require any thing more than this, we are certainly unable to comprehend their reasons. We know they are fond of contrasting their own simplicity and humility with the intellectual pride of the Protestant. But we presume that they scarcely mean to commend the habit of belief without examination. We own we cannot discern the merit of a lucky guess upon religious subjects. We always believed that the ready faith, so much commended by Scripture was the triumph of reason in a candid and humble mind, unre-sisted by pride, or prejudice, or the delusions of the fancy. We are persuaded that the keenest, the calmest, and the most purely rational intellect is precisely that which is likely to be most strongly impressed by the evidences of the Christian religion. We think, in short, that the believer in the Bible ought to feel a stronger conviction that he is right, than the believer in the Koran or the Shashtra; and we cannot perceive how he can effect this, while he shrinks from the presumption of exercising his natural faculties on the subject.

Still, it does not follow, from what we have said, that no man is responsible for his belief. It is true that the natural infirmity of the mind is no more a crime than that of the body. A man that is an infidel purely from the obliquity of his understanding, is as blameless as a Hindoo or a Mus-sulman; for intellectual inability to comprehend religious truth, is as involuntary as physical inability to hear it. But mental, like bodily infirmity, may be produced by the neglect or the vices of the individual; and in that case he is responsible for the consequences of his own fault and folly. Though belief itself is not an act of the will, yet the acts of the will may directly influence it; and when this is knowingly done, it ceases to be irresponsible. There



is the greatest difference between a belief dictated by the unbiased decision of the reason, and a belief arising from pampered prejudices, suppressed scruples, and neglected means of information.

The misapprehension upon which we have just animadverted, has naturally led Catholics to believe that infidelity is the consequence of Protestant principles; and that, if all Protestants are not infidels, it is only because they shrink from following up their own reasoning. This opinion is expressed, in the work before us, by a French Deist. "No sooner," says this philosopher, "do we take leave of Notre-Dame, than we seek refuge in the temple of reason and universal philosophy. No half-way house can for a moment detain us in our ardent career. In one word, we see intuitively the final conclusions of your admirable principles; for, to do you justice, we cannot but allow that the true principles of philosophy—independence of thought, and freedom from the trammels of authority—passed from Britain into France."—(P. 187.) This is no doubt the true language of a bigot-minded infidel—of a weak man, who is ashamed of having believed too much, and is therefore determined to believe nothing at all. But, does not the writer perceive that such a man's "intuitive" views of Protestantism are not to be relied upon? It is perfectly natural that an apostate Catholic should think he is carrying out the principles of the Reformation by becoming an atheist; just as Cloots and Marat thought they were carrying out the principles of British liberty, by instituting "Feasts of Reason" and "Revolutionary Tribunals." But a man who has never lived but at the Pole or the Equator, is no judge of the merits of a temperate climate. Before we settle that "independence of thought, and freedom from the trammels of authority," are inconsistent with Christianity, let us look at their practical consequences. Before we condemn the Protestant religion, let us inquire its effect upon those who are acquainted with it, not, like this Deist, by intuition, but by long and happy experience.

Undoubtedly, Protestantism is, in sober earnest, what he calls it in silly irony—a "half-way house." It is a half-way house between Popery and Deism—between superstition and infidelity—between the weak enthusiasm which accepts without proof, and the weak prejudice which rejects without examination. We never heard of a sober, rational belief on any disputed subject, which was not a half-way house between

some two extreme opinions. Nicknames for moderation have always been common among zealots. But the assertion that Protestantism is the usual or natural road to skepticism, is contradicted by every principle of human nature, and every page of ecclesiastical history.

Every one has seen instances of the principle of excessive reaction—of the tendency which leads men to mistake reverse of wrong for right. It is the nature of weak and passionate minds to fly from one error into that which is diametrically opposed to it. But who ever saw such a change take place gradually, or by measured intervals? We know that there is no rebel so desperate as a slave outwearied by tyranny; and no loyalist so submissive as a Jacobin scared by a Reign of Terror. But we never heard that the subjects of Louis XIV. became moderate Whigs before they became Anarchists: or that the colleagues of Robespierre began by turning liberal Conservatives, and ended by crowning Napoleon. We can understand the feelings which change a despot into an ascetic recluse, or a voluptuary into a cynical misanthrope; but we should have been surprised indeed if Charles had prepared for his Convent by becoming a private noble, or Timon for his Cave by settling in retired lodgings.

The history of Christianity, in all ages, offers the strongest proof of the comparative safety of moderate opinions from sudden and violent change. In religion, as in politics, slavery has always been the surest precursor of anarchy. Whether we look at the epicurean skepticism of Italy under Leo, or at the fanatical infidelity of France before the Revolution, we constantly observe the same process—unreasoning faith converted, by a short and easy metamorphosis, into unreasoning disbelief. We know of no such change in any community familiar with the exercise of Private Judgment.

The truth is, that in the great majority of Protestants, St. Dominic himself could discover no heresy, except that they scruple to profess any decided faith on points which are neither distinctly revealed nor essential to religious practice. They differ from the Catholic, not so much by positively denying what he believes, as by not presuming to enforce it as undoubted truth. They do not condemn the faith of the Papal Church, even on most points where they consider it most improbable. They condemn the presumption with which, on her own authority alone, she has declared that

faith infallible, and has taken it for granted in her most solemn forms of worship.

A Protestant, for example, may speculate as he pleases upon the precise nature of a future state, or upon the intercourse of departed spirits with mankind. But he does not venture to act upon his speculations. He does not intercede for souls in purgatory, or offer prayer to Saints, because he thinks it presumption to take for granted any opinions, or to offer up any devotions, not directly warranted by Scripture. The same reasoning may be applied without irreverence to the most solemn rite known among Christians. A Protestant finds himself expressly commanded to perform a certain ceremony in commemoration of the Founder of his religion. This command he scrupulously obeys; and his obedience is enough to satisfy his conscience. He has no certain means of comprehending, nor is he called upon to comprehend, the precise nature and consequence of the act in which he partakes. His own senses compel himself to believe that the only inspired words which explain this mysterious subject must be in some degree figurative; because their literal meaning points to a material transformation, which, by the admission of Catholics themselves, is never perceptible. How far those words are figurative, he cannot contrive positively to decide. He may form what opinion he will, or he may decline to form any at all; but he must recollect that his conjectures are unsupported by revelation. If he considers the Eucharist to be a symbolical rite, it is not because he doubts the power of heaven to work a miracle, or because he rejects the benefit of such a supernatural interference. If he considers it a miraculous solemnity, it is without venturing to adore a Presence, the precise nature of which is not intelligibly defined by inspiration.

Let any wise and liberal Catholic consider the arguments we have been using. Let him look upon his Protestant fellow Christians, not as malignant enemies to his Church, but as prevented, by their involuntary doubts, from staking their souls upon her infallibility—not as insolently despising her peculiar doctrines, but as fearing to be guilty of presumption, by making them matter of religious obligation. Let him look upon them as men warmly attached to the great truths of Christianity, but excluded, by acquired prejudice or natural weakness, from the enjoyment of those auxiliary benefits in which Catholics profess to find so much consolation. Surely

the Church of Rome, if she were indeed the indulgent mother which her children esteem her, could not denounce such bewildered wanderers as exiles from her pale, and strangers to her hope! Surely the Christian who believes himself to possess an infallible guide to heaven, should look with hope and interest, not with scorn and abhorrence, upon the unassisted exertions of those whose conscientious scruples compel them to attempt the arduous path alone!

EDUCATION.—Lord J. Russell, in the British House of Commons, Monday, April 10, said, that he was ready to-day to lay on the table of the house the resolutions which he should propose on the subject of education. It was not his intention to bring them on before Easter. It might be desirable that he gave some explanation of them, but as that was not the regular course, he should only say that he had framed them, not to meet all the objections, but with a view to make arrangements which appeared to be reasonable. They were as follows:—1. That in any bill for the promotion of education in Great Britain, by which a board shall be authorized to levy or cause to be levied parochial rates for the erection and maintenance of schools, provision ought to be made for the adequate representation of the rate-payers in such boards.—2. That the chairman of such board ought to be elected by the board itself.—3. That the Holy Scriptures, in the authorized version, should be taught in all schools established by any such school.—4. That special provision should be made for cases in which Roman Catholic priests may object to the instruction of their children in the Holy Scriptures, in such schools.—5. That no other books of religious instruction should be used in such schools unless with the sanction of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the concurrence of the Committee of Privy Council for Education.—6. That in order to prevent the disqualification of competent schoolmasters, books of religious instruction other than the Holy Bible introduced into the schools should be taught by the clergyman of the parish, or some person appointed by him, to the children of parents who belong to the established church, or who may be desirous that their children should be so instructed.—7. That all children taught in such schools should have free liberty to resort to any second schools, or any place of religious worship which their parents may approve.—8. That any school connected with the National Society, or the British and Foreign School Society, or any Protestant dissenters' school, or any Roman Catholic school which shall be found, upon inspection, to be efficiently conducted, should be entitled, by license of the Privy Council, to grant certificates of school attendance for the purpose of the employment in factories of children and young persons.—9. That, in the opinion of this house, the Committee of Privy Council for Education ought to be furnished with the means to enable them to establish and maintain a sufficient number of training and model schools in Great Britain.—10. That the said committee ought, likewise, to be enabled to grant gratuities to deserving schoolmasters, and to afford such aid to schools established by voluntary contributions as may tend to the more complete instruction of the people in religious and secular knowledge, while, at the same time, the rights of conscience may be respected."



## THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE ISLANDS IN THE PACIFIC.

From "Le Semeur." Paris, 5th April, 1843.

Translated for the Eclectic Museum.

THE invasion of Tahiti by Admiral du Petit-Thouars has produced in England the precise effect which we anticipated: The indifference of statesmen has been as profound, as the grief and astonishment of the friends of religion has been vivid. Lord Aberdeen declared, in the House of Lords, "That he was not among those who look with so much apprehension on our relations with the Society Islands, but that he rather had reason to look upon them in a favorable light." Sir Robert Peel made use of nearly the same language in the lower House. There is, therefore, not the least political jar existing between the two Governments on this head. There are circumstances even, which induce us to believe that a friendly understanding has obtained between them for above a year, and before the French Admiral had received the orders which have guided his subsequent proceedings. No sort of rivalry can find room here between the French and English Cabinets; national pride is out of the question; and we have already made it appear that national interest is equally quiescent.

Political considerations being thus set aside, there remains surely none but those of a religious character; and here the object of the French Government to push the interests of the Propaganda of Rome among the islands of the Pacific, becomes sufficiently manifest. The odium of this proselyting crusade cannot fairly be attached to Monsieur du Petit-Thouars, though some persons think that he acted entirely by his own counsel. It is quite certain, however, that be the well-known antipathy of this Commander of the "Venus" and of "la Reine Blanche" (as he is at present) against all Protestant missions, whatever it may, he once leaned towards the opinion that Roman Catholic missions could not be ingrafted *per vi et armis* upon these simple-hearted Islanders. In 1837, or the year preceding his ungallant demeanor towards Queen Pomare, in compelling her to disburse the sum of two thousand dollars, in consequence of her refusal to suffer two priests who came to inculcate the tenets of Rome, Mons. du Petit-Thouars had found the king and chiefs of the Sandwich Islands quite as determined not to suffer two other priests to reside on their territory—one, a Frenchman, Monsieur Bachelot, and the other an Englishman, named Short, who had once, some years before, been sent out

of the Islands, but returned "merely to stop en passant on their tour," as they alleged, but not forgetting to add, "that they were quite willing to change their plans, provided they had met with religious toleration on their arrival." At this period Monsieur du Petit-Thouars recognized the inalienable right of the insular governments to permit or to prohibit the exercise of any particular mode of worship; and while lamenting the troubles encountered by the two Catholic ecclesiastics, ascribing them solely to the machinations of the American Missionaries who had brought the Gospel to these islands as early as the year 1820, he contented himself with extending his protecting ægis over Monsieur Bachelot, on account of his being a countryman, but without claiming for him the privilege of preaching. Having an interview with the King, this sovereign replied to his remarks, that "he conceived having done nothing but his duty in stopping Monsieur Bachelot's teaching his Roman Catholic tenets." Kaukui, the Governor of Hawaii, rose after him, and said: "The American Missionaries were the first that came into these Islands; to them we are indebted for the very first advances which we have made in civilization, and from a feeling of gratitude we will suffer none but these missionaries to teach religion among us." Monsieur du Petit-Thouars, in recording these answers, adds in his journal: "Having no desire to interfere with the interior regulations of this country, and being without instructions to guide me in this delicate and sudden affair, I informed the King that I should submit this whole business about religion to the decision of my own Sovereign, as I had no authority to interfere in the matter." All he did at this time, was to look upon Mons. Bachelot as a Frenchman, whom necessity had compelled to resort to Honolulu, to find a passage from thence to his native country, besides obtaining from the King the following declaration, under date of 21st July, 1837:

"We, Tamehameha III., King of the Sandwich Islands, give our consent for Monsieur Bachelot to reside in the island of Oahu, unmolested and undisturbed, until he may find a favorable opportunity to leave the country, and to proceed either to Manilla, Lima, Valparaiso, or any other part of the civilized world."

Mons. du Petit-Thouars on his part signed on the same day the following agreement: "The undersigned, Post-captain and Commander of the frigate *Venus*, does hereby promise on behalf of Mons. Bachelot,

that this foreigner shall embrace the first favorable opportunity to quit these islands, in order to proceed to Manilla, Lima, Valparaiso, or to any other civilized country; and that in case no such opportunity should present itself, he shall be put on board the first man-of-war visiting the islands, and that in the mean time, he shall not preach."

Captain Belcher, commanding the British frigate *Sulphur*, who found the *Venus* at Honolulu, took the other missionary, Mr. Short, under his protection, obtaining from the King in his behalf a similar permit to reside in the island, and signed an engagement couched in the same terms as that just quoted from Monsr. du Petit-Thouars for Mons. Bachelot. These reciprocal engagements become the more worthy of notice from the fact that a treaty had recently been formed between the King of the Sandwich Islands and Lord Russell, commanding the *Acteon*, authorizing Englishmen to reside in the islands while conforming to their laws, and that Mons. du Petit-Thouars was negotiating for the same purpose, a treaty being actually concluded and signed three days afterwards, or on the 24th July, 1837, in one of the clauses of which, it is stipulated

"That the French can come and leave at pleasure in all the dominions of the Sandwich Islands, and that they shall be received and protected in the enjoyment of the same privileges conceded to the subjects of the most favored nation."

At this juncture then, neither the French nor the English commander considered himself warranted to impose the creed of Rome on the islands of the Pacific, not even where a free sojourn had been granted to their respective countrymen; as religious tolerance did not prevail in the Sandwich Islands any more than it did in the Society Islands, they thought it even incumbent on them to pass their word that their respective missionaries should refrain from preaching during the remainder of their stay. The two priests, in pursuance of the conventions referred to, quitted Oahu a few months afterwards, and repaired to the island of Ascension in the Archipelago of western Polynesia.

We have dwelt on this point so emphatically, because it goes to prove the manner in which Mons. du Petit-Thouars confronted this question at that time. If his conduct at Tahiti in 1838 has been at variance with that at the Sandwich Islands in 1837, something must have occurred since then to produce the change. More than a year, in fact, had elapsed; the *Venus* had been at

Kamtschatka and in Mexico, while the report of her commander, touching the difficulties attending the Roman Catholic Missions in the Pacific, was finding its way to Paris; on his return to Valparaiso, he received despatches from his government instructing him to set these things in order. "It is this," the despatch went on to say, "which is the main object of sending out the *Venus* to Tahiti; you must therefore compel Queen Pomaré to render proper satisfaction, and demand payment of damages and interest thereon, on behalf of Messrs. Laval and Carret, who were so flagrantly abused and obliged by such high-handed oppression to take passage back to the place whence they had come." The result of this was, that Mons. du Petit-Thouars, who had recognized the inherent right of the government of the Sandwich Islands to prohibit the teaching of the Roman faith, did not acknowledge the same right with regard to the government of the Society Islands, simply because the new instructions he had received forbid his doing so. We have said above how he executed his orders. He demanded from the queen, within twenty-four hours' time, a letter to the king of the French, written both in the Polynesian and in the French languages; the sum of \$2000 to indemnify the Messrs. Laval and Carret, and finally a salute of twenty-one guns to be given the French flag; declaring, that in default of compliance with these conditions within the stipulated time, "he would instantly commence hostilities against all the states under her sway, and that these hostilities would be carried on by all the ships of war which might successively approach these islands, until France should have obtained satisfactory restitution." Resistance was vain, compliance inevitable, and Queen Pomaré wrote to the king a letter worded thus:

TAHITI, 31st August, 1838.

TO THE KING:

Peace be with you. This is what I wish to make known to you. I did wrong to hinder the two French citizens from taking up their abode here. I hope that your Majesty may not be incensed against me for what I did with regard to them; may peace be restored. I am the sovereign of nothing but a small and insignificant country. May wisdom, glory and power abide with your Majesty; let your anger be appeased, and pardon the error which I have committed.

"Peace be with your Majesty,

"POMARE."

The other conditions were more difficult to comply with. The queen succeeded in



borrowing the requisite sum, and paid over to the commander 125 ounces of gold as an indemnity for the compulsory departure of Messrs. Laval and Carret; as respects the salute, the queen having no powder, she was obliged to beg a supply of that sine qua non of modern warfare from Mons. du Petit-Thouars, in order to render him this token of humiliation. A few days afterwards, on the 4th September, a treaty with the queen was concluded, nearly similar to the one already ratified by the king of the Sandwich Islands. One of its principal articles runs thus:

"The French, of whatever profession they may be, shall have full liberty to come and to leave as they please, and to establish themselves for the purposes of trade in any of the islands under the government of Tahiti; they shall be received and protected equally with the most favored foreign nations."

The words given here in italics, are of immense importance; they sanction and authorize by solemn treaty, without expressly saying so, the sojourning of Priests, and the enterprise of proselyting, for the furtherance of which aims this expedition, as has been shown, was undertaken.

It will be remembered that the *Astrolabe* and *la Zélée* arrived at Tahiti about the same time as the *Venus*, Captain Dumont d'Urville, commanding these Corvettes, enlightens us how the controversy originated. "In 1835," he says, "the Messrs. Laval and Carret, emboldened by the advantages obtained at Manga-Reva, and being apprised of the favorable disposition entertained towards them by several chiefs of Tahiti, believed the hour had come to introduce the principles of the church of Rome and expunge the doctrines of the Reformation; and consequently repaired to Tahiti in an English vessel." Eluding the law which forbid their landing without leave, they disembarked on the south side of the island, at a great distance from the seat of government, and from thence turned their steps toward Pape-Iti, where the course to be pursued was canvassed in a meeting held with the Chiefs. Captain Dumont d'Urville, opines that if a public discussion had been brought about at this time, between the Missionaries of the two opposing sects, it would have caused the immediate downfall of Protestantism among these islanders. "The ritual of the Roman Church," says he, "with its fascinating splendor, if exhibited before the eyes of the natives, would speedily have led them to despise the dry and insipid forms of the Protest-

ants." But Messrs. Laval and Carret had deliberately trespassed on the requirements of the law; and were therefore solicited to retire; but having obtained a footing on the island by stratagem, they hoped, by gaining time, to find means of remaining there; they set up their tabernacle in a house placed at their disposal by a Mr. Moërenhout, and here by celebrating the mass, &c., they commenced the precise work for which they had made their appearance at Tahiti, taking no notice of the prohibition enjoined upon them, and which even Mons. Dumont d'Urville admits to have been perfectly in order—"the native inhabitants," he says, "certainly being their own masters." Refusing to depart, they were finally made to do so by compulsion. Mons. Laval returned to Manga-Reva, while Mr. Carret found his way back to France, to invoke the help and the avenging thunder-bolts of his government. Thus we learn, how this whole series of exactions and violence, in which Mons. du Petit-Thouars figures as the principal actor, have sprung up. These two priests, we have seen, "wished to substitute the dogmas of their Church in place of the doctrines of the Reformation," and for this they conveyed themselves by stealth into the island of Tahiti; they were sent away; and France, on their complaints and in support of interests exclusively of a religious nature, commences war.

The object contemplated by sending out the *Venus*, had already been accomplished before Mons. Dumont d'Urville's arrival. The Protestant Missionaries conceived the idea that the Commander of the *Astrolabe* and *la Zélée* might peradventure disclaim the doings of Mons. du Petit-Thouars; and feeling themselves aggrieved by his encroachment on their rights, as well as on those of the Queen, they intended presenting an appeal to the former, as being the senior in point of rank; but they soon perceived that such a step could effect no good. The Queen received the two Commanders; Mons. Dumont d'Urville told her, that he had gone out of his regular course, because he had been informed of the treatment the Catholic Missionaries had experienced; to which the Queen simply replied, that the existing state of things in her dominions had made it necessary to effect their removal. A scene then ensued, in which the behavior of Mons. du Petit-Thouars can hardly be credited, were we not assured of its reality by the testimony of his colleague Mons. Dumont d'Urville.

"I merely replied," he says, "that un-

doubtedly the Queen is free in her own States, and no person in the world, not even the King of the French excepted, can demand of her to change her religion; she would have been perfectly right, had she restricted herself to simply denying the French Missionaries all exhibition of their rites in public; but the severe treatment manifested toward two citizens of France (we were speaking of their expulsion from the island, where they had assayed to introduce the controversy) was of such a nature, that we could not let it pass without some sort of satisfaction. I moreover said that the Queen Pomaré-Vahiné ought to esteem herself very fortunate in having been able to extricate herself from her embarrassing position with the French Empire, at so small a cost. These words, rather severe as they were, I observe the interpreter has faithfully transmitted, for I see Pomaré is sensibly affected, and the tears begin to course from her eyes, which she fixes on me with an expression of anger sufficiently apparent. At the same instant I observe also that Captain du Petit-Thouars seems to use his efforts to dissipate her displeasure by means of several amicable little tricks, such as to pull her gently by the hair, or tapping her on the cheek; he even adds in an affectionate tone that it is wrong for her to take on so."

Here we behold with what degree of becoming dignity the orders of the French Government are executed, and what mockery is practised upon a Princess threatened with fire and sword! the *Artemise* has finished the work begun by the *Venus*. Captain Laplace, her Commander, has in due form extorted the grant of unobstructed ingress for the Roman Catholic Missionaries to propagate their doctrines; and having secured these privileges at Tahiti, he has been to the Sandwich-Islands to extort the same concessions there. The French government, has then, it seems, taken upon itself the ungracious task of establishing the right of diffusing Popery among the islanders of the Pacific, in defiance of their Kings, their Chiefs and their laws.

We have drawn the particulars now presented to our readers, relating to the expedition of the two Commanders du Petit-Thouars and Dumont d'Urville, from the most authentic sources accessible in such matters, viz., their own published Journals, and these particulars furnish a key to subsequent events; they certainly suffice, to justify that burst of indignation which this last act of the French government has called forth from the entire Protestant popula-

tion of this country, and which has found vent in those energetic paragraphs which may be seen in every publication without exception, claiming to be an organ of Protestant principles. It is an iniquitous act, and notwithstanding the disclaimer put forth in the *Moniteur*, there is besides room for strong surmises that all moral obligations have been outraged in the most base and brutal manner by our seamen. Mons. du Petit-Thouars has, it is true, paid some homage to the British Navy, by saying that they have taught the natives to regard all vessels as *taboués* or *inaccessible*; but we do not forget the answer given by Monsr. Dumont d'Urville to father Jean-Chrysostome, when entreated by him to use his power to prohibit the sailors under his command from destroying the fruits of the labors of the Roman Catholic Missionaries at Manga-Reva, by their odious vices. He told the holy father, in terms not proper to be used in this place, "that he positively could not make himself responsible for the conduct of his men; and that all he could do to put a stop to the scandal, was to put out to sea the very day similar offences should again occur." These well grounded fears of the Roman Catholic Missionaries, amply justify the measures taken by those of the Protestant faith, in order to keep off these corrupters of the native population; to save one Mission the anchor is instantly hove—to destroy another it is suffered to rest in its bed. But this is not all; this same Mr. Moërenhout, who for seven or eight years has been the principal and most virulent enemy of the Protestant Missions in those islands, and who by his slanders, has made the French sailors believe that the Missionaries were "the most oppressive vampires of the natives," as Mons. Dumont d'Urville expresses it, has been appointed to fill the station of Royal Commissary. This is the man, who has persecuted the Protestant Missions with inveterate hatred, and labored with all his might to promote the interests of the Roman Catholics, and is now made, as it were, the sole and sovereign arbiter of the fate of those institutions which have raised the Tahitians to some degree of christian civilization, as well as of the fate of those men who founded these institutions, inasmuch as there is no appeal from his decisions but to the King of France, which, it is well known, can at best afford no redress for a whole year. It will be appreciated from these data, how illusory are the hopes founded on that kind of guarantee which has been extended to the English Mission-



aries now actually on the spot. They are not liable to be expelled; granted—this would be too bold a procedure; but their work will be undermined and ultimately destroyed. The past throws abundant light on the future, on this point.

Politicians in England, as we have said, evince the utmost apathy in view of these events; but we are informed, on the other hand, that the religious community, which in that country is so large and influential, feel the same with regard to these things as Protestants do in France; we have been assured that the Ministry of Peace have by this act of intolerant bigotry, drawn down upon their head as much odium from the most respectable classes in England, as the agitation of the question concerning the right of search has done in France. It seems strange that while professing to labor for the closer approximation of the two nations, they have made themselves so active in meriting the execrations of so large a portion of both.\* We are unable to explain this paradox, unless by admitting the hypothesis that there exists more latent motives for making these concessions to a party already too highly favored to be easily managed.

\* The London Missionary Society have just published a work called "A brief statement of the aggression of the French on the island of Tahiti," which we have received, and which is now in the hands of the translator. The Missionary Society of Paris have likewise published a kind of protest, and spread a great number of copies over the land.

### I ASK THEE TO FORGET ME

From the Court Journal.

Not while my form is still before thine eyes—  
Not while my voice is ringing in thine ears—  
Not while my sigh still breathes upon thy lips—  
Not while thy cheek is moistened with my tears;  
But when in calmer, brighter, happier hours,  
Our love appears but as a passing dream,  
Half-veiled in mystery; for the heart soon finds  
Its transient passions are not what they seem.  
Let not my fading image haunt thy soul,—  
Remember not the one whose aching heart  
Hath dwelt within thy bosom, till its griefs,  
Its joys, its woes with thine have taken part!  
And yet, I ask thee to forget my name,  
My very being, and the hours we passed  
In all-confiding love, e'en when we knew  
Its saddened sweetness could not, must not last.  
Oh! drink the offered cup from Lethe's spring,  
Life's rugged path leads to the mountain's brow  
We might have climb'd together, but our lot  
Is cast in utter desolation now.  
I ask thee to forget me! and when time  
Hath darkened with his wing our fleeting years,  
This grief-fraught hour upon thy memory's page  
Shall be effaced, and blotted out with tears.

DRUID.

### THE BATTLE OF THE BLOCKS.

#### THE PAVING QUESTION.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE subject of greatest metropolitan interest which has occurred for many years, is the introduction of wood paving. As the main battle has been fought in London, and nothing but a confused report of the great object in dispute may have penetrated beyond the sound of Bow bells, we think it will not be amiss to put on record, in the imperishable brass and marble of our pages, an account of the mighty struggle—of the doughty champions who couched the lance and drew the sword in the opposing ranks—and, finally, to what side victory seems to incline on this beautiful 1st of May in the year 1843.

Come, then, to our aid, oh ye heavenly Muses! who enabled Homer to sing in such persuasive words the fates of Troy and of its wooden horse; for surely a subject which is so deeply connected both with wood and horses, is not beneath your notice; but perhaps, as poetry is gone out of fashion at the present time, you will depute one of your humbler sisters, rejoicing in the name of Prose, to give us a few hints in the composition of our great history. The name of the first pavier, we fear, is unknown, unless we could identify him with Triptolemus, who was a great improver of Rhodes; but it is the fate of all the greatest benefactors of their kind to be neglected, and in time forgotten. The first regularly defined paths were probably footways—the first carriages broad-wheeled. No record remains of what materials were used for filling up the ruts; so it is likely, in those simple times when enclosure acts were unknown, that the cart was seldom taken in the same track. As houses were built, and something in the shape of streets began to be established, the access to them must have been more attended to. A mere smoothing of the inequalities of the surface over which the oxen had to be driven, that brought the grain home on the enormous *plaustra* of the husbandman, was the first idea of a street, whose very name is derived from *stratum*, levelled. As experience advanced, steps would be taken to prevent the softness of the road from interrupting the draught. A narrow rim of stone, just wide enough to sustain the wheel, would, in all probability, be the next improvement; and only when the gentle operations of the farm were exchanged for war, and the charger had to be hurried to the fight, with all the equipments necessary for an army, great

roads were laid open, and covered with hard materials to sustain the wear and tear of men and animals. Roads were found to be no less necessary to retain a conquest than to make it; and the first true proof of the greatness of Rome was found in the long lines of military ways, by which she maintained her hold upon the provinces. You may depend on it, that no expense was spared in keeping the glorious street that led up her Triumphs to the Capitol in excellent repair. All the nations of the *Orbis Antiquus* ought to have trembled when they saw the beginning of the Appian road. It led to Britain and Persia, to Carthage and the White Sea. The Britons, however, in ancient days, seem to have been about the stupidest and least enterprising of all the savages hitherto discovered. After an intercourse of four hundred years with the most polished people in the world, they continued so miserably benighted, that they had not even acquired masonic knowledge enough to repair a wall. The rampart raised by their Roman protectors between them and the Picts and Scots, became in some places dilapidated. The unfortunate natives had no idea how to mend the breach, and had to send once more for their auxiliaries. If such their state in regard to masonry, we cannot suppose that their skill in road-making was very great; and yet we are told that, even on Cæsar's invasion, the Britons careered about in war-chariots, which implies both good roads and some mechanical skill; but we think it a little too much in historians to ask us to believe BOTH these views of the condition of our predecessors in the tight little island; for it is quite clear that a people who had arrived at the art of coach-making, could not be so very ignorant as not to know how to build a wall. If it were not for the letters of Cicero, we should not believe a syllable about the war-chariots that carried amazement into the hearts of the Romans, even in Kent or Surrey. But we here boldly declare, that if twenty Ciceros were to make their affidavits to the fact of a set of outer barbarians, like Galgacus and his troops, "sweeping their fiery lines on rattling wheels" up and down the Grampians—where, at a later period, a celebrated shepherd fed his flocks—we should not believe a word of their declaration. Tacitus, in the same manner, we should prosecute for perjury.

The Saxons were a superior race, and when the eightsome-reel of the heptarchy became the *pas-seul* of the kingdom of England, we doubt not that Watling Street

was kept in passable condition, and that Alfred, amidst his other noble institutions, invented a highway rate. The fortresses and vassal towns of the barons, after the Conquest, must have covered the country with tolerable cross-roads; and even the petty wars of those steel-clad marauders must have had a good effect in opening new communications. For how could Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, or Sir Hildebrand Bras-de-Fer, carry off the booty of their discomfited rival to their own granaries without loaded tumbrils, and roads fit to pass over?

Nor would it have been wise in rich abbots and fat monks to leave their monasteries and abbeys inaccessible to pious pilgrims, who came to admire thigh-bones of martyred virgins and skulls of beatified saints, and paid very handsomely for the exhibition. Finally, trade began, and paviers flourished. The first persons of that illustrious profession appear, from the sound of the name, to have been French, unless we take the derivation of a cockney friend of ours, who maintains that the origin of the word is not the French *pavé*, but the indigenous English pathway. However that may be, we are pretty sure that paving was known as one of the fine arts in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; for, not to mention the anecdote of Raleigh and his cloak—which could only happen where puddles formed the exception and not the rule—we read of Essex's horse stumbling on a paving-stone in his mad ride to his house in the Strand. We also prove, from Shakspeare's line—

"The very stones would rise in mutiny"—

the fact of stones forming the main body of the streets in his time; for it is absurd to suppose that he was so rigid an observer of the unities as to pay the slightest respect to the state of paving in the time of Julius Cæsar at Rome.

Gradually London took the lead in improving its ways. It was no longer necessary for the fair and young to be carried through the mud upon costly pillions, on the backs of high-stepping Flanders mares. Beauty rolled over the stones in four-wheeled carriages, and it did not need more than half a dozen running footmen—the stoutest that could be found—to put their shoulders occasionally to the wheel, and help the eight black horses to drag the ponderous vehicle through the heavier parts of the road. Science came to the aid of beauty in these distressing circumstances. Springs were invented that yielded to every



jolt; and, with the aid of cushions, rendered a visit to Highgate not much more fatiguing than we now find the journey to Edinburgh. Luxury went on—wealth flowed in—paviors were encouraged—coach-makers grew great men—and London, which our ancestors had left mud, was now stone. Year after year the granite quarries of Aberdeen poured themselves out on the streets of the great city, and a million and a half of people drove, and rode, and bustled, and bargained, and cheated, and throve, in the midst of a din that would have silenced the artillery of Trafalgar, and a mud which, if turned into bricks, would have built the tower of Babel. The citizens were now in possession of the “*fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ*,” but some of the more quietly disposed, though submitting patiently to the “*fumum*,” and by no means displeased with the “*opes*,” thought the “*strepitumque*” could be dispensed with; and plans of all kinds were proposed for obviating the noise and other inconveniences of granite blocks. Some proposed straw, rushes, sawdust; ingenuity was at a stand-still; and London appeared to be condemned to a perpetual atmosphere of smoke and sound. It is pleasant to look back on difficulties when overcome—the best illustration of which is Columbus’s egg; for, after convincing the skeptic, there can be no manner of doubt that he swallowed the yolk and white, leaving the shell to the pugnacious disputant. In the same way we look with a pleasing kind of pity on the quandaries of those whom we shall call—with no belief whatever in the pre-Adamite theory—the pre-Macadamites.

A man of talent and enterprise, Mr. Macadam, proposed a means of getting quit of one of the objections to the granite causeways. By breaking them up into small pieces, and spreading them in sufficient quantity, he proved that a continuous hard surface would be formed, by which the uneasy jerks from stone to stone would be avoided, and the expense, if not diminished, at all events not materially increased. When the proposition was fairly brought before the public, it met the fate of all innovations. Timid people—the very persons, by the by, who had been the loudest in their exclamations against the ancient causeways—became alarmed the moment they saw a chance of getting quit of them. As we never know the value of a thing till we have lost it, their attachment to stone and noise became more intense in proportion as the certainty of being deprived of them be-

came greater. It was proved to the satisfaction of all rational men, if Mr. Macadam’s experiment succeeded, and a level surface were furnished to the streets, that, besides noise, many other disadvantages of the rougher mode of paving would be avoided. Among these the most prominent was slipperiness: and it was impossible to be denied, that at many seasons of the year, not only in frost, when every terrestrial pathway must be unsafe; but in the dry months of summer, the smooth surfaces of the blocks of granite, polished and rounded by so many wheels, were each like a convex mass of ice, and caused unnumbered falls to the less adroit of the equestrian portion of the king’s subjects. One of the most zealous advocates of the improvement was the present Sir Peter Laurie, not then elevated to a seat among the Equites, but imbued probably with a foreknowledge of his knighthood, and therefore anxious for the safety of his horse. Sir Peter was determined, in all senses of the word, to *leave no stone unturned*; and a very small mind, when directed to one object with all its force, has more effect than a large mind unactuated by the same zeal—as a needle takes a sharper point than a sword. Thanks, therefore, are due, in a great measure, to the activity and eloquence of the worthy alderman for the introduction of Macadam’s system of road-making into the city.

Many evils were certainly got rid of by this alteration—the jolting motion from stone to stone—the slipperiness and unevenness of the road—and the chance, in case of an accident, of contesting the hardness of your skull with a mass of stone, which seemed as if it were made on purpose for knocking out people’s brains. For some time contentment sat smiling over the city. But, as “man never is, but always to be, blest,” perfect happiness appeared not to be secured even by Macadam. Ruts began to be formed—rain fell, and mud was generated at a prodigious rate; repairs were needed, and the road for a while was rough and almost impassable. Then it was found out that the change had only led to a different *kind* of noise, instead of destroying it altogether; and the perpetual grinding of wheels, sawing their way through the loose stones at the top, or ploughing through the wet foundation, was hardly an improvement on the music arising from the jolts and jerks along the causeway. Men’s minds got confused in the immensity of the uproar, and deafness became epidemic. In winter, the surface of Macadam formed a series of little lakes, resembling on a small

scale those of Canada; in summer, it formed a Sahara of dust, prodigiously like the great desert. Acres of the finest alluvial clay floated past the shops in autumn; in spring, clouds of the finest sand were wafted among the goods, and penetrated to every drawer and wareroom. And high over all, throughout all the main highways of commerce—the Strand—Fleet-Street—Oxford-Street—Holborn—raged a storm of sound, that made conversation a matter of extreme difficulty without such stentorian an effort as no ordinary lungs could make. As the inhabitants of Abdera went about sighing from morning to night, "Love! love!" so the persecuted dwellers in the great thoroughfares wished incessantly for cleanliness! smoothness! silence!

"Abra was present when they named her name," and, after a few gropings after truth—a few experiments that ended in nothing—a voice was heard in the city, that streets could be paved with wood. This was by no means a discovery in itself; for in many parts of the country ingenious individuals had laid down wooden floors upon their farm-yards; and, in other lands, it was a very common practice to use no other material for their public streets. But, in London, it was new; and all that was wanted, was science to use the material (at first sight so little calculated to bear the wear and tear of an enormous traffic) in the most eligible manner. The first who commenced an actual piece of paving was a Mr. Skead—a perfectly simple and inartificial system, which it was soon seen was doomed to be superseded. His blocks were nothing but pieces of wood of a hexagon shape—with no cohesion, and no foundation—so that they trusted each to its own resources to resist the pressure of a wheel, or the blow of a horse's hoof; and, as might have been foreseen, they became very uneven after a short use, and had no recommendation except their cheapness and their exemption from noise. The fibre was vertical, and at first no grooves were introduced; they, of course, became rounded by wearing away at the edge, and as slippery as the ancient granite. The Metropolitan Company took warning from the defects of their predecessor, and adopted the patent of a scientific French gentleman of the name of De Lisle. The combination of the blocks is as elaborate as the structure of a ship of war, and yet perfectly easy, being founded on correct mechanical principles, and attaining the great objects required—viz., smoothness, durability, and quiet. The blocks, which are shaped at

such an angle that they give the most perfect mutual support, are joined to each other by oaken dowels, and laid on a hard concrete foundation, presenting a level surface, over which the impact is so equally divided, that the whole mass resists the pressure on each particular block; and yet, from being formed in panels of about a yard square, they are laid down or lifted up with far greater ease than the causeway. Attention was immediately attracted to this invention, and all efforts have hitherto been vain to improve on it. Various projectors have appeared—some with concrete foundations, some with the blocks attached to each other, not by oaken dowels, but by being alternately concave and convex at the side; but this system has the incurable defect of wearing off at the edges, where the fibre of the wood, of course, is weakest, and presents a succession of bald-pated surfaces, extremely slippery, and incapable of being permanently grooved. A specimen of this will be often referred to in the course of this account, being that which has attained such an unenviable degree of notoriety in the Poultry. Other inventors have shown ingenuity and perseverance; but the great representative of wooden paving we take to be the Metropolitan Company, and we proceed to a narrative of the attacks it has sustained, and the struggles it has gone through.

So long ago as July, 1839, the inventor explained to a large public meeting of noblemen and men of science, presided over by the Duke of Sussex, the principle of his discovery. It consisted in a division of the cube, or, as he called it, the stereotomy of the cube. After observing that, "although the cube was the most regular of all solid bodies, and the most learned men amongst the Greeks and other nations had occupied themselves to ascertain and measure its proportions, he said it had never hitherto been regarded as a body, to be anatomized or explored in its internal parts. Some years ago, it had occurred to a French mathematician that the cube was divisible into six pyramidal forms; and it therefore had struck him, the inventor, that the natural formation of that figure was by a combination of those forms. Having detailed to his audience a number of experiments, and shown how the results thereby obtained accorded with mathematical principles, he proceeded to explain the various purposes to which diagonal portions of the cube might be applied. By cutting the body in half, and then dividing the half in a diagonal direction, he obtained a figure—



namely, a quarter of a cube—in which, he observed, the whole strength or power of resistance of the entire body resided; and he showed the application of these sections of the cube to the purposes of paving by wood." Such is the first meagre report of the broaching of a scientific system of paving; and, with the patronage of such men of rank and eminence as took an interest in the subject, the progress was sure and rapid.

In December, 1839, about 1100 square yards were laid down in Whitehall, and a triumph was never more complete; for since that period it has continued as smooth and level as when first it displaced the Macadam; it has never required repair, and has been a small basis of peace and quietness, amidst a desert of confusion and turmoil. Since that time, about sixty thousand yards in various parts of London, being about three-fourths of all the pavement hitherto introduced, attest the public appreciation of the Metropolitan Company's system. It may be interesting to those who watch the progress of great changes, to particularize the operations (amounting in the aggregate to forty thousand yards) that were carried on upon this system in 1842:—

St. Giles's, Holborn  
 Foundling Estate  
 Hammersmith Bridge  
 St. Andrew's, Holborn  
 Jermyn Street  
 Old Bailey  
 Piccadilly  
 Newgate Street, eastern end  
 Southampton Street  
 Lombard Street  
 Oxford Street  
 Regent Street;

besides several noblemen's court-yards, such as the Dukes of Somerset and Sutherland's, and a great number of stables, for which it is found peculiarly adapted.

The other projectors have specimens principally in the Strand; that near the Golden Cross, being by Mr. Skead; that near Coutts's Bank, Mr. Saunders; at St. Giles's Church, in Holborn, Mr. Rankin; and in the city, at Gracechurch Street, Cornhill, and the Poultry, Mr. Carey. The Poultry is a short space lying between Cheapside and the Mansion-house, consisting altogether of only three hundred and seventy-eight square yards. It lies in a hollow, as if on purpose to receive the river of mud which rolls its majestic course from the causeway on each side. The traffic on it, though not fast, is perpetual, and the system from the first was faulty. In addi-

tion to these drawbacks, its cleansing was totally neglected; and on all these accounts, it offered an excellent point of attack to any person who determined to signalize himself by preaching a crusade against wood. Preachers, thank heaven! are seldom wanted; and on this occasion the part of Peter the Hermit was undertaken by Peter the Knight; for our old acquaintance, the opponent of causeways, the sworn enemy to granite, the favorer of Macadam, had worn the chain of office; had had his ears tickled for a whole year by the magic word, my lord; was as much of a knight as Sir Amadis de Gaul, and much more of an alderman; had been a great dispenser of justice, and sometimes a dispenser with law; had made himself a name, before which that of the Curtises and Waithmans grew pale; and, above all, was at that very moment in want of a grievance. Sir Peter Laurie gave notice of a motion on the subject of the Poultry. People began to think something had gone wrong with the chickens, or that Sir Robert had laid a high duty on foreign eggs. The alarm spread into Norfolk, and affected the price of turkeys. Bantams fell in value, and barn-door fowls were a drug. In the midst of all these fears, it began to be whispered about, that if any chickens were concerned in the motion, it was Cary's chickens; and that the attack, though nominally on the hen-roost, was in reality on the wood. It was now the depth of winter; snowy showers were succeeded by biting frosts; the very smoothness of the surface of the wooden pavement was against it; for as no steps were taken to prevent slipperiness, by cleansing or sanding the street—or better still, perhaps, by roughing the horses' shoes, many tumbles took place on this doomed little portion of the road; and some of the city police, having probably, in the present high state of English morals, little else to do, were employed to count the falls. Armed with a list of these accidents, which grew in exact proportion to the number of people who saw them—for instance, if three people separately reported, "a gray horse down in the Poultry," it did duty for three gray horses)—Sir Peter opened the business of the day, at a meeting of the Commissioners of Sewers for the City of London, on the 14th of February, 1843. Mr. Alderman Gibbs was in the chair. Sir Peter, on this occasion, transcended his usual efforts; he was inspired with the genius of his subject, and was as great a specimen of slip-slop as the streets themselves. He requested a petition to be

read, signed by a Mr. Gray, and a considerable number of other jobmasters and live-ry-stable keepers, against wood pavement; and, as it formed the text on which he spoke, we quote it entire:—

“To the Commissioners of Sewers—

“The humble memorial of your memorialists, humbly sheweth,—That in consequence of the introduction of wood pavements into the City of London, in lieu of granite, a very great number of accidents have occurred; and in drawing a comparison between the two from observations made, it is found where one accident happened on the granite pavement, that ten at least took place upon the wood. Your memorialists therefore pray, that, in consequence of the wood pavement being so extremely dangerous to travel over, you would be pleased to take the matter into your serious consideration, and cause, it to be removed; by doing which you will, in the first place, be removing a great and dangerous nuisance; and, secondly, you will be setting a beneficial and humane example to other metropolitan districts.”

Mr. Gray, in addition to the memorial, begged fully to corroborate its statements, and said that he had himself twice been thrown out by the falling of his horse on the wood, and had broken his shafts both times. As he did not allude to his legs and arms, we conclude they escaped uninjured; and the only effect created by his observation, seemed to be a belief that his horse was probably addicted to falling, and preferred the wood to the rough and hard angles of the granite. Immediately after the reading of the stablemen's memorial, a petition was introduced in favor of wood pavement from Cornhill, signed by all the inhabitants of that wealthy and flourishing district, and, on the principles of fair play, we transcribe it as a pendant to the other:—

“Your petitioners, the undersigned inhabitants of the ward of Cornhill and Birchen Lane, beg again to bring before you their earnest request, that that part of Cornhill which is still paved with granite, and also Birchen Lane, may now be paved with wood.

“Your petitioners are well aware that many complaints have been received of the wood paving in the Poultry; but they beg to submit to you that no reports which have been, or which may be made, of the accidents which have occurred on that small spot, should be considered as in any way illustrative of the merits of the general question. From its minuteness, and its slope at both extremities, it is constantly covered with slippery mud from the granite at each end; and that, together with the sudden transition from one sort of paving to another, causes the horses continually to stumble on that spot. Your petitioners therefore submit that no place could have been selected for experiment so ill adapted to show a fair result. Since your petitioners laid their former petition before you, they

have ascertained, by careful examination and inquiry, that in places where wood paving has been laid down continuously to a moderate extent—viz. in Regent Street, Jermyn Street, Holborn, Oxford Street, the Strand, Coventry Street, and Lombard Street—it has fully effected all that was expected from it; it has freed the streets from the distracting nuisance of incessant noise, has diminished mud, increased the value of property, and given full satisfaction to the inhabitants. Your petitioners, therefore, beg to urge upon you most strongly a compliance with their request, which they feel assured would be a further extension of a great public good.”

In addition to the petition, Mr. Fernie, who presented it, stated “that the inhabitants (whom he represented) had satisfied themselves of the advantages of wood paving before they wished its adoption at their own doors. That inquiries had been made of the inhabitants of streets in the enjoyment of wood paving, and they all approved of it; and said, that nothing would induce them to return to the old system of stone; that they were satisfied the number of accidents had not been greater on the wood than they had been on the granite; and that they were of a much less serious character and extent.”

Sir Peter on this applied a red silk handkerchief to his nose; wound three blasts on that wild horn, as if to inspire him for the charge; and rushed forth into the middle of the fight. His first blow was aimed at Mr. Prosser, the secretary of the Metropolitan Company, who had stated that in Russia, where wooden pavements were common, a sprinkling of pitch and strong sand had prevented the possibility of slipping. Orlando Furioso was a peaceful Quaker compared to the infuriate Laurie. “The admission of Mr. Prosser,” he said, “proves that, without pitch and sand, wood pavements are impassable;” and fearful was it to see the prodigious vigor with which the Prosser with two s's, was pressed and assaulted by the Proser with only one. Wonder took possession of the assemblage, at the catalogue of woes the impassioned orator had collected as the results of this most dangerous and murderous contrivance. An old woman had been run over by an omnibus—all owing to wood; a boy had been killed by a cab—all owing to wood; and it seemed never to have occurred to the speaker, in his anti-silvan fury, that boys' legs are occasionally broken by unruly cabs, and poles of omnibuses run into the backs of unsuspecting elderly gentlemen on the roads which continue under the protecting influence of



granite or Macadam. He had seen horses fall on the wooden pavements in all directions; he had seen a troop of dragoons, in the midst of the frost, dismount and lead their un-roughed horses across Regent Street; the Recorder had gone round by the squares to avoid the wooden districts; one lady had ordered her coachman to stick constantly to stone; and another, when she required to go to Regent Street, dismissed her carriage and walked. The thanks he had received for his defence of granite were innumerable; an omnibus would not hold the compliments that had been paid him for his efforts against wood; and, as Lord Shaftsbury had expressed his obligations to him on the subject, he did not doubt that if the matter came before the House of Lords, he would bestow the degree of attention on it which his lordship bestowed on all matters of importance. Working himself up as he drew near his peroration, he broke out into a blaze of eloquence which put the Lord Mayor into some fear on account of the Thames, of which he is official conservator. "The thing cannot last!" he exclaimed; "and if you don't, in less than two years from this time, say I am a true prophet, put me on seven years' allowance." What the meaning of this latter expression may be, we cannot divine. It seems to us no very severe punishment to be forced to receive the allowance of seven years instead of one; the only explanation we can think of is, that it contains some delicate allusion to the dietary of gentlemen who are supposed to be visiting one of the colonies in New Holland, but in reality employ themselves in aquatic amusements in Portsmouth and Plymouth harbor "for the space of seven long years"—and are not supposed to fare in so sumptuous a manner as the aldermen of the city of London.

"The poor horses," he proceeded, "that are continually tumbling down on the wood pavement, cannot send their representatives, but I will represent them here whenever I have the opportunity"—(a horse laugh, as if from the orator's constituents, was excited by this sally.) "But, gentlemen, besides the danger of this atrocious system, we ought to pay a little attention to the expense. I maintain you have no right to make the inhabitants of those streets to which there is no idea of extending the wood paving, pay for the ease and comfort, as it is called, of persons residing in the larger thoroughfares, such as Newgate Street and Cheap-side. But the promoters say, 'Oh! but we will have the whole town paved with it'—(hear, hear.) What would this cost? A friend of mine has made some calculations on this point, and he finds that, to pave the whole town with

wood, an outlay of twenty-four millions of money must be incurred!"

It was generally supposed in the meeting that the friend here alluded to was either Mr. Joseph Hume or the ingenious gentleman who furnished Lord Stanley with the statistics of the wheat-growing districts of Tamboff. It was afterwards discovered to be a Mr. Cocker Munchausen.

Twenty-four millions of money! and all to be laid out on wood! The thought was so immense that it nearly choked the worthy orator, and he could not proceed for some time. When at last, by a great effort, he recovered the thread of his discourse, he became pathetic about the fate of one of the penny-post boys, (a relation—"we guess"—of the deceased H. Walker, Esq. of the Twopenny Post,)—who had broken his leg on the wooden pavement. The authorities had ordered the lads to avoid the wood in future. For all these reasons, Sir Peter concluded his speech with a motion, "That the wood pavement in the Poultry is dangerous and inconvenient to the public, and ought to be taken up and replaced with granite pavement."

"As in a Theatre the eyes of men,  
After some well-graced actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him who enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious,  
Even so, or with more scorn, men's eyes  
Were turned on—Mr. Deputy Godson!"

The benevolent reader may have observed that the second fiddle is generally a little louder and more sharp set than the first. On this occasion that instrument was played upon by the worthy deputy, to the amazement of all the connoisseurs in that species of music in which he and his leader are known to excel. From his speech it was gathered that he represented a district which has been immortalized by the genius of the author of Tom Thumb; and in the present unfortunate aspect of human affairs, when a comet is brandishing its tail in the heavens, and O'Connell seems to have been deprived of his upon earth—when poverty, distress, rebellion, and wooden pavements, are threatening the very existence of Great Britain, it is consolatory to reflect that under the guardianship of Deputy Godson, Little Britain is safe; for he is resolved to form a cordon of granite round it, and keep it free from the contamination of Norway pines or Scottish fir. "I have been urged by my constituents," he says, "to ask for wood pavement in Little Britain; but I am adverse to it, as I think wood paving is calculated to produce the greatest injury to the public."

"I have seen twenty horses down on the wood pavement together—(laughter.) I am here to state what I have seen. I have seen horses down on the wood pavement, twenty at a time—(renewed laughter.) I say, and with great deference, that we are in the habit of conferring favors when we ought to withhold them. I think gentlemen ought to pause before they burden the consolidated rate with those matters, and make the poor inhabitants of the City pay for the fancies of the wealthy members of Cornhill and the Poultry. We ought to deal even-handed justice, and not introduce into the City, and that at a great expense, a pavement that is dirty, stinking, and every thing that is bad."—(laughter.)

In Pope's Homer's Iliad, it is very distressing to the philanthropic mind to reflect on the feelings that must agitate the bosom of Mr Deputy Thersites when Ajax passes by. In the British Parliament it is a melancholy sight to see the countenance of some unfortunate orator when Sir Robert Peel rises to reply, with a smile of awful import on his lips, and a subdued cannibal expression of satisfaction in his eyes. Even so must it have been a harrowing spectacle to observe the effects of the answer of Mr. R. L. Jones, who rose for the purpose of moving the previous question. He said, "I thought the worthy alderman who introduced this question would have attempted to support himself by bringing some petitions from citizens against wood paving—(hear.) He has not done so, and I may observe, that from not one of the wards where wood pavement has been laid down has there been a petition to take any of the wood pavement up. What the mover of these resolutions has done, has been to travel from one end of the town to the other, to prove to you that wood paving is bad in principle. Has that been established?—(Cries of 'no, no.')

I venture to say they have not established any thing of the kind. All that has been done is this—it has been shown that wood pavement, which is comparatively a recent introduction, has not yet been brought to perfection—(hear, hear.) Now, every one knows that complaints have always been made against every new principle, till it has been brought to perfection. Look, for instance, at the steam-engine. How vastly different it now is, with the improvements which science has effected, from what it was when it was first introduced to the notice of the world! Wherever wood pavement has been laid down, it has been approved of. All who have enjoyed the advantages of its exten-

sion, acknowledge the comfort derived from it. Sir Peter Laurie asserts that he is continually receiving thanks for his agitation about wood paving, and that an omnibus would not hold the compliments he receives at the West End. Now, I can only say, that I find the contrary to be the case; and every body who meets me exclaims, 'Dear me! what can Sir Peter Laurie be thinking about, to try and get the wood paving taken up, and stone paving substituted?' So far from thanking Sir Peter, every body is astonished at him. The wood pavement has now been laid down nearly three years, and I say here, in the face of the Commission, that there have not been ten blocks taken up; but had granite been put down, I will venture to say that it would, during the same period, have been taken up six or seven times. Your books will prove it, that the portion of granite pavement in the Poultry was taken up six or seven times during a period of three years. When the wood paving becomes a little slippery, go to your granite heaps which belong to this commission, or to your fine sifted cinder heaps, and let that be strewn over the surface; that contains no earthy particles, and will, when it becomes imbedded in the wood, form such a surface that there cannot by any possibility be any slipperiness—(hear, hear!) Do we not pursue this course in frosty weather even with our own stone paving? There used to be, before this plan was adopted, not a day pass but you would in frosty weather see two, three, four, and even five or six horses down together on the stone paving—('Oh! oh!' from Mr. Deputy Godson.) My friend may cry 'oh! oh!' but I mean to say that this assertion is not so incongruous as the statement of my friend, that he saw twenty horses down at once on the wood pavement in Newgate Street, (laughter.) I may exclaim with my worthy friend the deputy on my left, who lives in Newgate Street, 'When the mischief did it happen? I never heard of it.' I stand forward in support of wood paving as a great public principle, because I believe it to be most useful and advantageous to the public; which is proved by the fact, that the public at large are in favor of it. If we had given notice that this court would be open to hear the opinions of the citizens of London on the subject of wood paving, I am convinced that the number of petitions in its favor would have been so great, that the doors would not have been sufficiently wide to have received them."

Mr. Jones next turned his attention to



the arithmetical statements of Sir Peter ; and a better specimen of what in the Scotch language is called a stramash, it has never been our good fortune to meet with :—

“ We have been told by the worthy knight who introduced this motion, that to pave London with wood would cost twenty-four millions of money. Now, it so happens that, some time since, I directed the city surveyor to obtain for me a return of the number of square yards of paving-stone there are throughout all the streets in this city. I hold that return in my hand ; and I find there are 400,000 yards, which, at fifteen shillings per yard, would not make the cost of wood paving come to twenty-four millions of money ; no, gentlemen, nor to four millions, nor to three, nor even to one million—why, the cost, gentlemen, dwindles down from Sir Peter’s twenty-four millions to £300,000—(hear, hear, and laughter.)

“ If I go into Fore Street I find every body admiring the wood pavement. If I go on Cornhill I find the same—and all the great bankers in Lombard Street say, ‘ What a delightful thing this wood paving is ! Sir Peter Laurie must be mad to endeavor to deprive us of it.’ I told them not to be alarmed, for they might depend on it the good sense of this court would not allow so great and useful an improvement in street paving to retrograde in the manner sought to be effected by this revolution. I shall content myself with moving the previous question”—(cheers.)

It is probable that Mr. Jones, in moving the previous question, contented himself a mighty deal more than he did Sir Peter ; and the triumph of the woodites was increased when Mr. Pewtress seconded the amendment :

“ If there is any time of the year when the wood pavement is more dangerous than another, probably the most dangerous is when the weather is of the damp, muggy, and foggy character which has been prevailing ; and when all pavements are remarkably slippery. The worthy knight has shown great tact in choosing his time for bringing this matter before the public. We have had three or four weeks weather of the most extraordinary description I ever remember ; not frosty nor wet, but damp and slippery ; so that the granite has been found so inconvenient to horses, that they have not been driven at the common and usual pace. And I am free to confess that, under the peculiar state of the atmosphere to which I have alluded, the wood pavement is more affected than the granite pavement. But in ordinary weather there is very little difference. I am satisfied that, if the danger and inconvenience were as great as the worthy knight has represented, we should have had applications against the pavement ; but all the applications we have had on the subject have been in favor of the extension of wood pavement.”

The speaker then takes up the ground, that as wood, as a material for paving, is only recently introduced, it is natural that

vested interests should be alarmed, and that great misapprehension should exist as to its nature and merits. On this subject he introduces an admirable illustration :—“ In the early part of my life I remember attending a lecture—when gas was first introduced—by Mr. Winson. The lecture was delivered in Pall-Mall, and the lecturer proposed to demonstrate that the introduction of gas would be destructive of life and property. I attended that lecture, and I never came away from a public lecture more fully convinced of any thing than I did that he had proved his position. He produced a quantity of gas, and placed a receiver on the table. He had with him some live birds, as well as some live mice and rabbits ; and, introducing some gas into the receiver, he put one of the animals in it. In a few minutes life was extinct, and in this way he deprived about half a dozen of these animals of their life. ‘ Now, gentlemen,’ said the lecturer, ‘ I have proved to you that gas is destructive to life ; I will now show you that it is destructive to property.’ He had a little pasteboard house, and said, ‘ I will suppose that it is lighted up with gas, and from the carelessness of the servant the stopcock of the burner has been so turned off as to allow an escape of gas, and that it has escaped and filled the house.’ Having let the gas into the card house, he introduced a light and blew it up. ‘ Now,’ said he, ‘ I think I have shown you that it is not only destructive to life and property ; but that, if it is introduced into the metropolis, it will be blown up by it.’ ”

We have now given a short analysis of the speeches of the proposers and seconders on each side in this great debate ; and after hearing Mr. Frodsham on the opposition, and the Common Sergeant—whose objection, however, to wood was confined to its unsuitableness at some seasons for horsemanship—granting that a strong feeling in its favor existed among the owners and inhabitants of houses where it has been laid down ; and on the other side, Sir Chapman Marshall—a strenuous woodite—who challenged Sir Peter Laurie to find fault with the pavement at Whitehall, “ which he had no hesitation in saying was the finest piece of paving of any description in London ; ” Mr. King, who gave a home thrust to Sir Peter, which it was impossible to parry—“ We have heard a great deal about humanity and post-boys ; does the worthy gentleman know, that the Postmaster has only within the last few weeks sent a petition here, begging that you would, with all possible speed, put wood paving round the

Post-office?" and various other gentlemen *pro* and *con*—a division was taken, when Sir Peter was beaten by an immense majority.

Another meeting, of which no public notice was given, was held shortly after to further Sir Peter's object, by sundry stable-keepers and jobmasters, under the presidency of the same Mr. Gray, whose horse had acquired the malicious habit of breaking its knees on the poultry. As there was no opposition, there was no debate; and as no names of the parties attending were published, it fell dead-born, although advertised two or three times in the newspapers.

On Tuesday, the 4th of April, Sir Peter buckled on his armor once more, and led the embattled cherubim to war, on the modified question, "That wood-paving operations be suspended in the city for a year;" but after a repetition of the arguments on both sides, he was again defeated by the same overwhelming majority as before.

Such is the state of wood paving as a party question among the city authorities at the present date. The squabbles and struggles among the various projectors would form an amusing chapter in the history of street rows—for it is seen that it is a noble prize to strive for. If the experiment succeed, all London will be paved with wood, and fortunes will be secured by the successful candidates for employment. Every day some fresh claimant starts up and professes to have remedied every defect hitherto discovered in the systems of his predecessors. Still confidence seems unshaken in the system which has hitherto shown the best results; and since the introduction of the very ingenious invention of Mr. Whitworth of Manchester, of a cart, which by an adaptation of wheels and pulleys, and brooms and buckets, performs the work of thirty-six street-sweepers, the perfection of the work in Regent Street has been seen to such advantage, and the objections of slipperiness so clearly proved to arise, not from the nature of wood, but from the want of cleansing, that even the most timid are beginning to believe that the opposition to the further introduction of it is injudicious. Among these even Sir Peter promises to enrol himself, if the public favor continue as strong towards it for another year as he perceives it to be at the present time.

And now, dismissing these efforts at resisting a change which we may safely take to be at some period or other inevitable, let us cast a cursory glance at some of the results of the general introduction of wood pavement.

In the first place, the facility of cleansing will be greatly increased. A smooth surface, between which and the subsoil is interposed a thick concrete—which grows as hard and impermeable as iron—will not generate mud and filth to one-fiftieth of the extent of either granite roads or Macadam. It is probable that if there were no importations of dirt from the wheels of carriages coming off the stone streets, little scavenging would be needed. Certainly not more than could be supplied by one of Whitworth's machines. And it is equally evident that if wood were kept unpolluted by the liquid mud—into which the surface of the other causeways is converted in the driest weather by water carts—the slipperiness would be effectually cured.

In the second place, the saving of expense in cleansing and repairing would be prodigious. Let us take as our text a document submitted to the Marylebone Vestry in 1840, and acted on by them in the case of Oxford Street; and remember that the expenses of cleansing were calculated at the cost of the manual labor—a cost, we believe, reduced two thirds by the invention of Mr. Whitworth. The Report is dated 1837:—

"The cost of the last five years having been,	£16,881
The present expense for 1837, about	2,000
The required outlay	4,000
And the cleansing for 1837	900
Gives a total for six years of	£23,781

"Or an annual expenditure averaging £3963; so that the future expenses of Oxford Street, maintained as a Macadamized carriage-way, would be about £4000, or 2s. 4d. per yard per annum.

"In contrast with this extract from the parochial documents, the results of which must have been greatly increased within the last three years, the Metropolitan Wood-Paving Company, who have already laid down above 4000 yards in Oxford Street, between Wells Street and Charles Street, are understood to be willing to complete the entire street in the best manner for 12s. per square yard, or about £14,000—for which they propose to take bonds bearing interest at the rate of four-and-a-half per cent per annum, whereby the parish will obtain ample time for ultimate payment; and further, to keep the whole in repair, inclusive of the cost of cleansing and watering, for one year gratuitously, and for twelve years following at £1900 per annum, being less than one-half the present outlay for these purposes."

Whether these were the terms finally agreed on we do not know; but we perceive by public tenders that the streets can be paved in the best possible manner for 13s. or 12s. 6d. a yard; and kept in repair for



6d. a yard additional. This is certainly much cheaper than Macadam, and we should think more economical than causeways. And, besides, it has the advantage—which one of the speakers suggested to Sir Peter Laurie—"that in case of an upset, it is far more satisfactory to contest the relative hardness of heads with a block of wood than a mass of granite."

We can only add in conclusion, that advertisements are published by the Commissioners of Sewers for contracts to pave with wood Cheapside, and Bishopsgate Street, and Whitechapel. Oh, Sir Peter!—how are the mighty fallen!

#### MISCELLANY.

**FRENCH OCCUPATION OF TAHITI.**—A numerous meeting of the friends of Protestant missions was held on Wednesday at Exeter-hall, for the purpose of considering what course it would be most advisable to pursue in consequence of the recent aggressions of the French at the island of Tahiti. C. Hindley, Esq., M. P., was in the chair. The chairman gave a brief history of the progress of Protestant missionary exertions in Tahiti, from which it appeared that after laboring for many years without any apparent good resulting from their exertions, the missionaries were cheered by the change which began to manifest itself. The King (Pomare,) was the first who embraced the Gospel; from that moment down to the present time the progress of the truth among the natives has been of the most gratifying nature—every vestige of idolatry being swept away, and the inhabitants, almost universally, exhibiting in their peaceful and industrious habits the power and purity of the Gospel of Christ. In 1836, two Roman Catholic priests landed clandestinely on the island. The proceeding, being contrary to the law, they were desired to leave, and on their refusing to comply, they were put on board the vessel in which they came, without any injury being inflicted upon them. For this alleged insult the Queen of Tahiti was compelled, in 1838, to apologize and pay a fine of 20,000 dollars, under threat of hostilities on the part of France. To save the island from the horrors of war, some of the foreign residents advanced the sum demanded. In 1839 a French frigate, having received some damage on a coral reef, put into the principal harbor of Tahiti to repair; the natives rendered every assistance in performing this work, and as an expression of his gratitude, the French commodore compelled the authorities to abrogate the law prohibiting the residence of Roman Catholic priests on the island, under the threat of landing 500 men, and establishing a new government. In consequence of the police of the island having put the captain of a French whaler into confinement for drunkenness and rioting, a third visit was paid by the French, who inflicted another act of humiliation upon the Queen in compelling her to disband her police force. The next and last aggression was that to which the public attention is now so strongly directed, and the circumstances connected with which have been fully detailed in our paper. The meeting was addressed by several ministers, and resolutions were passed, containing a solemn pro-

test against the acts of injustice above referred to and expressing a hope that the French government, when made acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, would not confirm the acts of its admiral in his unwarranted aggression upon Tahiti. We fear that this hope is ill grounded, and that, having obtained a footing upon the Tahitian group, the French government will turn a deaf ear to any remonstrance which may be addressed to it.—*Bell's Weekly Messenger.*

**CARDINAL WOLSEY'S CHAPEL AT WINDSOR.**—From the extensive nature of the repairs and improvements which are to be commenced in the interior of St. George's Chapel immediately after Easter, it will be necessary to close that sacred edifice for a period, it is expected, of upwards of three weeks. Her Majesty has just been most graciously pleased to give permission, upon the application of the dean and canons of the Royal Chapel of St. George, for Cardinal Wolsey's Chapel to be used for the purpose of the performance of divine worship during the period which will be occupied by the workmen in the adjoining chapel. The last time public worship was celebrated in Wolsey's Chapel was in the reign of James II., (now upwards of 150 years ago,) who, upon his accession to the throne, in 1685, had this magnificent building converted into a chapel, where mass was performed with unusual pomp and splendor. Verrio (several of whose paintings still adorn the ceilings of many of the apartments at Windsor Castle,) was engaged by that monarch to execute a richly-embazoned and ornamented ceiling; but this, including the superb stained windows and all the internal decorations, was shortly afterwards wholly destroyed by a mob, during a popular commotion, which was occasioned in consequence of the sovereign having given a public entertainment at Windsor to the Nuncio of the Pope. It remained in the state in which it was thus left until the reign of George III., and that monarch having determined upon a royal cemetery being constructed underneath the building, an excavation to the depth of 15 feet was made in the chalk foundation, and of the length and width of the building. In the mausoleum are deposited the bodies of the following illustrious members of the royal family:—The Princess Amelia, the Princess Charlotte, Queen Charlotte, Duke of Kent, George III., Duke of York, George IV., and William IV.

**FORGERY OF TASSO'S WORKS.**—A recent trial at Rome has convicted the Count Mariano Alberti of wholesale forgery of works which he had professed to discover and publish as Tasso's. Some small portion of these works, which is considered to be genuine, he had interlarded with the rest, to leaven the mass and give it the greater air of authenticity. In his lodgings were found an immense collection of writing-tools, inks of different kinds and tints, old copybooks, blank paper torn out of old books, and innumerable exercises in imitation of the handwriting of more than fifty eminent individuals of Tasso's time. The Count's reply was not known on the 10th March.—*Spectator.*

**HEAT AND LIGHT.**—The *Emancipation* of Brussels announces that the directors of the Belgian railroads have made a discovery, and proved it by trial on the southern line, whereby the consumption of fuel may be reduced by 50 per cent. It is said to consist in the improvements of the drawers of the engine and in the steam-pipe. The *Presse* mentions that a trial of a mode of lighting by means of a new voltaic pile is about to be made, on the Boulevards. It is said that the light is ten times more brilliant than that of gas.—*Ibid.*

**REVOLUTION AT HAYTI.**—This noble island, which has been the scene of so many extraordinary changes of Government, has been lately disturbed by another political revolution, which, unlike those that have preceded it, has been accomplished without bloodshed. A letter published in the *Times* gives the following narrative of proceedings. It will be seen that both parties have appealed to the British force off the island—a testimony of the respect in which our name is held, and of the confidence reposed in our disinterestedness and sense of justice :—

*Kingston, Jamaica, March 20.*

The revolution, which has for some time been impending in the neighboring island of St. Domingo has at length come to a crisis, and as yet, I am happy to say, a bloodless one. The ex-President, Ican Pierre Boyer, with thirty-two of his adherents, having sought shelter in one of her Majesty's ships, arrived here yesterday morning on board the *Scylla*. He had been driven to this step by the resistance which was offered to the means he had adopted to get rid of the opposition to the measures of his government in the national legislature. At the head of this opposition was the Senator Dumeille, the representative of the province of Aux Cayes, who on five different occasions had been forcibly expelled from the Senate Chamber at the point of the bayonet, and on each occasion had been triumphantly re-elected by his original constituents.

Under the apprehension of proceedings of a still more despotic and unconstitutional character, it appears that M. Dumeille had addressed himself to the regiment of artillery stationed at Aux Cayes, by the whole of whom he was readily joined; and the feelings of the people were so strongly engaged in his favor by what had previously taken place, that in the course of a very few days he found himself at the head of a force of 6,000 men, with which he was preparing to march on the capital. In the meantime, with the view of demonstrating to his fellow-citizens that he was not actuated by motives of personal ambition, he proposed to M. Beaugillard, the Governor of Aux Cayes, who has been very generally regarded for the last ten or twelve years as the probable successor of Boyer in the Presidency, to declare the office vacant, and to proclaim M. Beaugillard provisionally President until an opportunity could be taken to assemble the Senate and complete his election by the forms which the Haytian constitution prescribes. It appears that at the period in question, now some three weeks ago, M. Beaugillard declined to avail himself of this offer of M. Dumeille, but I believe it was perfectly understood that he did not look with disfavor on the armed resistance which was offered to the violent proceedings of the President, although he did not think that the time was yet come for his placing himself at the head of this revolutionary movement. In all probability, however, the embarkation of Boyer with his leading adherents will have proved the signal for his definitively declaring himself.

At the same time there is some reason to apprehend, as those portions of the population who speak the Spanish language have had but little intercourse with their fellow-citizens at the other end of the island, whose manners and habits are framed on the French model, that some attempt may now be made to re-establish the political separation which formerly existed between them. As yet there is no palpable indication of any such design, but, from what I know of the country personally, and of the views of many of its inhabitants, I incline to think that the tranquil and permanent establishment of its affairs will be exposed to more danger from this cause than perhaps from any other.

There is, fortunately, at this moment a respectable British force on this station, and, as both parties have appealed to us for protection, first those, with M. Espinasse at their head, who had been driven into exile by the arbitrary proceedings of the president, and now Boyer himself, with his immediate adherents, reduced to a similar condition, it is to be hoped that the peaceful portion of the community will not be reduced to the necessity of choosing between anarchy and slavery.—*The Britannia*.

**BRUTE INTELLIGENCE.**—A rather remarkable occurrence transpired a short distance from Dewsbury a few days ago. While two young men were taking a walk down the side of the river Calder, their master's warehouse dog, which was accompanying them, strayed into an adjoining field, and seeing an ass, suddenly fell upon it, worrying it in a most ferocious manner. A number of men being at a short distance, and seeing the dog likely in a short time to worry the poor ass to death, went and commenced a fierce attack upon the dog with hedge stakes, but without succeeding in getting him off the ass. A horse, belonging to Mr. G. Fell, of Earlsheaton, witnessed these proceedings, evidently under most agitated feelings, and as if conscious the poor ass must perish unless he interfered, made a rush through the hedge, cleared off the men who were trying to liberate the ass, and in a most ferocious manner seized the dog with his teeth and dragged him off, and aimed several blows with his fore and hind feet, and had not the dog made off, the horse would have dispatched him in a few minutes. When the horse had accomplished this feat, he, with his head and tail erect, scampered about the ass in a noble and most dignified manner, as if proud of having gained a mighty conquest, and manifested evident tokens of pleasure, as if sensibly feeling that he had effected an act of benevolence. All who beheld this wonderful deed of Mr. Fell's horse were powerfully struck with his evident intelligence and sympathy for his fellow brute.—*Wakefield Journal*.

**DORSAZ, THE GUIDE OF BONAPARTE.**—Dorsaz, the man who acquired considerable celebrity as the guide who saved the life of Napoleon, on the passage of St. Bernard, died a few days ago in the village of St. Pierre, in the Vallais, where he had been residing several years, and was known under the name of the guide of Bonaparte. Dorsaz, on the occasion which conferred this name upon him, was close to the mule on which Napoleon was riding, when it made a false step, and would have plunged its rider over a precipice, if the guide had not, at the hazard of his life, prevented the accident. In a little time afterwards, Dorsaz, ignorant of the rank of the person whose life he had saved, and fearing that he would be compelled to accompany the army as a guide farther than he wished to go, disappeared suddenly with his mule, which Napoleon was no longer riding, and it was not until six months after the battle of Marengo that he could be heard of. At this time the authorities were ordered to seek him out, and to present to him a sufficient sum of money to build a house for him to reside in, if he was not already in possession of one; or, in the latter case, to refund to him the amount which it had cost him. As Dorsaz had a house, this latter course was adopted. The guides of this part of the country, for many years after the event, raised ample contributions from travellers, by pretending to each that the mule upon which he rode was the identical mule crossed by Napoleon at the passage of the St. Bernard. The truth, however, is, that this mule was purchased by Napoleon, when he had discovered the residence of his preserver.



## SCIENCE AND ARTS.

**ASCENT OF THE SAP.**—Experimental Inquiry into the cause of the Ascent and Continued Motion of the Sap; with a new method of preparing plants for physiological investigation, by George Rainey, Esq.—The ascent of the sap in vegetables has been generally ascribed to a vital contraction either of the vessels or of the cells of the plant; the circumstances of that ascent taking place chiefly at certain seasons of the year, and of the quantity of fluid, and the velocity of its motion being proportional to the development of those parts whose functions are obviously vital, as the leaves and flowers, have been regarded as conclusive against the truth of all theories which professed to explain the phenomenon on purely mechanical principles. The aim of the author, in the present paper, is to show that these objections are not valid, and to prove, by a series of experiments, that the motion of the sap is totally independent of any vital contractions of the passages which transmit it; that it is wholly a mechanical process, resulting entirely from the operation of endosmose; and that it takes place even through those parts of a plant which have been totally deprived of their vitality. The lower extremity of a branch of *Valeriana rubra* was placed, soon after being gathered, in a solution of bichloride of mercury. In a few hours a considerable quantity of this solution was absorbed, and the whole plant, which had previously somewhat shrunk from the evaporation of its moisture, recovered its healthy appearance. On the next day, although the lower part of the branch had lost its vitality, the leaves and all the parts of the plant into which no bichloride had entered, but only the water of the solution, were perfectly healthy and filled with sap. On each of the following days additional portions of the stem became affected in succession; but the unaffected parts still preserved their healthy appearance, and the flowers and leaves developed themselves as if the plant had vegetated in pure water, and the whole stem had been in its natural healthy state. On a minute examination, it was found that calomel, in the form of a white substance, had been deposited on the internal surface of the cuticle; but no bichloride of mercury could be detected in those parts which had retained their vitality; thus showing that the solution of bichloride had been decomposed into chlorine, calomel, and water, and had destroyed the vitality of the parts where this action had taken place: after which, fresh portions of the solution had passed through the substance of the poisoned parts, as if they had been inorganic canals. Various experiments of a similar kind were made on other plants, and the same conclusions were deduced from them. As the addition of a solution of iodide of potassium converts the bichloride of mercury into an insoluble biniodide, the author was enabled by the application of this test to thin sections of the stems of plants into which the bichloride had been received by absorption, to ascertain, with the aid of the microscope, the particular portion of the structure into which the latter had penetrated. The result of his observation was, that the biniodide is found only in the intercellular and intervascular spaces, none appearing to be contained within the cavities of either cells or vessels. As the fluids contained in the vessels and in the cells hold in solution various vegetable compounds, their density is greater than the ascending sap, which is external to them, and from which they are separated by an intervening organized membrane. Such being the conditions requisite for the operation of the principle of endosmose, the author infers that such a principle is constantly in

action in living plants; and that it is the cause of the continual transmission of fluids from the intervascular and intercellular spaces into the interior of the vessels and cells, and also of the ascent of the sap.—*Athenæum*.

**THE NERVES.**—"On the Nerves," by James Stark, M. D.—The author gives the results of his examinations, both microscopical and chemical, of the structure and composition of the nerves; and concludes that they consist, in their whole extent, of a congeries of membranous tubes, cylindrical in their form, placed parallel to one another, and united into fasciculi of various sizes; but that neither these fasciculi nor the individual tubes are enveloped by any filamentous tissue; that these tubular membranes are composed of extremely minute filaments, placed in a strictly longitudinal direction, in exact parallelism with each other, and consisting of granules of the same kind as those which form the basis of all the solid structures of the body; and that the matter which fills the tubes is of an oily nature, differing in no essential respect from butter, or soft fat; and remaining of a fluid consistence during the life of the animal, or while it retains its natural temperature, but becoming granular or solid when the animal dies, or its temperature is much reduced. As oily substances are well known to be non-conductors of electricity, and as the nerves have been shown by the experiments of Bischoff to be among the worst possible conductors of this agent, the author contends that the nervous agency can be neither electricity nor galvanism, nor any property related to those powers; and conceives that the phenomena are best explained on the hypothesis of undulations or vibrations propagated along the course of the tubes which compose the nerves, by the medium of the oily globules they contain. He traces the operation of the various causes which produce sensation, in giving rise to these undulations; and extends the same explanation to the phenomena of voluntary motion, as consisting in undulations, commencing in the brain, as determined by the will, and propagated to the muscles. He corroborates his views by ascribing the effects of cold in diminishing or destroying both sensibility and the power of voluntary motion, particularly as exemplified in the hybernation of animals, to its mechanical operation of diminishing the fluidity, or producing solidity, in the oily medium by which these powers are exercised.—*Ibid*.

**LITHOTINT.**—Mr. Rotch, V P., delivered a lecture on Mr. Hullmandel's Lithotint process, which was illustrated by a variety of specimens.—The art of lithography was invented in 1796, by Alois Senefelder. While one of his dramatic works was going through the press, he spent much time in the printing office, and made himself fully acquainted with the art of printing. Numerous plans occurred to him for producing a substitute for the ordinary printing process, in none of which, however, he succeeded till his attention was accidentally directed to a fine piece of Kelheim stone which he had purchased for the purpose of grinding his colors. It occurred to him, that, by covering the stone with ink composed of wax, soap, and lamp-black, he might use it for his exercises in writing backwards. One day, as he had just succeeded in polishing a stone which he intended to cover with etching-ground, his mother entered the room, and asked him to write for her a bill for the washerwoman, who was waiting for the linen. Having no paper at hand, he wrote the required bill on the stone with his composition ink, which he intended to copy at his leisure; suddenly he thought of bit-

ing in the stone with aquafortis, applying printing-ink to it, as to wood engravings, and thus taking impressions from it. In this he succeeded. From Senefelder's time up to the present day, the art of Lithography has gone on gradually improving. The lithotint process of Mr. Hullmandel may be thus described:—The drawing having been sketched, tinted, and finished by the artist on the stone with lithographic ink, mixed with water to produce the various shades, is covered over with gum water, and weak nitric acid, to fix it; after waiting a sufficient time to dry, a solution of rosin and spirits of wine is poured over the stone, and as this ground contracts by drying, it cracks into millions of reticulations, which can only be discovered by the use of a microscope; very strong acid is then poured over the aquatint coating which, entering all the fissures, produces the same effect on the stone as the granulations of the chalk by the ordinary process. The rosin protects the drawing everywhere but in the cracks, and having remained a sufficient time to act on the unprotected parts of the drawing, the ground is washed off, and all appearance of the subject on the stone vanishes, until, ink being applied by a roller in the ordinary way, it is reproduced, and ready for taking off the required number of impressions, which in some cases have extended to the number of 2,000.—*Athenæum*.

**ANCIENT COINS**—From Brittany, we hear of a discovery which has been made in the fine old Cathedral of Saint Pol-de-Léon. The workmen engaged in repairing the vault, discovered a vase of baked clay, which being broken, was found to contain some thirty ancient coins, of the fourteenth century. They are all the coins of contemporary princes—placed there, no doubt, to indicate the date of the portion of the building in which they were discovered—the greater number of them being of the dukes of Brittany. Amongst these pieces there are—one of John, Count of Montfort, who died in 1345, the father of Duke John IV., and husband of the celebrated Jeanne de Montfort, the daughter of Louis Count of Flanders and Nevers, who died at Cressy, in 1346,—one of this latter prince,—one of Edward III., of England, who was John's ally in his wars against France, and the father of his first wife—one of David, King of Scotland,—one of Phillip of Valois,—and several of Charles V.—*Athenæum*.

**CHIMNEYS**—A plan has been proposed by Mr. J Moon, architect, for a new construction of chimneys. It was stated that, as cleansing chimneys by boys was abolished, there is not the necessity for flues to be of the present large rectangular form, being ill adapted for the emission of smoke, and cleansing under the recent regulations. The flues are proposed to be circular, and of three sizes; viz. for kitchens, general rooms, chambers and minor rooms; they are to be formed of moulded bricks, to work in and bind with the general brickwork within the thickness of the walls; the gatherings at the openings to be contracted, and the shaft to terminate with a cap contrived to divert the wind. Every flue is perfect in itself, composed of few bricks, and so strong, that a wall is not diminished in strength by a series of these flues; their adaptation in party-walls was shown.—*Literary Gazette*.

**CURIOSITY FROM CHINA**—The museum of the United Service Institution, has been enriched by the addition of the identical cage in which Mrs. Noble was for six weeks confined. It is roughly made of thick bars of wood, and is so small that the unfortunate captive must have remained during the whole time in a crouching position.

## OBITUARY.

**THE DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX**.—It is our melancholy duty to announce the death of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who expired at Kensington Palace at a quarter-past twelve yesterday afternoon. The fatal termination of his illness, though sudden, was not wholly unexpected. For the last few days the most serious fears were entertained that his Royal Highness could not survive many hours. The death of a prince of the blood royal must always be a painful event in a country so remarkable as England for the loyalty of its people; but in the case of the late Duke of Sussex there were many circumstances calculated to cause regret at his departure from among us. Independent altogether of the supposed coincidence of his views on general affairs with those of a particular political party, and the consequent especial and particular causes of lamentation which they may conceive themselves to have in the loss of one who from his station lent a sort of respectability to them, there were many personal qualities exhibited from time to time by him which excited the regard of a large portion of his countrymen. Of his position as a politician it is not intended here to speak, except merely to indicate what it was; but it may be well to record a few of those peculiarities which characterized him, and are identified with his name in the memories of the people.

It is true that his claims were rather of a negative than a positive character; but even negative virtues acquire an additional value when exhibited in the conduct of one occupying so high a place and exposed to so many temptations of rank and authority, and of the imagined license which attends the royal station.

It has not generally been the custom for princes of the blood royal of England to take an active part in political affairs. In some instances—especially in that of the present King of Hanover—they may have slightly overstepped the tacit rule; but their general practice has been to appear as seldom as possible in their public capacity as peers of Parliament, and then mainly to confine themselves to such questions as might be thought immediately or remotely to affect the stability of the throne, or the personal respectability of the reigning family. At the same time, however, either motives of policy, or those specific opinions on affairs which no native of a free country, however high his station, can be wholly without, have induced them to conciliate different classes of the country, by allowing themselves to be supposed to coincide with them in their general principles. Thus the present King of Hanover was looked on as more favorable to the views of one great party, while the late King, as Duke of Clarence, lent more preponderance to the other. The late Duke of Sussex, also, was generally known to be favorable to what have usually been designated as Liberal principles; and he was for a long period of time regarded by the Whigs as one of those who supported their general views. Indeed he did not withhold his countenance to the late earl of Leicester, who, while Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, so publicly attacked the character of the royal father of the illustrious duke, his late Majesty, George III.

Still in general accordance with the practice alluded to, the late Duke of Sussex did not frequently address the House, scarcely ever except when he felt that there was some paramount necessity. Like all his royal brothers, he never spoke at any length—avoiding argument and betrayals of political feeling more than were actually necessary to the nature of the occasion, and during the last illness of George the Fourth a reconciliation took place.



the simple indication of opinion. His time and attention were in preference bestowed on more worthy and more dignified objects—on the study and the patronage of the arts and sciences, of which he was a liberal and ever ready supporter. His *conversazioni* while President of the Royal Society were distinguished for their brilliancy and the equality that was studiously maintained among the guests while assembled on the common ground of learning and science. They were attended by all the first men of the day; and intellectual endowments were a more sure passport to admission and to respect than rank or title. A marked preference of personal over adventitious qualities, in the choice of his associates, was indeed a striking feature in the character of the late illustrious duke—one which endeared him to many of those who disapproved of the tendency of his political predilections, but who respected in him this truly English virtue. From the affability and condescension of his manners, his general intelligence, and his disregard of useless ceremony when he desired to render himself agreeable, he was always a favorite as a chairman of public dinners of a charitable nature, or those bearing more or less on the welfare of the liberal arts. Many a reader will remember the admirable manner in which he performed the duties of president on these occasions—always seeming to be warmly and personally interested in the objects that had called the assembly together.

As a speaker in Parliament he was observable for facility of expression, and a straightforward simplicity and frankness in the expression of his opinions. His voice was clear, sonorous, and manly, and his delivery unembarrassed.

No one, who once saw him could possibly mistake him. Very tall, and physically well developed, he maintained in his youth and manhood the character of his family as one of the finest races of men in the kingdom. Not so handsome as George IV., he was, nevertheless, a man of marked and striking appearance, much resembling the late duke of York. Towards the close of his life, however, he grew infirm from the gout and other illnesses, so much so that it was with difficulty that he was able to rise and address the House. Sometimes he was requested to speak from his seat, as Lord Wynford invariably does. What in youth had been full muscular development became, as he grew old, portliness, and almost unwieldiness. Still it was not the bloated looseness which indicates a constitution over-tasked by excess, but the natural expansion and fulness in decay of originally fine organization. His costume was very singular. A blue or black coat (like a great coat), often with bright buttons, and with very long and ample skirts reaching almost to the feet, was buttoned closely over the breast, fitting tight to the fulness of the figure. Above this compact mass rose his large fine head, hoary with the snows of nearly seventy years—white, rather than gray, hair falling on either side from the bald and shining surface—beetling in a thick brow over the eyes, the very lashes of which were also white, and covering the cheeks even down to the chin in whiskers not less snowy. This gave to his general figure a venerable appearance, like some aged pastor. But more generally the late duke wore a close-fitting black velvet skull-cap, that contrasted in a marked way with the white hair, and gave to his contour the air one might attribute to a cardinal in undress. But although these attributes of feebleness and age were so prominent as to make it impossible to forget the duke's figure when once you saw it, yet when he claimed the attention of the House there was no want of intellectual vigor—no faltering of

utterance—no outward sign of any decay of the mental powers.

The public life of his late Royal Highness was not of a character to present much foundation for a biographical notice. As has been said, he did not frequently address the House of Lords, and his opinions and predilections were rather to be inferred from his associations than drawn from actual declarations. But in his private life there were some circumstances of a peculiar and even romantic nature.

The sixth son of his late Majesty, George III., he was born on the 27th of January, 1773. A great part of his early life was spent on the Continent, principally in Italy. When twenty years of age—that is to say, in April, 1793—he espoused at Rome, according to the forms of the Romish Church, the Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore. On their arrival in England, in the following December, the marriage was again solemnized, according to the ritual of the Church of England, publicly, by banns, at St George's, Hanover-square. These proceedings were, of course directly opposed to the Royal Marriage Act, which forbids the marriage of princes or princesses of the blood royal with subjects of the British Crown. The proceedings of his Royal Highness gave deep and lasting offence to his father, who would not hear of any attempts to legalize the union, although the duke, who preferred domestic happiness with the woman of his affection to all the splendors of royalty, offered to resign any claims to the throne which might accrue to him on condition of the marriage being allowed to remain in force. But all these remonstrances were ineffectual, the provisions of the statute were held to be not less necessary than peremptory, and the result was that the marriage was in August, 1794, declared by the Ecclesiastical Court to be null and void. Two children—the present Sir Augustus D'Este and Miss D'Este—were the issue of this marriage. On the decision of Court being made known, Lady Augusta felt it to be due to herself to separate from her husband, and she retired into an honorable seclusion.

The position of Sir Augustus D'Este and his sister is a most peculiar one. Recognized in society, and admitted to the royal circle as the children of the duke, they are not legitimized. Yet they are of royal blood by their mother's side as well as their father's. Lady Augusta's father was the Earl of Galloway; so that by both parents Sir Augustus descends from Henry the Seventh, James the Second of Scotland, and William the First of Orange. As the son of the Lady Augusta Murray, he stood towards his father in the relationship of seventh cousin. Sir Augustus is an officer in the army, and is deputy ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks. He has never married.

In 1801 the prince was created Duke of Sussex (the dukedom being created for him) and Earl of Inverness. He was also Baron of Arklow. £12,000 a year was awarded him by Parliament, and subsequently an additional sum of £9,000 a year.

Always of Liberal sentiments, the circumstances attending the dissolution of the marriage made him still more averse to the Court, and still more disposed to adopt the views of the Whigs. On the death of his father further differences arose from his wholly disapproving of the conduct of George the Fourth towards Queen Caroline. He was therefore absent from Court, and chose his associates elsewhere. The present Lord Dinorben, when Mr. Hughes, used frequently to be his host, together with Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, and other gentlemen. The estrangement between the royal brothers, however, could not hold out against the common affec-

On the accession of her Majesty there was some public talk of an attempt to legitimize the son and daughter of the late duke, but the political obstacles were deemed insurmountable. Meanwhile his Royal Highness had espoused (according to the form which had already been declared illegal) the Lady Cecilia Underwood. As some compensation for the former proceeding, the duke's influence with his royal niece obtained for the Lady Cecilia the title of Duchess of Inverness, and in the royal circle she was recognized as his wife. At the dinner given to her Majesty at Guildhall, the Duchess sat at the Queen's table.

Altogether the death of the illustrious duke will be sincerely lamented; yet it was in the course of nature at seventy years of age. There are now but two survivors of the sons of George the Third. Of those royal princes none has exhibited in private life to a greater degree than the Duke of Sussex qualities that tended to conciliate the personal regard even of those who deprecated his political opinions.—*Britannia*.

REV. FRANCIS WRANGHAM, M. A.—Dec. 27. At his residence in Chester, aged 73, the Rev. Francis Wrangham, M. A., F. S. A., late Archdeacon of the East Riding of York, Chaplain to the Archbishop of York, Canon of York and Chester, and Rector of Hunmanby, Yorkshire, and of Dodleston, Cheshire.

Mr. Wrangham was a member of the Roxburghe and Bannatyne clubs; and, as honorary adjunct, of several philosophical and literary societies.

We now proceed to give a list of his numerous publications.

He is said to have published anonymously, in 1792, an anti-radical parody on part of a comedy of Aristophanes, with critical notes, entitled, *Reform*, a farce, 8vo.

In 1794, he sent to the press, *The Restoration of the Jews*, a Seaton prize poem, 4to.

In 1795, *The Destruction of Babylon*, a poem, 4to. And a volume of *Poems*, 8vo.

In 1798, *Rome is Fallen*, a Visitation Sermon preached at Scarborough, 4to.

In 1800, *The Holy Land*, a Seaton prize poem, 4to.

In 1801, *Practical Sermons*, founded on Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. Another set, having for their basis, *Baxter's Saint's Everlasting Rest*, appeared for the first time in 1816; when a selection of his various fugitive pieces was published in three vols. 8vo.

In 1802, *Leslie's Short and Easy Method with the Deists*, and the *Truth of Christianity demonstrated*, with Four additional Marks, 8vo.

In 1803, *The Raising of Jairus's Daughter*, a poem, 8vo. And *The Advantages of Diffused Knowledge*, a Charity School Sermon, 4to.

In 1808, *A Dissertation on the best means of Civilizing the Subjects of the British Empire in India*, and of diffusing the Light of the Christian Religion throughout the Eastern World, 4to.

And in the same year, *The Restoration of Learning in the East*, a poem, 4to. This was published at the express desire of the three judges appointed by the University of Cambridge to award Mr. Buchanan's prizes.

In 1808, The corrected edition of *Langhorne's Plutarch's Lives*, with many additional notes, 6 vols. 8vo. And two *Assize Sermons*, 4to.

In 1809, *A Sermon preached at Scarborough*, at the Primary Visitation of the Archbishop of York, 4to.

In 1811, *The Sufferings of the Primitive Martyrs*, a Seaton prize poem, 4to.

In 1812, *Joseph made known to his Brethren*, a Seaton prize poem, 4to.

In 1813, *The Death of Saul and Jonathan*, a poem, 8vo.

In 1814, *Two Assize Sermons*, 4to.

In 1816, *The British Plutarch*, in six vols. 8vo.

In 1817, *Forty Sonnets from Petrarch*, printed (with every advantage of typography) by Sir. S. Egerton Brydges, Bart., at his private press, Lee Priory, Kent.

In 1820, *Dr. Zouch's Works* collected, with a Prefatory Memoir, in two vols. 8vo., and a collection of Archbishop Markham's *Carmina Quadragesimalia*, &c., in 4to and 8vo. for private circulation.

In 1821, *A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Cleveland*, 8vo.—And the *Lyrics of Horace*, being a translation of the first four Books of his *Odes*, 8vo. Second edition in 4to. and 8vo. for private distribution only, 1832.

In 1822, *A second Charge, delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Cleveland*, 8vo.

In 1823, *Two Assize Sermons*, 8vo.—And a third Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Cleveland, 8vo.

In 1824, *Sertum Cantabrigiense*; or the Cambridge Garland, 8vo.

In 1828, Bp. Walton's *Prolegomena to the Polyglot Bible*, with copious annotations, in 2 vols. 8vo. under the sanction of the University of Cambridge; which, with her accustomed munificence, defrayed the expense of the publication.

*The Plead, or Evidence of Christianity*, forming the twenty-sixth volume of *Constable's Miscellany*.

In 1829, a Letter to the clergy of the Archdeaconry of the East Riding of Yorkshire, on the Roman Catholic claims; of which Mr. Wrangham had, for upward of thirty years, been the firm but temperate advocate.

He occasionally employed his leisure by printing (for private circulation exclusively) *Centuria Mirabilis*, and *The Saving Bank*, 4to. *The Doom of the Wicked*, a Sermon founded upon *Baxter*, and *The Virtuous Woman*, a Funeral Discourse on the Death of the Rt. Hon. Lady Anne Hudson, 8vo. and a few copies of a Catalogue of the English portion of his voluminous library; which, with characters of the subjects, authors, or editions, forms 642 pages, 8vo. (See Marton's Catalogue of Privately Printed Books, p. 235.)

*Psychæ, or Songs of Butterflies*, by T. H. Bayly, Esq., attempted in Latin rhymes to the same airs, with a few additional trifles, 1828. (Privately printed.) And several of his elegant poetical translations have from time to time appeared in our own pages.

In 1842, Mr. Wrangham presented to Trinity College, Cambridge, his valuable collection of pamphlets, consisting of between 9 and 10,000 publications, bound in about 1000 volumes. As a literary man he was in an especial degree the *laudatus a laudatis*—as one whose scholarship received the homage of Parr, and whose poetry the still rarer eulogy of Byron. As a theological writer, his compositions were characterized by a sound orthodoxy and mild benevolence; while the gentleness and timidity of his nature in some measure disqualified him from bringing forward so earnestly and prominently, as is now generally done, those particular truths of the Gospel in which he was a firm believer through life, and to which he clung as his only ground of confidence in his later years of calm decay.

Mr. Wrangham was twice married. His first wife was Agnes, fifth daughter of Col. Ralph Creyke, of Marton, in Yorkshire, by whom he had only one daughter, late the wife of the Rev. Robert Isaac Wilberforce, Archdeacon of the East Riding of York, and son of the justly revered senator and philanthropist of that name.

His second wife, who survives to deplore his loss, was Dorothea, daughter and co-heiress of the Rev. Digby Cayley, of Thormanby, in the county of York.—*Gentlemen's Magazine*.



## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

## Great Britain.

*Inglis's Solitary Walks through Many Lands.*—Third Edition. London: Whittaker & Co.—1843.

THE late lamented author of "Walks through Many Lands," was not one of those who travel from Dan to Beersheba, proclaiming that all is barrenness—on the contrary, there is no prospect, however sterile, but he invests, in some measure, with the line of his own poetical imagination:—

"Nothing is lost on him who sees,  
With an eye that feeling gives,  
For him there's a story in every breeze,  
And a picture in every wave.

No adventure, however perplexing, that has power to ruffle his equanimity, or render him unjust or querulous in his judgments of his fellow men.

The present edition of his *Wanderings*, comes to us with a melancholy interest, since the ear is now deaf, alike to our praise or our blame. Yet we rejoice to welcome it in its present cheap form, which must render it accessible to a numerous class of readers, to whom economy is an object.

The period is now past for entering into any lengthened criticism on the devious journeyings of Mr. Inglis; but when the press groans with works of coarse humor, and some even of questionable morality, we conceive the public owe a debt of gratitude to the spirited publishers of the "Popular Library of Modern Authors," of which this forms a portion, and trust they may receive sufficient encouragement to warrant its continuance.

A. C. H.

*Westminster Review.*

*Practical Mercantile Correspondence; a Collection of Modern Letters of Business, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, an Analytical Index, and an Appendix, containing pro forma Invoices, Account-Sales, Bills of Lading, and Bills of Exchange. Also an explanation of the German Chain Rule, as applicable to the Calculation of Exchanges.* Second Edition, revised and enlarged. By William Anderson.

We consider this little work as one of a most valuable kind, and the most valuable of its kind. The young novice in commerce will find it an able help, and a powerful auxiliary, smoothing down his difficulties, and making his way plain; whilst the foreigners who enter our merchants' counting-houses, either as volunteers, giving their services as a compensation for being placed where they may gain an insight into our modes of business, or the remunerated clerk, a body which collectively amount to many thousands, would find this volume the most important help in all those embarrassments which their want of familiarity with the idioms of our language necessarily occasion. The present contains invoices, account-sales, and correspondence with Australia, which is a new feature. There ought not to be either clerk or counting-house without this little volume.

*Metropolitan.*

*Floral Fancies and Morals from Flowers. Embellished with Seventy Illustrations by the Author.*

There is something pleasing to us in the fancifulness of these Fables. We like well to trace the operations of the mind starting from some given point, and wandering in fresh tracts of imagination, even though it be without chart or compass; but when these explorations have an end in view, unquestionably they receive an added value and importance. They who can look upon a flower, and see nothing beyond fair form and sweet coloring, possess no mental locomotive power; whilst

they, who gazing on its loveliness, find it impossible for thought to rest there, receiving from it but an impulse which sends them into the wide fields of rich imagination, there to luxuriate, are altogether of another race of beings.

The author of these "Floral Fancies" possesses this discursiveness of mind. Every flower seems to have suggested a fable. The world is full of parallels, had man but the wit to trace them out. They are in fact but evidences of similar origin from the same Almighty mind, and exist as much morally as physically. The various characters of man may to a certain degree be traced in the various flowers which bedeck his path, and surely he need not disdain to read the lesson written by the Divine hand. For ourselves, we love the graceful teaching, and see not why these beautiful denizens of our fields and gardens, so richly robed and garnished, may not preach as holy a sermon as any mitred prelate.

Our author then has drawn a moral from every flower, inculcating either a lesson against some vice or folly, or recommending the practice of some grace or moral good. Pretty fictions are woven into the matters of fact connected with the numerous floral families brought before our notice, all being made emblematical of some correspondent vice or virtue: these morals are all apposite and happy, full of pure precept and honest purpose. In another light the work may be looked upon as conveying a good deal of botanical instruction in a very agreeable manner, displaying to us much of the economy of the vegetable kingdom. The notes appended to each fable supply us with much useful and pleasing information; and thus, both morally and intellectually, may we well be taught "to look through Nature up to Nature's God."

We think that this tasteful little volume would form a very acceptable present to the young, and we offer the suggestion accordingly.

We must add a few words on the illustrations, which are numerous and fanciful in the extreme, and pretty—though it strikes us that the poor flowers must have suffered some torture to have been made to assume such strange fantastic shapes. A grave old rose with a matronly face nursing a young baby of a rosebud, must needs make even a critic smile; but we are not disposed to consider a little amusing extravagance as a fault, in a work which on the whole has pleased us much.—*Metropolitan.*

*Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. John Williams, Missionary to Polynesia.* By Ebenezer Prout, of Halstead. Svo. Snow, Paternoster Row.

This Memoir of the celebrated modern missionary is interesting as a mere record of the life of an energetic man passed in romantic and novel scenes, independently of any serious religious interest attached to it. The peculiar class of religionists to which Mr. Williams belonged are too apt to endeavor to strain human nature to a higher pitch in religious matters than it can maintain. Undoubtedly, a truly pious man makes religion the moving principle of all his actions; but it is also undoubtedly the fact, that no man, who has not become a fanatic or ascetic, is entirely free from that mental impetus that is a part of our nature, and which, when well regulated, is an incentive to many noble actions. The tone, therefore, of the book we cannot approve of, because, by making a system of religious impulses, it seems to generate a state that must occasionally be mere pretence. Leaving this consideration out of the question, we have been much delighted with the work.

Mr. Williams was a very excellent man, with a

great deal of talent and energy in his composition. He understood well the business in which he so praiseworthy engaged; and the adventures he encountered in the new and untrodden lands he visited, give almost an air of romance to his biography. The book needs no recommendation to ensure it purchasers, appealing as it does to a religious class, and to every one interested in new discoveries in Geography, or the still higher matter—the development of human character.

*Monthly Magazine.*

#### France.

*De l'Aristocratie Anglaise, de la Democratie Americaine et de la libéralité des Institutions Francaise :* par Charles Farey. Second Edition. Paris. 1843.

The author tells us, that this book has been much eulogized; that the first edition was soon exhausted; and that a noble British peer wrote a reply, controverting the author's claims for the superiority of French institutions over those of Great Britain; all which reasons combined, have led to the publication of the present edition. It is not our intention to come to the rescue of the noble lord, whoever he may be, for indeed we learn for the first time, and only through M. Farey's book, of the controversy to which the author alludes. We have no objection, not the least, that M. Farey should succeed in persuading his countrymen of the excellence of their institutions; nay, we should heartily lend him our assistance; but it must be on the condition that he will not misrepresent the state of English society. M. Farey thinks that the Feudal system still weighs heavily upon England, and that the middle classes are without political influence. His proofs are drawn from certain ceremonials, such for instance as that attending the coronation, upon which his reasoning is as just, as if he drew his notions of British laws from the judges' horsehair wigs. He denies in fact, the whole spirit of modern improvement, because a resemblance still exists to what is past; the boy has not become a man, because the boy still speaks with a human tongue, and sees through human eyes. He, in fact, makes the mistake which most Frenchmen do, who think that no political good can be effected, except through violent revolution; and he expects the coming of the crisis, which is to put an end to Feudality in England. Will it be credited in England, that this author, who vaunts the popularity of his book in France, advances as a grave proof of the existence of the Feudal system in England, that the Queen's ministers, when called upon to attend at Windsor, feel honor in putting on servants' livery coats, with livery buttons? We translate it literally from page 35.

"Those who would feel surprised to see free England in the 19th century thus adhere to feudal customs, will be still more surprised when they learn, that the Queen's ministers, called to Windsor at the Queen's accouchment, put on the uniform (in good French, the livery,) of Windsor palace, and that gentlemen, possessors of a million of revenue, felt honored at being allowed to carry upon their coat-buttons the initial letters of a prince of the royal blood; as in France, valets have upon their buttons the first letter of their master's name."

And a little further down, page 36, he asks, if after such instances "England has a right to be boasting of her habeas corpus." It may be confessed, however, that the habeas corpus is *not* dear at a button, n'en déplaît à Monsieur Farey.

#### SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

##### GREAT BRITAIN.

*A System of Logic, Ratiocination and Induction; being a connected view of the Principles of Evidence, and the Methods of Scientific Investigation.* By John Stuart Mill.

*Moral and Intellectual Education.* By Madame Bureau Riosfrey.

*Elements of Universal History, on a new systematic plan, from the earliest times to the treaty of Vienna; for the use of schools and private students.* By H. White, B. A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

*Criminal Jurisprudence, considered in relation to Cerebral Organization.* By M. B. Sampson.

*The Columbiad: A Poem.* By A. T. Ritchie.

*Ward's Library of Standard Divinity: The Great Propitiation.* By Joseph Truman, D. D.

##### GERMANY.

*Griechische Heroen Geschichten: von B. G. Niebuhr an seinen Sohn erzählt.* Hamburg.

*Theologischer Commentar zum Alten Testament: von Dr. M. Baumgarten. Einleitung; Genesis; Exodus.* Kiel.

*Predigten über Hauptstücke des Christlichen Glaubens und Lebens: von Dr. A. Tholuck. Bnd. III.* Hamburg.

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##### FRANCE.

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*Des Pensées de Pascal. Rapport à l'Académie française sur la nécessité d'une nouvelle édition de cet ouvrage: par M. V. Cousin.* Paris.



## J. M. W. TURNER, R. A.

It was remarked, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that the edifice of Art had been gradually raised by the contributions of distinguished men of successive ages, and that, although every addition to its principles required the exertion of a mind in advance of its contemporaries, the results may now be appropriated by every student;—"that much may now be taught that it required vast genius to discover."

Amongst those distinguished men, who have thus developed new principles, or enlarged the means of Art by a novel application of those already known, the subject of our present notice has claims to especial regard. Some of his noblest works are conducted on principles wholly his own, and totally different from that which the high authority just quoted considered indispensable. The singularly unusual character and startling novelty of many of his pictures, would almost lead to the opinion that he had worked without any fixed rule whatever, but—to use the words of Dr. Johnson—"the accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them;" and the rules by which men of genius work, whether derived from others, or resulting from their own intuitive perception of the beautiful and the true, are oftentimes of so delicate and refined a nature, as not readily to admit of being expressed in so many words, still they are felt by the artist to be not the less real, and he works from them with as much certainty and success as if they were as tangible as some of the more gross rules of Art.

Turner is the most poetical of Landscape-painters, nor has any other equalled him in the tasteful and appropriate introduction of figures. In this, he leaves Claude Lorraine immeasurably behind, whose figures are mean and commonplace in the extreme; but he resembles that great artist in his fondness for representing the sun itself in the midst of the sky, and his success in overcoming so great a difficulty. With the unimaginative and prosaic, Turner is of course no favorite. These see only meretricious gaudiness in the brilliancy of his coloring, and ignorance of perspective in his disregard of its rules; but it is improbable that the man whom the Royal Academy selected as its Professor in that branch of drawing, should be unacquainted with a matter so simple. The truth is, that his profound knowledge of art, and his exquisitely refined sense of the beautiful, induce a higher aim than a mere literal observance of a few mathematical rules, which would not unfrequently mar the effect of some peculiar beauty of a poetic composition, if strictly conformed to.

Nor is he less a master in water-color painting than in oil, and the unrivalled excellence of the British school in this department may be attributed, in a great degree, to his practice and example. He and the lamented Girtin were the first to depart from the old method of imparting the local color to each object in the picture separately; a mode that inevitably produced a hard, dry appearance, the opposite in every respect to the broad, rich and mellow effects of our own day, which excite the wonder of eminent members of the other European schools of art. The modern practice is sufficiently indicated by the emblem on the seal of the Society of Water-color Painters,—the bowl of water and sponge.

There is a very wide difference in the estimates formed as to the real merits of this Artist, and it is probable that a long period will yet elapse before any thing like unanimity is attained in regard to it. Our own opinion is, that no greater artist in Landscape ever lived.



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## COLUMBUS.

REPRODUCED BY THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



